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THE BATH ARCHIVES.

A FURTHER SELECTION

FROM THE

DIARIES AND LETTERS

OF

SIR GEORGE JACKSON, K.C.H.,

FROM 1809 TO 1816.

EDITED BY LADY JACKSON.

23587

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

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CONTENTS.—VOL. I.

1809.

PAGE

Introductory Chapter.
Arrival in London 3
The Exeter coach 6
Lord Wellesley . . . . . *ib.*
Mr. F. J. Jackson's arrival in America 8
Washington 9
Madame Jerome Bonaparte . 11
English politics . . . . . *ib.*
Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning 12
Lord Wellington and his army 13
Duchess of Leeds 14
Kemble and the new theatre . 15
Persian Ambassador . . . *ib.*
Washington. Hiring a house. 17
Servants, white and black . . *ib.*
Innkeeper and his Wife . . 18
Visitors 19
Mr. Madison and the Secretary 20
The audience . . . . . *ib.*
Mrs. Madison . . . . . *ib.*
Washington and Georgetown . 21
Secretaryship of Legation . . 23
Louisiana 24
Mr. Smith and Mr. Erskine . 25
Etiquette at President's dinners, &c 26
The Spanish Minister . . . 27
The Orders in Council . . . 28
Staunch Federalists. 29
News of negotiation with America being broken off. . . 30
Mr. Oakeley . . . . . *ib.*
Public feeling towards America 31

PAGE

Bath, and the visit of the Duke of Gloucester 32
Weather, high price of coal, and general gloom . . . 33
Lady Hester Stanhope 35
Duke of York 36
Economy, the order of the day 37
Lady Hester Stanhope . . . 37
The Prince and Princess of Wales; the Duke of York . 38
The Opera; the Duke of York; the King 39
Colonel Cadogan and Lord Paget 39
The Opera; Vestris; Angiolini 40
Lady Salisbury's party; the Prince and Princess of Wales 41
Mrs. Fitzherbert . . . . *ib.*
Lady Hester Stanhope . . . 42
Alexander; Metternich; *Napoléomagne* . . . . . *ib.*
Negotiation with America . . 44
Mr. Oakeley 45
Madame Jerome. 46
Conduct of the democrats . . 47
Letters from Berlin; the King; Hardenberg 48
State of the Continent; King of Prussia; Bonaparte and General Kreusemarck . . 49
Mr. Jackson's letter to the American Secretary . . . 51

1810.

Bonaparte's divorce. . . . 52
Joséphine 53

	PAGE
Empress No. 2	54
Letter from Baltimore	56
Society, and the ladies of Baltimore	57
Madame Jerome and Mr. Oakeley	58
Jerome's son	60
Baron Humboldt	62
Lord Wellesley and America	63
Letter from Bath	64
The farce in Paris	65
Matrimonial relations in high life	*ib.*
Une partie fine at Mrs. Fitzherbert's	66
Excuse for begging	*ib.*
Talavera. Cruelties of the French in Spain	67
Lisbon; Cintra	68
Dr. Johnson	69
Diplomatic dinner	70
The American business	71
A house-warming	73
The Princess of Wales; the Persian Ambassador	74
The Lady Albinia	75
The Duchess of Leeds	76
The old Duke's practical jokes	*ib.*
The Washington Cabinet	78
Philadelphia	79
The English Cabinet	80
Mr. Frere	82
New York. Boston	83
The democrats	84
Parliamentary business; the King's speech	85
Home politics	86
Reported return of Mr. Jackson from America	*ib.*
Invasion fever	87
Bonaparte's marriage with Maria Louisa. His supposed object in securing an alliance with Austria	88
The American business	89
A party at Park Place	*ib.*
Lord Malmesbury. Austria	90
Maria Louisa and Bonaparte	91
Political news	92
Books of the season	93
Ministerial arrangements. Mr. Fuller and Lord Chatham	94
Announcement of Bonaparte's marriage	95
Letter from Spain. Mr. Bartle Frere	96
Seville	97
Letter from Bath	99
Lord Wellesley	100
The Mirzah's ball	102
The Persian embassy	103
The American business	104
Spain	105
Burdett riots	106
Letter from New York	108
Philadelphia; disgraceful outrage	110
Madame Jerome; society at New York	112
The Swedish Consul-general	113
Bonaparte's marriage. Austria	114
Spain	115
Session of Congress ends with a drunken frolic	116
A country house on the Hudson	117
One of the curiosities	118
The English Cabinet	119
Servants. American hospitality	120
Petites causéries at Mrs. Fitzherbert's	122
Duke and Duchess of Bedford	*ib.*
The giddy whirl of dissipation	124
Mr. Morier's appointment	127
Lady Rowley's party	128
Burdett medals	129
Journey from Bath	131
Ilfracombe	132
Exploring among the rocks	135
Mr. Whitbread; Mr. Erskine	137
The state of things at Berlin	139
The invasion again	140
Our military appointments in Spain	141

PAGE

Mr. Frere 142
Illness of the Princess Amelia and the King 143
A masquerade 144
The installation. 146
Park Place; Lord Malmesbury 147
Letter from New York. . . 148
New England 150
Public dinner at Boston . . 151
Claremont 152
General and Madame Moreau. 153
Letter from Quebec. . . . *ib.*
The general state of America; her future prospects . . . 154
Public dinner 165
Letter from Plymouth . . . 166
Colonel Talbot 167
Exmouth 168
Brighton and Bath 170
Queen of Prussia 172
Hull 173
Landing at Portsmouth . . 175
The King and the Princess . 177
Kemble's Hotspur . . . . *ib.*
Bath; Lord Malmesbury . . 178
Lord Wellington; Massena . 179
The King; a Regency . . . 180
Spain 181
Expedition from Gibraltar; Lord Blaney 183
Lord Wellington 184
Mr. Madison's proclamation . 185
Mrs. Siddons and Kemble . . 186
General Tilson 187
The Spaniards 189

1811.

The King's health 190
The society of Hull. 191
The Marquis de Villedeuil . 192
The King's health 193
Politics . . . . . *ib.*
From Exmouth to Park Place *viâ* Bath 194
Expectation of a battle in Portugal 196

PAGE

Dinner given by British-American merchants to Mr. Jackson 196
The Regent's ministry. . . 198
The state of the King . . . *ib.*
Mr. Mackenzie 199
The Prince and the King . . 200
Letter writing 201
The Beverleyans and the Hullites 203
The Beverley ball 204
The little heiress 205
A march to York 206
The ministry. York politics . 207
The garrison. Yorkshire lasses 208
Dr. Jackson 209
The King and the Regent . . *ib.*
Return to Hull 210
General Abercrombie. The speech 211
The dinner at the London Tavern. 212
The Regent . . . . . *ib.*
Mr. Foster's appointment . . 213
The Prince and his ministers. Lord W. Bentinck . . . 214
Sir Harry Burrard 215
Diplomacy. Lord Wellington. The King 216
Lord Burghersh. Penniless charms 217
Beverley and York 219
Mr. Cumberland 220
Bluebeard . . . . . *ib.*
Something good rising in the North 221
Diplomatic appointments . . 222
The Regent's levée. Lord Wellington. The King . . . 227
Mr. Liston's appointment. Lord Burghersh 228
Lord Wellington defeats General Victor 229
General La Pena 230
The Prince at a public dinner. 232
Massena's retreat 233
Russia 234

PAGE

Lord Wellesley's promises. Tunbridge Wells 235
The King's health 236
Old Felstedians . . . . . *ib.*
Dinner at Holland House . . 238
Rumours of the day . . . 239
Mount Pleasant 240
Dr. Neile 241
Postal arrangements 243
Miss Tilney Long. Lady Hyde Parker's ball 244
Mr. Cumberland 245
Accounts from Colberg. . . *ib.*
Explosion in the North . . 246
Exmouth. The King's mental state 247
Carlton House *fête* 248
Mr. Cumberland 249
Carlton House *fête* invitations . 250
Boney's troubles 251
Portugal. Spain 252
The Dean's speech over Cumberland's grave 255
Fresh laurels 256
A visit to Powderham . . . *ib.*
Sudden rise of the sea . . . 258
The brewer's pond 259
Forcing the youthful intellect. 260
The Carlton House *fête*. . . *ib.*
The King. Dressed for the levée 261
The battle of Albuera . . . 263
The *fête*; hopes and fears of the *beau monde* 265
Preparing for the *fête* . . . 266
Account of the *fête* 267
The "Times" 274
The King's health. The prince bent upon a divorce . . . 275
Regiments for Ireland 276
The King. The Prince. Society at the Wells 277
Lord Wellesley 278
Bridlington and Scarborough . 279
The West Kents 280
Miss Long. Wellesley Pole . 281
Molyneux; Belcher and Richmond 282

PAGE

Figueras. Sir R. [illegible] . 283
Russia and France. Sir R. K. Porter and Mr. Mackenzie . 285
Brighton 286
Mr. Liston 287
Spain and her Colonies. . . 288
Bonaparte assembling an army on the coast 289
Courts-martial. Riots at Hull 291
The Chinnery family . . . 293
Captain Carteret 294
South American commission. Russia. Prussia. Bonaparte's rage 296
Letter from Mrs. F. J. Jackson 297
Disappointing news from Portugal 299
Tunbridge Wells. Lady Dalrymple. 300
Letter from Bath. Bath changed for the worse . . 301
Improvements in London . . 302
Brighton. Sunday receptions at the Pavilion. 304
Miss Chinnery 305
Lord Eardley 306
The western cliff. The review 308
Brighton gossip 309
Arrival at Hull 310
Lady Charles Somerset. . . 311
Gaieties at Hull 312
A pretty mess in America . . 313
The Prince . . . . . *ib.*

1812.

Coat skirts; cocked hats and powder 314
Fatal accident to Mr. Cavendish 315
Political rumours 316
Bath. A lecture on dissipation 317
Mr. Merry. Mr. Thornton's secret mission to Sweden . *ib.*
The Russians and Turks . . 321
Bath parties . . . . . *ib.*
News from Spain 322
Entertainments at Brighton . 323

	PAGE
The Prince's ministry. Ciudad Rodrigo. General McKinnon	324
Mrs. Fitzherbert's ball	325
Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning. Extra disbursements	326
The Yankees	327
The Prince's letter	328
Sweden	329
Letter from Otto Löwenstern	330
Lord Castlereagh receives the seals of the Foreign Office	334
In love	*ib.*
Letter from Bath. Gossip; advice	336
The Rumbold family	*ib.*
Marrying for money, &c.	337
The company at the Wells	338
Poor old Cumberland. General Murray. The Bath physician	339
Ball at the York House. Alas! for the manners of the age	340
Town. The Prince and Princess	341
Lord Grenville. Kemble at the levée. The new uniforms	342
The parodied epistle	343
Mr. Chinnery a defaulter. Lady Hyde Parker	344
Obliged to go northward. Getting up French plays	345
Matrimonial intentions.	346
Sir Robert Wilson. Bonaparte and the Prussians	348
Badajoz	349
Miss Chinnery	350
Disturbances in Yorkshire.	352
Lord Wellesley's recommendation.	353
Interview with Lord Castlereagh	354
Lord Paget and his brother	355
Gentz and Metternich	356
The present aspect of affairs in Europe.	357
Disturbances in the provinces. Letter from Löwenstern.	363
Russian affairs	364
The Catholic Question	365
Badajoz. Russian affairs	366
General Moreau.	367
Quiet life at Brighton	368
American and Spanish news	369
The mission to Russia. Mr. Henry's treason	370
"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Lord Bridport. Sir Samuel Hood	371
Lord Wellington's movements. Assassination of Mr. Perceval	372
Bellingham and Burdett	374
Execution of Bellingham	375
Who is to form a new ministry?	376
Another messenger to America	378
Lord Castlereagh and the debate	379
The country without a government	380
Lord Wellesley; Lords Grey and Grenville	381
The two-day coach to Bath. Worthing	382
A marriage on the *tapis*	383
Political rumours. Lord Liverpool	384
The arduous pursuit of business and pleasure.	385
The new ministry. The Household. Mr. Henry	386
Journey to Bath. Postponed tour in Scotland	387
Married. Mrs. Siddons' farewell	388
Gogmagog. Lord Francis Osborne	389
University ceremonies. Norman's Cross	390
Burleigh	391
Leeds; Wakefield	392
The Harrogate springs	393
Russian and Swedish mission	394
The Russian Treaty	395
Newby; Fountain Abbey	397
Hornby Castle	398
Newcastle; Alnwick; a breed of wild cattle	399

	PAGE
The banks of the Tweed; Lord Somerville; Sir Walter Scott	400
Eildon hills; Dryburg Abbey	401
General Morcau. Mr. Madison	402
The victory of Salamanca	403
Don Carlos Doyle	404
Prospects of the Russian campaign. Lord Cathcart	405
The hotel at Edinburgh	406
Sir Walter Scott; Sir Humphrey and Lady Davy; Kemble	407
Edinburgh; Highland pipers. Largo	408
Sir J. Dalrymple. Mr. Brunton. Broom Hill; Lord Elgin	409
Downibristle; the Cauldron line. Tom Sheridan.	410
Foreign wars and home politics	411
Aspect of affairs in the North. Canning	412
Retaking of Madrid; a fuss about trifles	413
Loch Katrine. Ochtertyre. Duke of Athol	414
Lord Kinnaird. Perth; the Grampians	415
Dupplin Castle	416
Logie Almond. Sir W. Drummond. Lord and Lady Mansfield	417
The palace of Scone	418
Glorious news from Spain. America	420
Excursions in the neighbourhood of Scone.	421
Blair Athol; the duke	422
The shooting-party, &c.	423
Lord Dalhousie. The Princess of Wales	425
Battles in Russia	426
Taymouth Castle	*ib.*
Lord and Lady Breadalbane	427
The Russian campaign.	428
The kirk and manse of Glenorchy; Dr. McIntyre	429
Dalmally; Ben Cruachon.	430
Inverary; Cairndow Inn	431
Glasgow. Lord Blantyre. Mr. Finlay	432
Dinner at Glasgow	433
Canning, for Liverpool	435
Kutusow's defeat of Victor	436
Winzingorode re-enters Moscow	*ib.*
The French driven across the Duna	437
Bonaparte supposed to be dead or gone mad	438
Kemble, in King John	*ib.*
Lord Sidmouth; Canning, Lords Palmerston and Castlereagh	439
Mrs. Fitzherbert. The meeting of Parliament	440
The mail coach. Canning and Castlereagh	441
Lord Castlereagh's friend. Lord Wellesley and Canning	442
The siege of Burgos. Bonaparte's bulletins	443
Good news from Russia. A little butter to my bread	444
Interview with Lord Castlereagh	445
News from the Continent	446
Bonaparte, Alexander. The French prisoners in Russia	447
Good news from Russia. The naval war with America.	448

APPENDIX.

	PAGE
Note, relating to the encounter between the U. S. Frigate "Chesapeake," and H.M.S. "Leopard"	449

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THE preceding volumes of "Sir George Jackson's Diaries and Letters" commenced with an account of his visit to Paris, as *attaché* to his brother's mission, during the negotiation of the Treaty of peace at Amiens in 1801 and 1802, and was followed by that of his residence at the Court of Berlin, in the same capacity, until 1806, and subsequently at the King of Prussia's head-quarters, from the battle of Jena to the Peace of Tilsit, and concluded with his Diaries and family Letters of 1808 and 1809, while engaged as one of the Secretaries of Legation to Mr. Frere's mission to the Spanish Junta.

Soon after the battle of Talavera, Mr. George Jackson left Seville on an excursion to Gibraltar, intending very shortly to rejoin Mr. Frere—who had been recalled—to return with him to England in the "Donegal." But having fallen ill of a fever at Gibraltar, he was, in consequence, detained there for several weeks.

When sufficiently recovered to resume his voyage he went on to Cadiz, where—finding that Mr. Frere still remained at Seville, undecided as to the time of his departure, and that Lord Wellesley was then returning to England to receive the Seals of the Foreign Office, and was well disposed, as he assured him, to further his wish to obtain a renewal of his appointment in Spain in preference to that he had been named to, of Secretary of Legation at Washington—he embarked in the "Nonpareil" for England.

On the 2nd of December he landed at Falmouth, and, after paying a short visit to his mother at Bath, left for London, full of confidence in the *belles paroles* of his new chief at the Foreign Office. There, letters from America were awaiting him, from his brother Mr. Francis James Jackson, who, during his absence from England, had been appointed by Mr. Canning Minister Plenipotentiary to the Government of the United States, on the recall of the Hon. David Erskine, and the disavowal by the British Government of the arrangement signed by that minister in settlement of the differences that had existed between the two countries, ever since 1807—arising out of the encounter between H.M.S. "Leopard" and the American frigate "Chesapeake."*

* See Appendix.

THE BATH ARCHIVES.

A FURTHER SELECTION

FROM THE

DIARIES AND LETTERS

OF

SIR GEORGE JACKSON, K.C.H.

1809.

Glo'ster Coffee-house, Piccadilly, December 13th, 1809.

Letters.—I arrived here last night, cold and weary; took a glass of hot negus, and turned in without delay. This morning, on opening my eyes after a ten hours' nap, I was greeted with the unexpected but welcome sight of a letter, in my dear mother's well-known hand. Yet it startled me somewhat. I wondered what could have happened, that a letter—an unfranked one, too—should follow me so immediately after my leaving you. "Perhaps some important commission was forgotten in the hurry and bustle of departure," I said to myself, as I very warily opened your epistle; expecting to find within its folds, as has happened before, a scrap of riband, fringe, or silk, unmatchable in Bath, and required post haste from London to complete some bewitching *toilettes* for my sisters.

"What then was my surprise and disappointment, my dear M., when on glancing down your first page I found myself overwhelmed by a torrent of reproaches, and on turning to the next encountered an impetuous cascade of invective from Clara's flowing pen!—"She could not have believed me capable of so much treachery and intrigue; presumes I must have acquired them in Spain"—where, as she seems to fancy, terrible deeds are perpetrated under the convenient shelter of the mantilla and fan, on the one side, the slouched hat and Spanish cloak of iniquity on the other; and that having imported the cloak, I have imported the multitude of sins she supposes it to cover. "How could I, otherwise, so well have *feigned* that excessive impatience to set off for town that no entreaties could prevail on me to stay another day in Bath, and then have gone no further on my journey than the York House;" and all for the wicked purpose of dancing with certain scheming fair ones all night at the rooms? "It was too bad!"—indeed it *was* too bad. And the charge is so serious a one that, like a delinquent of ancient days, I will throw the blame on Eve, and plead in my defence—"Woman beguiled me, and I did eat" a very good dinner, after leaving you, with the gay little widow Barry and her charming *protégée*, and accompanied them to the ball that night. This is how it happened.

I found that my gentleman, Paddy, had applied too late to secure an inside place in that evening's mail, and that as it was raining straight and steady, with every appearance of never leaving off, I had nothing

for it, being determined to go on, but to make up my mind to pass a miserable night and to get a thorough wet jacket before reaching town. Pat, who liked the prospect before us no better than I did, suggested a return to your comfortable quarters; but this I turned a deaf ear to, and was standing at the door of the York House in a state of moody resignation to my fate, when—*une douce voix se fit entendre*—"Why, I declare there's George Jackson!"—a smart carriage drew up, and the little widow Barry put forth her hand to greet me. She appeared delighted to see me, and the smiles of the lovely Julia S.— Oh my heart! my dear mother—more lovely even than when I last saw her, seemed to say that she was not displeased again to look upon her slave.

They had been but three days in Bath.—"Was I going to the ball?" Mrs. B. inquired.

I answered decisively, "No. I was off almost directly for London."

"What a pity!" said Julia, with a glance that made me waver in my intention, and think of the state of the weather; but when Mrs. B. heard that I had no inside snug corner secured, she declared that I should *not* go; that as an old friend it was her duty to prevent me from getting such a soaking as she foresaw was in store for me. Still I was stout. But Julia, with that little pout that you know of, and in her pretty sultana-like way, said, "George, why don't you obey Mrs. Barry?" I felt then that I was no longer proof against temptation, and that Julia's wishes, thus flatteringly conveyed to me, must not be

withstood. So I surrendered, and went on with them to the Pump room, where we heard some music, and saw some of your friends. Mrs. Barry afterwards set me down at the York, where I made a hasty *toilette*, and got to them just as dinner was served. You know the rest. Mrs. B. inquired much after you—we hoped to take you by surprise at the ball; but, failing that pleasure, she promised to tell you of our adventure. The indignant tone of your letter assures me that some member of your Bath *côterie* forestalled her.

I slept for a couple of hours at the York, when I was rewarded for my obedience to fair Julia's commands, by an inside place in the early coach, and no rain. Indeed, more than that, for the people at the coach office in Bath had promised me an inside if I would go by the late Exeter coach; this, whether by presentiment or not, I felt loth to do, in spite of the rain. On our way to London we overtook the Exeter with a wheel on fire, and were obliged to take on her mails; the passengers we could not. When they will get to London, God knows.

I hope I have said enough in explanation of my "unbecoming *escapade*," as you term it, to appease your and my sister's wrath, and that I may now tell you something of business. I went down to the Foreign Office—Lord Wellesley had just come in, but was very busy, and a Council was then on the point of sitting, so that there was no chance of seeing him to-day, and to-morrow there will be as little; for all the foreign ministers are then to have their audience. My regiment, I find, is moved from Sunderland, but

only two miles—to Tynemouth Barracks. This has just taken place, so there is no likelihood of their coming south for a long time. Colonel Dalton is in town, but I purposely keep out of his way, till I have settled things here. However, I think it probable that I may again soon join him.

15*th*.—I have seen Lord Wellesley, but it was only by chance. I had written to him yesterday, and have since ascertained, to a certainty, that Saragossa Vaughan, who had been Lord Bathurst's private secretary, was to be Henry Wellesley's Secretary of Legation. Lord W. merely said—I must tell you we met only in the passage—"I have received your letter, and it shall have an early answer." I thanked him, and passed on. But, when leaving the Office, we again came across each other; he stopped and said, "You may depend on my doing all I can for you; my best wishes, be assured, are with you." Notwithstanding this, I confess that my expectations do not run very high, and that if I get my Spanish account handsomely settled, I do not look for much more for the present, and, after a visit to my aunt, shall not object to resume the red coat for a time.

Charles Warren has just given me letters from Francis; yours I forward in an Office frank, and beg you will return immediately those letters that were sent to Bath by the post of the 12th. They are from Spain, and I wonder, my dear mother, it did not occur to you that I should be anxious to have them. I would have given any money rather than they should thus have been detained! G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Washington, 16th September, 1809.

I know not, my dear George, whether this will find you in Spain or in England; if the latter, my letters to our mother will tell you everything that has occurred since my last from Portsmouth. They contain more than *you*, perhaps, may think interesting; but my *ship talk* I thought would entertain the home party during a long November evening, and be listened to even by you. But, should you be still amongst the Dons, you will be glad to know without further delay that we landed at Annapolis on the 5th inst., after a pleasant passage of fifty-three days. We were a fortnight without seeing a single sail. Last week, we saw and spoke a few Americans and a couple of Spaniards, none of whom were for England. From the former I got the Boston papers to the end of last month, by which I see that my appointment was known, and great expectations raised as to the result of it. The non-ratification of Erskine's arrangement was discussed with all the vehemence of American party spirit.

Presents of sweetmeats and fresh provisions were sent to us from the vessels, and the master of one of them assured me that my arrival was anxiously looked for, and that I should be most heartily and hospitably welcomed. He, probably, spoke according to his wishes and interests; for the mercantile people are indeed much interested in the success of my

negotiation, as they suppose that its failure would bring back the embargo, and thus blast again all their rising hopes. Besides, the master of a merchantman is always civil when under the apprehension of being overhauled or detained by a man of war; though they have less to fear on that head, from Captain Raggett, than from most naval officers, for a more moderate, reasonable, and pacific son of Neptune, I have seldom met with. He has paid us every possible attention, and Elizabeth and I think ourselves under great obligations to him.

We find things here, in some respects better, in others worse, than we expected. But I daresay they will, on the whole, be supportable for the time I shall stay here; certainly not more than a year and a half.

The country is fine; beautiful views even in sight of my window, and I cannot think the climate unhealthy; but that we shall know more of by and bye. At present we are at the best inn, and shall probably get into Erskine's house—the same that Merry had—soon after he leaves it, which will be as soon as he can get a passage to England. I have done nothing yet in the way of business, the President being absent. Indeed, there are very few people of any sort here, for it is now the season when everybody who can, goes into the country, or, rather, goes from one part of the country to another; for this famous city of which so much has been written and said, resembles more nearly Hampstead Heath, than any other place I ever saw. The *streets* are distinguished, as those at Worthing, the appellation of street being bestowed

on six or seven scattered houses. Only two of their streets contain half a dozen houses adjoining each other, yet the Americans call this, the City, *par excellence.*

Madison has fixed the 1st of October for his return; and Smith, the Secretary of State, assured me that, although he felt some embarrassment at the apparent incivility of my being left here in the interval, without the usual public acknowledgment of the character with which I was invested, yet, such was the President's fear of the insalubrity of the climate at this season, and so great the inconvenience to him of the journey to and from Virginia—which, even with this dry weather, must occupy four days each way—that if he did come, it would be doing considerable violence to his feelings. As I was not instructed to press for any particular degree of haste, I told Smith, that I should make full allowance for the President's just solicitude for his health, and cheerfully wait the period he had named for his return for delivering my credentials.

It was indirectly made known to me that it would be agreeable to the President that I should go to him; but this idea I promptly discouraged, nor would I listen to Smith's suggestion that I should enter into official discussion with *him*, before I had my audience of the President.

Supposing you to be in England, and that you can get nothing better, you will do well to come here if you can; because it is as well to be doing something, and you are sure of changing, when you do change,

to advantage. But, if you can get a similar post in Europe, you should prefer it, even to the last-named consideration. It will not be till the middle of next month, at soonest, that I shall be able to send Oakeley home with despatches. That will be your time to push. I wrote to Canning about it to-day, and begged that he will *then* send you out.

But I am not yet quite sure that I shall get Oakeley to go, for he is desperately in love with, and, they say, means to marry, the cast-off wife of Jerome Bonaparte, formerly Miss Paterson, as soon as she can get a divorce through the legislature of the province to which she belongs. A pretty appendage to a British mission! I think if he really commits this folly, it will be an obstacle to his obtaining further employment. However, Madame Jerome has, until very lately, kept up a correspondence with his Westphalian Majesty.

We have had the news of the battle of the 5th and 6th of July, and are very anxious for the next accounts.

F. J. J.

Diaries—London, Dec. 16th.—I met Merry this morning at the Office. He told me that he had, during the last two or three months—with the double object of obtaining some other information for himself than was to be acquired through the newspapers, and of communicating it to my brother—made pretexts for correspondence with the Foreign Office and for inquiry on public subjects, but had

had not a word of answer, even on those which were to him of much personal interest; so that he, generally so well informed, was in complete ignorance of what had been going on behind the scenes in political life.

"But, in fact, there now appears to have been so much disunion and want of confidence amongst those who have been until lately at the helm, that it is not surprising that the persons who may have been in the secret of such a state of things should have kept it, as they ought to have done, most closely to themselves; or that there should have been a want of energy and activity that has caused everything to remain motionless, except such objects as have been of the most pressing nature. Indeed, I have good reason to believe that such has been the system pursued ever since the close of the last session of Parliament.

"A strong proof of this is afforded in the correspondence of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning previous to their duel, and in the subsequent statement on the subject, which by great favour I got a sight of to-day—just long enough to transcribe them for Francis. I should, indeed, hesitate to expose any comments of my own upon them to the gauntlet the packet that takes them out has to run, before she can reach America; even if they did not speak so fully for themselves, and show so forcibly how, from what was at first mere pique at the interference of one department in the business of another, the clash of opinions between these two ministers grew to a

settled purpose, on one side at least, of condemning and thwarting whatever measures were approved by the other.

17*th*.—Henry Wellesley's appointment was to have been gazetted last night. But I presume that the late defeat has knocked on the head all idea of a new mission to Spain. If not, the minister's departure must either be immediate, or his mission become altogether nugatory; for by this time the enemy, I doubt not, is at Seville. It could hardly be otherwise, if Orizaga's determination, proclaimed very loudly just before I left Spain, to advance on Madrid and "*Vencer ó morir*" was foolishly persisted in; for with such troops as he commanded, total rout and a retreat to the Morena would be the almost certain result.

The Junta complain greatly of the quantity of supplies they are required to furnish to our troops. Apparently, they wish to drive Lord Wellington and his army to Portugal, by declaring it to be impossible to supply him with provisions any longer. The British army they say, has eaten up everything in the country, and cost her more than all the armies of Spain together.

20*th*.—I have just come in from making my bow at the Queen's House. I met Vaughan there. He is gazetted, and has the appointment that Lord Wellesley as good as promised to me. However, under such circumstances, and with our present prospects in Spain, I hardly knew whether to congratulate him or not. He says, it is an appointment scarcely worth accepting, as he doubts that the mission will

last long enough to allow of his reaching Seville, or whatever place their Supremacies may have fled to.

21*st.*—There are reports in the papers of a dispute having taken place between my brother and the American Government. But nothing is known of it at the Office, where these reports are attributed to speculative views.

22*nd.*—If the words of a great man were supposed to mean anything, I might build much upon a very flattering message which my friend Forbes brought me from Lord Wellesley, to whom he has just been appointed private secretary.

Letters—Foreign Office, Dec. 23*rd.*—Thanks, my dear M., for the pardon you so graciously vouchsafe; but you have kept me a long time waiting for it, as also for my Spanish letters, which, considering your guess that "two of them at least were from a *bella doña*," was cruel of you. I had said enough to let you know that I cared not to wait for a frank, and have been well nigh thrown into a fever for the sake of the two or three shillings you determined to spare me. Another day's delay, and I should have claimed them *en personne*. I received these precious epistles only last evening—having been *en course* since eight that morning—when I came in to dress to dine with the Duchess of Leeds, and so ran the risk of arriving late, for I could not go till I had read them. If you should ever again, dear M., receive for me any letters that have as you think "a suspicious look," be assured they are of the first importance and, *coûte que coûte*, despatch them without a moment's delay.

Her Grace gave us a good dinner; but it was rather a dull one. She was looking very well; was pleasant as usual; inquired much after you, and seemed to enjoy talking of "the good old days, before my time;" that is to say, of the late Duke, my father, and Francis. The Anguishes were of the party.

The evening before, I went with Charles Ford to see Hamlet. Kemble was, of course, great, and his triumph, I believe, complete; but in my humble opinion, he has gone off a good deal. I was disappointed in the new house. It appears to me small, and the prevailing colour—brick-red—very common and ineffective. The doors, too, though they cost a large sum and will, if they last as long, be very handsome some years hence, have a mean appearance, the mahogany being so very pale.

I had almost forgotten to thank you for the ruffles; they are beautiful, but they arrived a day after the fair, and I was obliged to make my first bow in my old ones. But my aunt says the lace is exquisite, and advises me not to send them to the bleachers.

The papers should have told you more about the levée than I can. The Persian ambassador's audience was a private and early one. He was coming out as I went in. You know I had seen him before at Gibraltar, therefore had no loss. Many ladies were assembled in the hall to stare at him as he went by. It was a very crowded levée; the

civilians were not half pleased with His Majesty's *civil* answer.

The king was very gracious to me; asked me how long I had been in Spain; how I liked the Spaniards, &c. Lord Wellesley presented me.

I have just heard that the report respecting Francis is, to a certain extent, confirmed, though nothing has actually reached the government on the subject; but they are, you may believe, most anxious for intelligence, and are expecting every hour the arrival of despatches.

I fear you will say I have used, or rather abused too much your permission to *scrawl*. But the fact is, that, besides that I am running against time in expectation of hearing the bellman, the scene of action is Charles Warren's room, where, as he is at Brighton, I have hardly wherewithal to write. Not so much as a second pen, or a knife to improve the sorry stump that does duty for one.

One word more—an important one—you ask me if I have thought of your plum puddings. Can you doubt it, my dear M.? Great, however, is my vexation that I can only do them that scant justice on the 25th. But my sister offers me all the consolation in her power by inviting me to Edmonton on that day to make an attack on her rival puddings.

G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Washington, October 7th, 1809.

A long letter, my dear mother, which left nothing of our adventures untold, from our embarkation at Portsmouth to our arrival at Annapolis, was sent to you from hence on the 14th ult. From that date till the 1st inst. I was waiting the return of the President from his country house, about one hundred and twenty miles from this. The interval was employed in some necessary arrangements for our establishment, the first of which was to hire a house. I have taken that which had been occupied by my predecessors, Merry and Erskine, which though not the only one is the least objectionable of any. But Erskine had let it go to such a state of ruin and dirt that it will be several weeks before we can attempt to move into it. A Scotchman with an American wife who would be a fine lady, are not the best people to succeed on such an occasion. When the papering, whitewashing, painting, and furnishing of our residence are completed, I hope we shall be tolerably comfortable. It consists of two common three-windowed houses, built together, and with communications opened between them.

We find we have done very well with respect to our servants, as there would be none to be had here. Those we have, seem as likely as any to withstand the temptations that are continually thrown in their way.

There are very few white servants, and our people are frequently laughed at for wearing a livery, or likened to slaves if they speak of their *master* or *mistress*. Indeed, even the black waiters at the inns endeavour to show their independence, though they are mostly slaves, by saying, "*the gentleman*," meaning the innkeeper, or "*the lady*," the innkeeper's wife; should there ever be question of the latter in the business of the house. But this rarely happens, as they are much above *that*; and even the innkeeper must be a prodigy, if he ever shows himself, otherwise than to ask some question that we should in England think extremely impertinent. But I have never chosen to take it in this way; for believing it to be as much in their nature to be inquisitive as to be sallow in their complexion. I have found as little fault with one as with the other. It is but justice to say that I have met with nothing but the utmost civility, and with none of those hardships and difficulties of which the Merrys so bitterly complained. The travelling is not worse than much that I have met with before in my life, and the accommodations are better than many I have thought supportable. The expense is about the same as in England, and must be considered most exorbitant, when the inferiority of their arrangements to ours, and the greater cheapness of provisions are taken into account.

The people of the hotel where we now are, really are phœnixes in their way. When we arrived, the wife was not at home, but the man was extremely civil and

proper. As soon as she returned she came and made Elizabeth a *visit*; shook her by the hand, and hoped she found everything comfortable; if not, she had only to apply to such and such persons in the house. All this was well meant, and we went a day or two after—not to the bar-room, but to an adjoining private house, where the lady lives—*to return her visit*. We found that Mrs. Erskine and she had been constantly in the habit of exchanging visits. We attribute that to Yankee customs; but, being at Rome, we must do as they do at Rome.

'Numbers of people have been to call on us. With a few exceptions, it is the rule for everybody to pay the first visit to a foreign minister, and, with only one exception—the President's wife—all women visit his wife first. There is one convenience in this—you are sure of seeing nobody at your house who does not, for some reason or other, wish to be there.

'My visitors are a different set from Erskine's, I perceive; many of them, he says, he never saw. *Per contra*, many of the democrats who were his intimates, do not come to me; and I am well pleased and somewhat flattered by the distinction.

'Elizabeth is going to-day to make her first visit to Mrs. Madison, and our equipage has been got into order for the purpose. I had to send my coachman into the country to buy horses, and he returned on Tuesday with four beautiful ones. The new liveries, &c., are brought out for the occasion. Our carriage quite astonishes the natives, who never before saw such an one—a Landau barouche.

Madison, the President, is a plain and rather mean-looking little man, of great simplicity of manners, and an inveterate enemy to form and ceremony. So much so, that I was officially informed that my introduction to him was to be considered as nothing more than the reception of one gentleman by another, and that no particular dress was to be worn on the occasion—all which I was very willing to acquiesce in. Accordingly, I went in an afternoon frock, and found the President in similar attire. Smith, the Secretary of State, who had walked from his office to join me, had on a pair of dusty boots, and his round hat in his hand. When he had introduced us, he retired, and the President then asked me to take a chair.

While we were talking, a negro servant brought in some glasses of punch and a seed cake. The former, as I had been in conference the whole morning, served very agreeably to wet, or whet, my whistle, and still more strongly to contrast this audience with others I had had with most of the sovereigns of Europe.

The President's wife is fat and forty, but not fair. She must, however, have been a comely person when she served out the liquor at the bar of her father's tavern in the state of Virginia. When I was told of her origin, I understood why she and Mrs. Merry so scorned and looked down upon each other.

I have procured two very good saddle horses, and Elizabeth and I have been riding in all directions round this place, whenever the weather has been cool

enough. The country has a beautifully picturesque appearance, and I have nowhere seen finer scenery than is composed by the Potomac and the woods and hills about it. Yet it has a wild and desolate air, from being so scantily and rudely cultivated, and from the want of population.

"The City of Washington," as they call it, is, from the first house to the last, five miles in length. Its streets, which consist of a few scattered houses, are intersected with wood, heath, gravel pits, &c. I put up a covey of partridges close to it the other day, and about three hundred yards from the House of Congress, yclep'd the Capitol. Georgetown, which has, I believe, as many houses as the federal city, is situated at the end of it, upon ground rising gradually from the river till it forms a terrace, something similar to Mount Ephraim at Tunbridge Wells, and on which there are, in the same manner, houses built at short distances from each other. There is a beautiful prospect from them; and the rest of the place—intermixed as the houses are with trees and common pasture—puts me much in mind of the Wells; so you see we are not fallen into a wilderness. So far from it, that I am surprised no one should before have mentioned the great beauty of the neighbourhood. The natives trouble themselves but little about it; their thoughts are chiefly of tobacco, flour, shingles, and the news of the day. The Merrys, I suppose, never got a mile out of Washington, except on their way to Philadelphia.

The weather when we landed, and for the ten following days, was very pleasant—a fine October

fall, but rather cool. It afterwards changed to July heat, which has continued till this day. I am told this is unusual, and it is thought unwholesome; nevertheless, I can send you a clean bill of health.

Our children are the wonder and envy of the Americans, who do not seem to comprehend that so much firm flesh and rosy colour can be natural.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mr. George Jackson.

Washington, October 20th, 1809.

Although I have not heard from you, my dear George, since you knew of my appointment, I on received any letters since I left England, yet the vessels which are arriving almost daily in the American ports have brought me news of a month's later date—viz., to the 14th of August. I do not, unfortunately, see much in it to rejoice at. Neither our victories in Spain, nor those in Holland, appear to me to be worth their cost. It really does seem ordained that we shall do as little by land as Bonaparte does by sea. We seem, too, to go about as awkwardly to work.

Onis arrived here from Cadiz three days ago, and tells me you had a mind to come with him. There will be abundance of opportunities thence to this country during the winter—indeed, they will multiply in proportion to the duration of the non-intercourse with France and England. But I do not wish you to be in a hurry to come here. I desire to see a little

further than I can at present, and will write to you as soon as I do. However, Canning positively promised for you the Secretaryship of Legation, so that, if he keeps his word, you must take it, and appear thankful, and in that case come out directly. But there may be some delay in sending you; for, after Canning's promise, Hammond started some difficulty about removing Oakeley, and I, as yet, cannot contribute towards that removal, as was agreed between us that I should—that is to say, I cannot send Oakeley home, for I am yet come to no agreement with this government. Also, I am not a little in want of his assistance, and, to judge from the outset, this is to the full as busy a mission as any I have had.

Besides which, *il faut être vrai*, I do not find Oakeley so bad as I expected. Indeed, he is evidently laying himself out to behave very well to me; and had I not heard such unfavourable accounts of him from both Merry and Thornton, I should suppose nothing objectionable in him—now, to knock a dog on the head, merely because he is *said* to be mad, is not fair. What I, therefore, would recommend to you, is to see if you cannot take advantage of Canning's promise, to appear to give it him back with a good grace, in order to obtain some other appointment—something in Europe that would be as useful, and more agreeable. But if you are idle and have a mind for a trip, you could come over here for some months at the public expense, and on the public service; for I am very much in want, as I tell Canning by this mail, of a

confidential person to go to Louisiana, which will be a very interesting scene; because the French party compose nine-tenths of the population—in all not more than forty-five thousand—and the French Government will certainly endeavour to make that their way into Mexico, and into the United States also. It should be somebody very active, and who understands Spanish as well as French. This might be a very interesting job, as it would lead you to Mexico—and communication was wanted with that government. Mellish, whom you knew, or heard of at Weimar, is appointed consul-general there. I am told he has no qualification for the post but that of being an old friend and schoolfellow of Canning,

This has been a busy week with me, but the uncertainty I am in as to your whereabouts forbids my writing much at length. The despatches I send by this opportunity are pretty voluminous, and very decisive as to the hostile dispositions of this country. Do not, however, apprehend anything from them—"Dogs that bark don't bite."

If I stay here beyond the twelvemonth for which I have stipulated, it will be because that twelvemonth expires in autumn, and that it may be desirable to remain over the second winter and wait for a spring passage home, so you know how long we should be together.

Canning would probably wish to send by you the answers to these despatches; but if they talk of sending you out without a *public* appointment you must stickle stoutly for good pay, not less than Nicholas's at

Heligoland, 1000*l.* a year, and your travelling expenses—*with* that a title would not signify. But you must, in fact, in all this be governed by circumstances. I think of what I can for you in the New World, having a bad opinion of the old; and, in short, most things are better than whistling in the market-place at Newcastle.

24*th*.—Your letter from Cadiz, of the 8th September, has just arrived. It is full and satisfactory in point of information, but enables me to say nothing more respecting your future prospcts.

I hope I may yet make something of the "Chesapeake" business, and I shall then send Oakeley home with the despatches, that is, if Madame Jerome will let him go. If you receive this in England, do your best to find out what they think in Downing Street of my voluminous performances. My correspondence with Smith, the American Secretary of State, will be published here, I believe, when Congress meets, and I doubt not will find as many critics as admirers; because *here*, the majority is against us, and in England there are many that would join them—the Barings, &c.

Erskine is really a greater fool than I could have thought it possible to be, and it is charity to give him *that* name. It would require a volume to explain to you the mischief he has done, on the present occasion in particular, and how his conduct generally has given encouragement to the hostile disposition this government manifests towards us. Now that I have gone through all his correspondence, more than ever am I at a loss to comprehend how he could have

been allowed to remain here for the last two years. He has bitten off his mother's ear with a vengeance, and well deserves to have the fable further realized, if there were any sort of political gallows on which to try an experiment of suspended animation.

To be obliged to wade through such a mass of folly and stupidity, and to observe how our country has been made, through Erskine's means, the instrument of these people's cunning, is not the least part of my annoyance. Between them, our cause is vilified indeed.

The tone which Erskine had accustomed them to use with him, and to use without any notice whatever being taken of it, is another great difficulty I have had to overcome. Every third word was a declaration of war. In the same spirit they began with me, by saying they would only negotiate upon paper. But they have gained nothing by this mode, in which I was obliged to acquiesce, for I took it up in a style that brought them in some degree to their senses; and I do not know that I had ever more civility and attention shown me than at a dinner at the President's yesterday, where I was treated with a distinction not lately accorded to a British minister in this country. A foolish question of precedence, which ever since Merry's time, has been unsettled and has occasioned some heartburnings amongst the ladies, was also decided then, by the President departing from his customary indifference to ceremony and etiquette, and taking Elizabeth in to dinner, while I conducted Mrs. Madison. Jefferson set Mrs. Merry completely aside, and at

Madison's her husband was obliged to hand her out of the room himself; for which reason all social intercourse, except an occasional morning visit, ended between them, and Mrs. Merry and Mrs. Madison were always at daggers drawn. Madison followed this up by telling Merry that no distinction whatever could be made between an Envoy and a Chargé d'Affaires, unless the former had the representative character of an ambassador. This, with the cessation also on poor Merry's appearance on the scene of the distinctive privilege hitherto accorded to foreign ministers, of having chairs placed for them on the right hand of the President's on the floor of both Houses of Congress, was the subject of some correspondence with our government.

On a former occasion, the change only from the right hand to the left had been successfully resisted by the Spanish minister; and probably the privilege would again have been fully restored, but for the change that took place at that time in our administration, and the recall of Merry, when the subject was dropped. Erskine submitted to everything.

26th.—The Spanish minister is not better pleased with the state of things he finds here than I am. He will not be received, and it is even doubtful whether he will get a written answer to his application. He is to remain here, he says, under my protection. The Supreme Junta had better not have sent a minister if they did not intend to make the non-acceptance of him a cause of war. You say you do not understand what made the Spaniards, all at once,

so much alive to their interests in this quarter; and Onis tells me, the Junta sent him here entirely at the request of England.

Madison is now as obstinate as a mule, and takes his stand upon Erskine's arrangement, which he half denies our right to disavow, and in the next breath says, we have not explained the cause of our disavowal; a quibble, in fact, to avoid coming to a compromise, since none will suit him but the absolute surrender of our Orders in Council. Until he gets that, he will not even accept any satisfaction for the affair of the "Chesapeake," which has been now for the third time offered to him in vain. If, after this, we give them any satisfaction at all, we had better send it wrapped up in a British ensign, and desire them to make what use of it they please.

You see I keep to Lord Malmesbury's maxim, "*bas ou haut*." But if ministers consent to knock under, I can only say I had rather anybody but myself should be charged with the execution of their instructions.

In the midst of all this I look with anxiety to what is passing in Europe, but with a determination to allow my proceedings to be but little affected by the news that comes from thence; for let America believe that our conduct towards her is regulated, as hers is towards us, by the successes of Bonaparte, and you give her the greatest advantage she could derive from an alliance with France. Nevertheless, I fear that our prospects in Spain and in Germany are not very brilliant. Austria seems to have fallen into her old

ways again; and whether Lord Wellesley will be able to infuse a little wisdom into the Supreme Junta remains to be seen.

28*th*.—I have done what I could for Onis, but Madison refuses to receive him. This resolution was taken, it appears, some time before his arrival, and might have been foreseen from the treatment experienced by Foronda and Veir. A bad effect is produced by the minister of the Junta remaining here, even till he can receive fresh orders. It will encourage these people in their insolence; and there is already a great and growing fermentation in their minds respecting their relations with Great Britain, which shows itself in a manner highly prejudicial to the amity and good understanding which, doubtless, our ministers wish to see established between the two countries.

You must not be misled by the phrase "Staunch Federalist," generally, but wrongly, supposed to be synonymous with "a friend to England." Hardly any of those who call themselves staunch Federalists are to be trusted, and the term, in fact, only serves to distinguish the party of the individuals. At bottom, they are all alike, except that some few are less knaves than others.

P.S.—We intend, in April or May, to visit the principal cities and the eastern States. If you *are* to come here, we hope it will be before that time, as we should like very well to have you of the party.

Diaries.—*Dec*. 28*th*.—The news that Oakeley had

arrived in the night of the 26th brought me up from Edmonton yesterday post haste. But the snow was so deep that we stuck fast three times before reaching London, and when I got to the Office, Oakeley had left, and nobody could tell me where he lived. He brought the news that the American Government had not only broken off the negotiation with Francis, but had done it in the most violent manner, by refusing to hold any communication with him.

29th.—At last I have seen Oakeley, but was disappointed in him. He seemed to think more of the feat he had accomplished, in making the journey from Falmouth to London in thirty six hours and a half, than of the business that brought him to England. He had not been aware of the general ousting that had taken place at the Foreign Office, and thought it would be unfavourable to Francis. But in this supposition I could not agree with him, for I think that the present head of our department is not a man who will easily brook the insolence of our transatlantic brethren; and I have no hesitation, from all I can learn, in indulging a hope that a conduct worthy of *him*, and consistent with our elevated situation, as a country, will be pursued.

My letters, and many others, lay upon Oakeley's table, and, apparently, he had no thought of forwarding them. His manner was rather *distrait*. He said he hoped to take back the answers to the despatches; that he had no intention of resigning his post, as, in the present state of Europe, he could hope for nothing in exchange. Also, he had "a

hankering after old quarters," he told me, which means, I suppose, that his heart is still at Baltimore.

30*th*.— Nothing official has transpired on the subject of my brother's despatches; and so much is this the case that, in reply to an application of the American Committee to learn the intentions of government, no definite statement of them was given. But though it may be doubtful what impression they have created within doors, it is certain that the sentiments of the public are unquestionably in my brother's favour. Indeed, such is the exasperation felt at the impertinent conduct of the Yankees, that there exists a general inclination to give them a drubbing.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, December 28th, 1809.

I sit down to write to you, dear George, *en attendant* the arrival of the post, which I earnestly hope will bring me some news from America. It was good of you to put me as much at ease as you could, but still I cannot help feeling a great deal of anxiety till I know what turn the affair is likely to take; for there must be a strong foundation for all these rumours. The only comfortable lines are the last on the subject in the "Times" of Saturday. They say that a messenger was sent after Mr. Jackson to Baltimore, to desire his presence at the seat of government, whither he was about to return. This looks as if they were disposed to yield when they found they could not bend him to their purpose. You will understand how all this

keeps my thoughts in action. What will be the consequence if he does return?—how will it affect *your* prospects? Though, as regards your prospects, now Vaughan is appointed to Spain, I hardly know what you can hope for. "All the minister has now to dispose of," you say, "consists of two small fishes, without the barley loaves, and what are they among so many hungry expectants?" Little enough indeed. But I wish, my dear, you would leave off the habit, I have lately observed in you, of quoting scripture, and applying it so profanely.

I never spent a duller Christmas, partly owing to the extreme severity of the weather, which petrifies me, and makes it impossible to stir from one's own fireside. So deep has been the snow, that not a chairman would come up our hill, and even with four horses to a carriage, a party engaged to dine at Wydcome were obliged to turn back when they had got half way. I think myself lucky if I can send off my letters, and cheerfully give up such gaieties as there are, until we get a favourable change. There was a report that the Duke of Gloucester was coming here again, but it is well for the pockets of some people that it turns out to be a false report. For they made such expensive entertainments for him, to gratify their own vanity, I suppose, that might have tired them if it had lasted much longer, and have inconvenienced some of them, if the ridiculous fuss had to be gone over again this year. It is a fact, I could with difficulty be persuaded of, that Sigmond, the dentist, invited his royal highness to a grand

supper. This dentist was a footman in Germany a few years ago. He has lately married a woman he had kept for fifteen years, and they make more dash and live at more expense than almost anybody in Bath. The Duke did not go to Sigmond's supper, but one of the gentlemen of his suite did.

If you had been in Newcastle you must have felt the cold severely, notwithstanding that the excellence and abundance of fuel there would enable you, at a trifling expense, to keep up rousing fires night and day. Here, the price of coals is becoming alarming, and, indeed, so is the price of everything. Such a year as the one we are concluding, both for private and public suffering, I never remember either at home or abroad. At the beginning of it, we had weather which brought on such floods as have not been known for above eighty years. Many dreadfully destructive fires also occurred, and, in short, the elements seemed to be united against us. In this place, the distress was too great and terrible to dwell upon; but it should be told, to the honour of the inhabitants and visitors, that a subscription was set on foot and upwards of 3000*l.* collected for the relief of the sufferers. However, many lives were lost which are still, and must long be lamented.

To increase the general gloom, there came the afflicting news of Sir J. Moore's retreat, and the fatal battle of the 10th, which made many a home desolate, and filled many hearts with mourning and woe. Here, too, not a few were much alarmed by a foolish prophecy that was current, that this city was shortly

to be swallowed up by an earthquake. But I am free to confess that I lost no sleep on *that* account; for I am not among the number of those who suppose the Almighty communicates his designs to an insignificant mortal. Yet, all that was going forward in London both public and private, was bad—disgraceful to the nation, as well as to individuals—and in such times it is well to be reminded that, "for these things cometh the wrath of God upon the land."

The uncertainty as to what was going on in Spain caused my thoughts and conversation perpetually to turn on my wandering Spaniard. I tried to persuade myself that you were in no personal danger, yet I don't think I quite succeeded. Had I then known that Bonaparte would think the English mission at Aranjuez a covey so well worth entrapping, I should have been doubly alarmed. I heard not of you, I knew not whether letters would reach you, and I had not courage to write what would give you no pleasure to read. I concluded that Francis told you everything, when he had an opportunity of sending. But from the questions you ask me and the persons you enquire for, I perceive that he told you of passing events—non-political—little more than I did, and hardly alluded to the straits, privations, and many inconveniences that have been so generally felt. So general indeed, that in reply to some complaints of mine of the scarcity and dearness which compelled me to retrench in my expenses, and economize to the utmost, he wrote—dear me! what was it? how treacherous is memory. I must refer to his letter,

and finish to-morrow. You know I never destroy any letters; matters great and small alike, are preserved in our Bath Archives——The post is not arrived: snow blocks up the roads, I fear.

30*th*.—I have found your brother's letters, and would have sent them to you for perusal, but as I shall look over my correspondence to-morrow that it may be ready to make up for the year, and should, therefore, not wish these letters to be mislaid or detained, I prefer to copy out for you the passages I spoke of relating to the hardness of the times.*

Morin's Hotel, 16th March, 1809.

"As I was leaving for London, for the purpose of seeing Canning, your doleful letters were brought to me, dearest Mother. I had just opened them to study *en route* when the coach suddenly broke down. Luckily, this happened before we were quite out of Brighton, so that in half an hour I was overtaken—for I had walked on—by a fresh one, and as the day was beautiful and the roads very fine we got into town between seven and eight, and I afterwards drank tea with my friend Lady Hester Stanhope. Though she has been so much overcome by her grief, she still takes an eager and anxious part in what is going forward. She is particularly interested for the Duke of York; and the proceedings, and the expected decision of the House of Commons, formed the chief

* These letters, which contain many interesting particulars besides those alluded to above, not having been included in the former volumes, are here given *in extenso*.

topics of our conversation. What the decision was you will learn from the papers. The speeches of Sir F. Burdett and Sir S. Romilly are particularly good, but *we* must not trumpet them. However, the main question is yet to be determined, and the vote is fixed for to-morrow. It consists of the resolution, to be proposed by Mr. Perceval, by which the Duke of York is to be entirely exonerated from all blame, or—in the familiar language of the day—to be whitewashed.

Various are the opinions entertained as to the probable result of this. The most reasonable seems to me to be, that His Royal Highness will be acquitted by a majority somewhat smaller than that which opposed Mr. Bankes's amendment; but there are many well-thinking people who believe that there will be a small majority against him. In either case it is the universal wish that the Duke could be prevailed upon to resign, as there is no doubt that, whatever way the House decides, addresses will be presented to the King from very many parts of the country, demanding the dismissal of the commander-in-chief. It could then only be granted with a very ill grace, while to refuse it would be still more embarrassing, not to say dangerous. This, as you have truly heard, is the only subject that people will talk upon, and the above is, in a few words, the substance of what they say.

I have this morning seen a good many people. Lord Malmesbury is not in town, but comes to-morrow. I sat half an hour with her Ladyship and

Lady Fitzharris, the latter looking very well and very pretty. I cannot say the same of Fanny, who looks rather more dowdy than usual; but all were very kind and cordial.

They talked a great deal of the necessity of economy; of giving up their house in town; and were not very cheerful upon general subjects. But that is the order of the day.

I find, too, that there are many who go far beyond you Bathites, and suppose that not only your fair city is to be swallowed up, but that the world is coming to an end, and that the last trump is soon to sound.

Yet amidst all this, nobody's thoughts seem to go beyond the confines of our own little island, and I have yet been able to get no information, or even opinion upon foreign affairs. On that, or any other subject, Lady Hester knows as little as anybody; for she has absolutely quarrelled with Canning and is gone into opposition, so she is trying to learn all she can from other sources. She is waiting only to get rid of her house to retire into Wales, as she cannot afford to live in London. So you see, my dear Mother, that you and I are not the only people who are obliged to yield to the necessities of the day. Many more there are than we hear of, but it has struck me much to meet with, in so short a time, two instances that even you must consider as authorities. People, in general, say the town is dull, and they appear to be oppressed by cares and the hardness of the times—no dinners, no parties of any kind.

However, Talbot—Morning Post Talbot as we call

him—whom I met to day, says the contrary. He, you know, will find out a party if there be one anywhere, and he quoted half a dozen grand affairs he had been invited to; but I know that nothing very fashionable has yet been given. The Prince goes nowhere, but only that he may not look at those who go to the Princess; the number of whom, they say is great. I saw his carriage last night standing at the door of a great house *in this neighbourhood*, where his visits, I hear, are as constant and as long as ever.

I have been told that Perceval has another affair *sur les bras*, that worries him no less than the Duke of York's, but which he intends to bring forward shortly—the debts of the Princess of Wales. They are said to amount to £100,000, and that Perceval has promised her to get them paid. *On dit*, that he is preparing a motion accordingly. I had this from what would be considered "good authority," yet I doubt it. The moment seems ill chosen. and unpropitious for such an object.

17*th.*—It is half past four, and I return from my walk to go on with my chat with you. The chief discovery I have made is, that the Duke of York is about to resign. I heard it just now from such authority as induces me to believe it to be the most likely thing to happen. The plea is this—that the only thing His Royal Highness was anxious about was to obtain a vote of acquittal as to any corrupt practices, or any connivance at them; that he is ready to do anything to meet the wishes of the

country, and to serve it hereafter if called upon so to do. If he resigns in this way, Mr. Bathurst's motion will probably not be put, and the Duke can be re-appointed at some future time. You may whisper this about in confidence, if you like.

I saw many houses to let, and the town certainly is neither full nor elegant. Several families are going to Brighton for Easter. I am going to dine in Wimpole street and go afterwards with Mrs. A. to the opera.

18*th*.—You see I mean to send you a budget of gossip, and the first good thing I shall tell you is, that it is determined to refund the Land Tax on our pensions, by which I get £200 a year. The intelligence was the more welcome as I did not expect it.

The opera was very full and I met there a great many acquaintances, and heard the confirmation of the news that the Duke had resigned. The King immediately sent notice of it to the Duke of Portland, in a letter which is the theme of general conversation, it being a model of good expression of the very best sentiments. It is now the opinion of all, except the Wardleites, that the subject should be dropped; but if Mr. Bathurst persists in his motion he will rather do the Duke a service than otherwise, because it will certainly be got rid of by a very large majority. All the heads of opposition, even, are against proceeding further, and there is a general feeling of consideration for the King.

The next news that flew round from box to box was that Colonel Cadogan had taken his sister from

Lord Paget by telling her that he was resolved to fight him, and that one of them must die if she did not leave him. However, later in the evening this was modified, and the business said to be *en train* only, she having desired to have time to consider the matter.

I met the Somersets also at the opera and supped with them in Bruton-street—you remember them at Brighton. They half laugh at, half complain of Burghersh, who is over head and ears in love with Mrs. C. Locke, the widow of a man I knew in Berlin and who died in Turkey.

I should tell you that I saw Mrs. Clarke. She was in a box up three pair of stairs, and wore a fine shawl, and a feather in her cap, and was prettier than I expected.

The opera was crowded, but has, notwithstanding all they say, gained nothing since last year, for there is no one to replace Catalani. I think you *fête* her too much at Bath if she will not reward you with a ditty either in public or private. Eventually, I suppose, she will bring the managers round to her terms. What is gained in the men's dancing, by the arrival of Vestris—who, however, is now very inferior to Des Hayes—is lost in the women's, by the absence of Presla and Gayton. Angiolini is a good subject of the Italian school, with much strength *dans le jarret*, but with little grace.

21*st*.—Lady Salisbury asked me to her party last night, and I went that I might see all the world at once. As is usual at her parties, it was very full and I think well attended. The Prince was there as well

as his *future Duchess*, with whom he talked a good deal; but at most other people he looked as if he would have eaten them. It was generally remarked that he passed many women whom he knew, staring them full in the face, but without taking any other notice of them. Indeed, he need not be so jealous of his wife's popularity. She makes herself perfectly ridiculous, and wherever she goes the chief subject of remark and critique is her lavish display of her protuberant beauties.

The only new appearances at all interesting were Lady Di Herbert—whom I believe you saw last year with her mother Lady Pembroke—and one of Lady Salisbury's daughters, Lady Emily, who is really a very pretty little *joujou*.

Lady Haggerston, Mrs. Fitzherbert's sister, was at Lady Salisbury's, and was noticed a little by His Royal Highness, but by no means so much as I have observed in former times. *A propos* of Mrs. Fitzherbert, she commissioned me to buy "Cœlebs" for her. It is much in vogue just now; if you have not yet read it, I advise you to get it.

We see a great deal of Mrs. F. at Brighton, and Elizabeth writes me word this morning that she has been at a grand musical party *chez elle*, besides two of her dinners, since I left, "*les diners exquis, les convives gaies et spirituelles:*" so you see she is neither sad nor sorry, but enjoys herself in *her* way at Brighton, while her prince and master amuses himself after *his* fashion in town.

22nd.—I left off writing to you yesterday to go to

dinner at Lady Hester Stanhope's, where there was only her brother and a friend of his, who had also been an aide-de-camp of Sir J. Moore. We fought part of the campaign, both political and military, over again, and they told me just the reverse of a story I had heard from Mendoza in the morning. He repeats the statement of Romana, who complains of our General, and says, that so far from having given *him* notice of Bonaparte's approach, *he* received it from Sir J. Moore, with a notification at the same time that he must retire.

I sat a long time this morning with Fagel, the aide-de-camp and minister of the Prince of Orange, and collected several curious anecdotes from him. It seems the Prussian Court really did *something* when they visited St. Petersburg; and there is a pretty general belief that Alexander will come round and make peace with us. If the Austrians had any success there would be no doubt of it, but, at all events, he has promised to be neutral in their quarrel. Some hopes were raised, by a report at the Hague last week, that the Austrians had entered Dresden, and that Marmont had been defeated in attempting to penetrate to Trieste. The last Fagel heard of Metternich was, that he was giving grand balls at Paris, *en attendant* the completion of the extensive warlike preparations of Austria. Romonzoff had passed through Berlin, without stopping, on his return from Paris to Russia. He had received magnificent presents from "*Napoléomagne!*" It has been proposed at Warsaw to give this name to "*le*

grand homme, successeur de Charlemagne et regénerateur de son siècle!"

23*rd*.—I take my budget to Downing Street with me, that I may despatch it in an Office frank. If I have not given you all the consolation you seem to need in your present despondency, at least, my dear Mother, you will see that I have not been chary of my efforts to amuse you, and to distract your thoughts from the gloomy side of things, which, pardon me, you seem so unnecessarily to dwell upon. I return to Brighton to-morrow, but I may, probably in the course of a month, take Elizabeth over to Bath for a fortnight's visit.

I have seen Canning, but have made no application to him for employment; Lord Malmesbury I have not seen, but he is very seldom at the Office, and knows little of it. I am pretty well satisfied there is nothing to be done now, and, indeed, I am much inclined to think these people are not worth serving. They cannot take care of their own interests better than those of other people. In a short time they will have none—ministerial ones—to take care of."

F. J. J.

While I was employed, dear George, in writing out the above, the post came in. Suspense is over. I trust all will be for the best, having full confidence in your brother's judgment and prudence. You will know full well my anxiety, and not fail to tell me *all* you can learn in any way, and, as we are within reach of the telegraph, you will be able to

inform me by that, when you have not time for a letter. This will reach on the morning of a new year. I would fain, therefore, raise my spirits to a more cheerful key than they have of late attained to, to greet you with every affectionate and hopeful wish that a fond mother can offer for a son's health and happiness.

C. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to G. Jackson.

Washington, 14th November, 1809.

Soon after you receive this letter, if not sooner, you will hear a good deal of me, and, as is usual in such cases, something against me. Negotiation is at an end, and "the Mr. Smiths," in their "National Intelligencer" of this morning, inform the public of the state of our affairs. To tell a story in their own way, and at the time they think best, is an advantage which a government must always have over an individual, but falsehood and misrepresentation can only have their day, and when all is published that has been written, I shall not be afraid of the judgment of my own country or of others.

Who is now in power, and what measures are likely to be followed, I, of course, can only guess. My present despatches will be directed to Lord Bathurst, but, at all events, I look to the country, and presume that whoever is minister, must be an Englishman, and that, as such, there are certain principles of our supremacy which he must maintain. I wished to have prevented an explosion, but

this government was bent upon one, and it is now evident that the determination not to come to terms was made at the time of my arrival, and would sooner have shown itself if I had not so often removed the obstacles that were thrown in my way.

Since noon, a sort of underplot has been carrying on, by which it is thought possible that an accommodation may yet take place. I have doubts of it, which arise from the hasty step taken to insert their statement in this morning's paper, thus making a retractation—by which alone harmony can be restored—very difficult.

15*th*.—I have sent Oakeley to Smith, to request passports, and to inform him that I intend to withdraw to New York to await there the instructions of my government—a step that has rather surprised them.

Oakeley has behaved, throughout this business, very well. I have quite changed the opinion I was led to form of him. He sighs now and then, as is natural, but he will, I think, be cured of his passion. The new duchess is *une petite coquine*, and has treated him badly. He will take home my despatches by the next mail; meanwhile, we shall be fully occupied in preparing them. Volumes would not suffice to tell all that has happened.

I came prepared to treat with a regular government, and have had to do with a mob and mob leaders. That I did not show an equal facility with Erskine to be duped by them has been my great crime. They have told their story first, and it will be believed, no

doubt, by the mob newspapers in England, and I shall be roundly abused by them. But, fortunately, the case will come before a better tribunal—the king's government, in the first place, and then Parliament.

Do not imagine that this is a personal affair. I have taken high ground *for my country*, and it was highly necessary. If the country does not support me, it must get somebody else to serve it upon lower terms, for the honour of the country shall never be impeached in my hands, without an appropriate vindication. As you may suppose, all this gives me a great deal of trouble; but I bargained for a year of hard labour and will go through it cheerfully.

Thank God, we are all well, though we narrowly escaped being killed the other day, the carriage having been overturned at a very hilly and dangerous part of the road. We must have been born under a very lucky planet, and have great reason to be thankful for our good fortune in escaping with a few bruises. Our passports will not be granted before Monday; I shall probably add something to this before Oakeley leaves.

20*th*.—Oakeley leaves this to-night for Baltimore and New York; I shall feel a great weight off my mind when he is fairly gone. But he goes, poor fellow, with a heavy heart. I am afraid he loves his Dulcinea a little more than she deserves, and cannot so readily shake off his attachment as she has hers. It has cost her, I believe, little more effort to do so than to take off her gloves. But he showed

me a letter of hers, part of which was really charmingly expressed, and with much feeling; but then women are such ——, I leave you, who are such a worshipper of the sex, to finish the sentence.

If anybody should be sent back with despatches I should think it would be Oakeley. I have written to Canning most strongly in his favour, and have told Hammond also how well he has behaved throughout this business. We have put together some enormous despatches, and it is very true that I never before made such an *expedition*. Oakeley was fourteen hours copying my principal despatch. But don't speak of this to him or to anybody. I should have been very glad of your assistance, though young Otley did his best, and performed pretty well for a novice. I think my story will tell well in England, and that we shall come off with *éclat*.

I have my passports. It was reported that I had asked for them for the purpose of leaving the country, and Smith at first supposed that to be my intention. But my object was to secure safety and inviolability for my own person, for my family, and the other members of the mission, on removing from Washington; in consequence of the outrageous and threatening language of the democrats, and the papers that express their opinions and feelings. They began this before I set foot in their country, and I now constantly receive letters menacing me with personal violence; and many warnings, friendly and unfriendly. But I regard them not.

In a few days I shall have completed the arrangement for disposing of our furniture and our home, which was just ready to receive us. I then leave for Baltimore, where Elizabeth now is, and afterwards for Philadelphia and New York, to await the leave of absence I have asked for, and a frigate to take us all home.

F. J. J.

P.S.—We have lately had private letters from Berlin. The state of things there is spoken of as most gloomy, both public and private. The queen's health is far from satisfactory; the king is moody, much depressed in spirits, and more than ever inclined to retirement. Hardenberg no longer takes any part in, or exercises any influence on, political affairs. He has been compelled to withdraw *tout de bon*, and, unless Bonaparte can be brought low—of which, from more recent accounts, there seems at present but little probability—he is likely to return to public life no more. I am sorry for his fate. He was the best of the few honest men who really desired to promote the true interests of Prussia, and to render faithful service to the king. Poor Hardenberg! many a bottle of choice *château margaux* have we drunk together, and many *bonnes affaires politiques* we might have brought about, had he been more firm and yielded less to the king. It is, however—and I feel it particularly under the circumstances of the moment—it is very pleasant to discuss matters with a minister who is at the same time one's friend.

Diaries—Dec. 31*st.*—Who should I run up against this morning but Fröberg, whose brother behaved so gallantly in 1807. He refused to surrender himself prisoner, though almost unattended, at the bidding of a party of French marauders whom he met while carrying a message from General Lestocq to the commander of a detachment posted at some distance from the main body of the army, and fell, covered with wounds, after killing three of his assailants.

We talked over old times; discussed the present state of the Continent; the late Austrian war, and the additional calamity to Europe its peaceful termination has proved by binding Germany more closely in her chains.

Fröberg says, that Stein, Scharnhorst, Döhne, Altenstein, and even Beym, did their utmost to induce the King of Prussia to join Austria—their principal arguments being, the infamous conduct of Bonaparte towards Prussia, and the impossibility of paying the contributions levied upon her.

The queen and all the royal family concurred in persuading him, and his majesty was so far prevailed upon that had Austria not made peace he would—at least, they try to believe that he would—have declared against France. But on that event taking place, Kreusemarck was sent to Paris; to compliment the hero, no doubt, on the "new victory he had achieved for the happiness of mankind." Bonaparte, however, flew at first into a great rage; he knew well, he said, all that Prussia had been plotting against him, and he treated Kreusemarck to one of those scenes

of violence with which the great emperor is accustomed to overawe his vassals and their envoys. Afterwards, he cooled down, and was even so gracious as to acknowledge that in the present position of Prussia, he could hardly feel surprised at her conduct, or blame her much for it; though he would recommend more circumspection for the future.

It appears that Baron Stein was the most inveterate against the French, and the most urgent in his appeal to the king; representing to him that 50,000 men were ready to act, and Pillau, Colberg, and Spandau fortified.

Stein was prime minister from autumn 1807, to December 1808, when he was dismissed in consequence of his letter to Wittgenstein which the French got hold of. But he continued his correspondence on the same subject, from Austria, with his friend Gneisenau, and others.

1810.

Letters.—Foreign Office, Jan. 3rd.—My pen cannot, I find, keep pace with your impatience, my dear M., nor can all my efforts to gratify you appease your craving for news. I am "at the fountain head," you say, "and yet send you nothing." I have certainly told you all I could learn, and if I have not enlightened you on the particular point you are anxious about, it is not for want of taking pains to do so; for I do nothing but beat about the bush, trusting by perseverance to start puss at last, and I only hope she may prove worth catching. I sent

you the "Morning Post" and "Telegraph." I hope you admired Francis's letter to Smith. The "Post" was the only paper that had it that day. It is considered a master-piece, and to be, alone, sufficient to establish his character. Even his enemies —I mean, of course, political ones, for I do not know that he has any other—cannot find a word to say. They all acknowledge its ability, blaming only—because they would cease to be opposition if they did not find some fault—the tone of it as too little conciliatory; in other words, that he has done that which if he had not done would have justly subjected him to censure, namely, upheld the dignity of his situation and of the sovereign he represents. Hamilton expressed to me his high approbation of the letter; and he would not have ventured to do so if his superiors had not expressed the same. Indeed, I have reason to believe that ministers are well pleased with Francis. The question whether he is to remain or not, you must observe, becomes, thus, a political, not a personal one. They may fully approve his proceedings and yet doubt the policy of keeping him there. It may not suit their purpose to quarrel directly with America, but may accord with the views of government, still to hold out the olive branch; therefore, you must not suppose, should you hear of his recall, that it is the consequence of any disapprobation.

My own fate will, of course, depend upon the line they may think proper to pursue. I hope, however, to be enabled by the end of this week to go down to

Park Place, Lord Malmesbury having sent me a very kind invitation.

4th.—Is not Boney's recent noble sacrifice of his feelings and fondest affections to the welfare and interests of *la grande nation* deeply touching? It seems to afford much general amusement, and poor Joséphine does not get all the sympathy I think she deserves.

At every street corner one's ears are now assailed with the *refrain*:—

"Boney wants a baby,
And England can't refuse,
Whate'er his wishes may be."

Whether England refuse or not, the baby will, no doubt, be forthcoming in due time if such be the imperial hero's will. For the present, he is said to be shut up in *Le Trianon*, immersed in deep grief; his mighty spirit bowed to the earth by the great trial laid upon him by the inexorable decree of Fate, to whose stern fiat he is bravely striving to resign himself. Meanwhile, he is making up his mind to which of the young beauties among the marriageable princesses of Europe—whose pictures he is said to have procured—he will accord the honour of consoling him for the loss of his somewhat *passée* Joséphine, and of becoming the happy mother of the wished-for heir to his empire. It is to be hoped that on whomsoever his choice may fall, she may possess enough of womanly feeling and spirit to reject him; even should her Court and nation choose to bow down and lick the dust of their conqueror's

feet; for this last base act of his, is, I think, one of the basest that even he has been guilty of.

The idea of proclaiming in full council his affection for the woman he casts off solely that he may take a younger one to bear him children! Of expatiating on the happiness of his fifteen years of married life with the partner who stands weeping beside him, and whose amiable qualities, he asserts, still strongly attach him to her and make separation most painful! It is as disgusting in one sense as it is ludicrous in another. Poor Joséphine! I remember well, eight years ago, how pleasant-mannered and kind-hearted everybody thought her; and how much she did at her evening *réunions*, by her unaffected amiability, her liveliness and good temper, to smooth the ruffled feelings of those who had experienced a supercilious reception in the morning from her haughty lord and master.

It used to be said that he really did appreciate her good qualities, and that he looked upon her very much in the light of a good genius; which in more than one instance she has certainly been to him. I am told that her efforts to restrain the emotion it was so natural she should feel on the occasion—as trying a one, I suppose, as any a woman could be placed in—were very painful to witness; and that the few indelicate sentences that had been prepared for her to utter in approval of the base act, were hardly audible. They were, as I have seen remarked, something in the style of the reply of queen Anne to her ministers, when—gallantry forbidding them

to remember her majesty's years—they loyally set before their widowed and childless sovereign the advisability of selecting another consort, that England might be blessed with an heir to the throne.

There are many speculations as to the quarter in which Bonaparte will seek his empress No. 2, Joséphine being to retain her title. It is thought he would like a Russian grand duchess, but that Alexander would be disinclined to favour his views, and *that* upon grounds, alike personal, political and religious.

The Saxon princess who rejected Jerome might not perhaps refuse an imperial diadem, but, unfortunately, she has lately *pris trop d'embonpoint* to please his imperial majesty's taste.

The archduchess Anne has been suggested as a fitting bride. She is a woman of great beauty, and the divorced wife of the grand duke Constantine. But that would not signify, as she was not set aside for the same reasons of state as poor Joséphine. Her former husband is said to have been so much struck by her extreme loveliness, on meeting her, after their divorce, accidentally at a ball, that he could hardly be restrained from throwing himself at her feet, and offering her a second time his hand and his heart.

However, all this is but mere conjecture; yet there is a rumour, to which credit is given, that Austria will supply Bonaparte with a bride—*that* being the condition on which peace was obtained, and more lenient terms granted than the conqueror

would otherwise have consented to. If the emperor of Austria *has* paid that price for the retention of his imperial crown, his head deserves to lie as uneasily as any monarch that ever wore one.

I must now, my dear M., bring my story to an end; for the post time draws near, and Hamilton has sent me my frank. You will observe that I write from the Office, or fountain head as you would call it, where there is not much besides gossip going on. For the last two or three days I have occupied the same seat, and some few loungers who have dropped in to pick up stray scraps of news have eyed me askance and seemed to think I had got appointed to a clerkship in the Office. I have kept my ears open while I had pen in hand, but have heard nothing new.

Somebody said, the City was loud in F.'s praise, that it was amusing to see how the "Chronicle" was nonplused; that with all its *good wishes* it had hardly a word to say, and even Perry and the "Times," little, or nothing more.

In our goings-out and comings-in, Lord Wellesley and I often cross each other's path. As far as friendly speeches and civil messages go, *je n'ai qu'à me louer de lui.* He has invited me to dinner on the 14th. Oakeley sent me this morning a letter he had for me from Elizabeth, but which he, poor love-sick swain, had entirely forgotten until it turned up with some others he had also overlooked. I enclose it for your perusal, as it may amuse you.

G. J.

Mrs. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

(Translation.)

Baltimore, November 21st, 1809.

A thousand thanks, *mon cher ami*, for your interesting and pleasant letter from Seville, and for the elegant presents that accompanied it. Your Spanish fans, embroidered gloves, ribands, and rosaries, are all charming, and prove to me that you are as munificent as ever, and as pre-eminent for gallantry and good taste. How I wish, *mon bon* George, that you had fifty thousand a year, but I am sure that your friends, and the ladies of your acquaintance especially, would profit by that nice little increase of income more than you would yourself, except in the greater pleasure you would find in giving than receiving. Le Chevalier Onis, to whose care your *jolis souvenirs d'Espagne* were addressed, had sailed before they reached Cadiz. They were sent to him by a vessel that left a month later. He brought them here, quite overjoyed that he could, after so much delay and a pretty long voyage, present them to me uninjured.

Francis was disappointed at not hearing from you by Onis, and so did not look on your pretty offerings with the pleasure that I did. He even said, you would have been better employed in writing him all your news than in searching over Seville for those fiddle faddles. But you may depend that I defended you *de mon mieux*, and told him plainly that it was

wise of you sometimes to cast *la politique* to the winds and to do a little "fiddle faddle" to gratify the ladies.

But I must now tell you something of our new country—a country wildly luxuriant, uncultivated, thinly inhabited, and intersected by superb rivers. I must confess that I am not in love with it. Our modest retreat at Brighton, which I never cease to regret, *valait bien* all the honours of a mission to which so many *peines et désagrémens* are attached. We passed the first two months at Washington, the seat of government, but Francis being accustomed to treat with the civilized Courts and governments of Europe and not with savage democrats, half of them sold to France, has not succeeded in his negotiation. Ten days ago I came to Baltimore, and expect Francis to join me in a day or two. It is a busy commercial city, very prettily situated on the banks of a fine river. The only society is that of rich merchants, who spend the morning in their counting-houses, and talk politics in the evening in their drawing-rooms.

The ladies, who are very fine ladies indeed, are indefatigable in visiting me; but I imagine their attentions, for the most part, are due to curiosity rather than friendliness. They copy my *toilettes*; an honour which *Madame la Présidente* also did me. *Elle est une bonne grosse femme, de la classe bourgeoise*, very fit to grace the President's table; *sans distinction* either in manners or appearance, but, to be just, *elle est aussi sans prétentions*. We were

very good friends. It is well to take people as we find them.

But when I look back to our Berlin Court and society, or even to that of England, and compare them with what I find here, "the rupture," which is to shorten our stay in this country, *me fait—entre nous—une joie malicieuse.*

You will say, perhaps, when I tell you that I am "quite the fashion" in Baltimore, that I am, *une ingrate.* I am expected to attend innumerable balls and assemblies, am literally carried off in triumph when I condescend to "dances and teas," and am nearly stuffed to death with good things at their *grands et petits dîners.* But, *entre nous* again, *mon cher* George, their *cuisine* is detestable—*nappage grossier;* no claret; champagne and Madeira indifferent. This morning I have received full fifty *billets* and one hundred visits! all that Baltimore contains of fashion and beauty. Ought I not to be proud, *mon ami?* One lady paid me this elegant compliment, "that in Mr. Jackson's absence everybody was glad to devour of me as much as he could." The idea of being eaten up is not pleasant; yet I was, as you will believe, radiant with smiles as I curtseyed my thanks.

Amongst my visitors was Madame Paterson, the mother of Madame Jerome. I questioned her *poliment*, and she confirmed the news that her grandson was made a prince, and that his mother was only not yet a duchess because she could not make up her mind about it. She is going to Philadelphia to-morrow to see the French Consul, and she is to have

a large income settled upon her. Poor Oakeley, *il a le cœur gros de soupirs; il a été bien bête.* But it was whispered about amongst my lady visitors that Madame Jerome is going to New York to embark with Oakeley for England; her apparent indifference towards him being feigned, to deceive her family and the public. This I do not believe. She is *une petite coquette.* I saw her at a ball the other night, very handsomely dressed and looking very saucy and pretty.

Oakeley has arrived from Washington with a *gros paquet* of despatches; he leaves early to-morrow for New York. He is very *triste*, and leaves with regret. I must have a chat with him, for I am sorry for him—*il est assez bon garçon. À tantôt.*

I have been trying to console poor Oakeley; but time only, I suppose, will heal his wounded heart. He has discovered, he says, that Madame Jerome is going to France; that a vessel has been ready and waiting at Newcastle these three weeks past to receive *la petite duchesse*, the *prince* her son, and General Soupard; and that it has been kept so profoundly secret to prevent the English ships from chasing her. How everything becomes known in this world; State and cabinet secrets, you see, not excepted. It would be charming if Oakeley's vessel should have the glory, and he the happiness, of conducting *la belle prisonnière* to England. But I fear this is only one of the thousand and one *contes de Baltimore*, otherwise *contes en l'air.*

I know not how I have found time to write you

so long a letter; but I determined to take the chance of this finding you in England to let you know that I, at all events, had not forgotten you—the disputes of Washington, and gaieties of Baltimore, notwithstanding.

The children are still pretty well, though I dread the climate on their account. It is terribly cold; more warmth is necessary to make existence pleasant. You know I like warmth generally; warmth in the affections, in the hearts of my friends, in the air, in the climate, in a word, *partout et toujours*. Adieu, *mon cher* George. *Écrivez-nous bientôt et longuement.*

P.S. *N'oubliez pas de dire bien de belles choses de ma part à Madame Fitzherbert.*

Diaries—Jan. 6th.—I have again seen Oakeley. Although he is getting over his love fit, it is, apparently, but by slow degrees. He spoke of his American charmer to-day, and told me that this General Soupard—whose influence he suspects has been unfavourable to his suit—has been appointed by Bonaparte governor to Jerome's son, for whose education he has allowed the yearly sum of six thousand dollars. What makes me think that Oakeley's malady is on the turn and favourable symptoms appearing, is, the restoration of his memory. All I could before get out of him respecting Francis and his family was that he believed they were all pretty well. But to-day he spoke of Francis in the handsomest terms; in a public point of view, that he had

behaved admirably; in a private one, he said, that he had never with any former chief transacted business so pleasantly. He has had two long interviews with Lord Wellesley, who seems to have listened attentively to all he could tell him but to have communicated nothing of his own views or intentions; for the only clear impression Oakeley retained of what had passed, was, that on neither occasion did his lordship allude to the probability of his early return to America with further instructions to my brother. About that, he said, he was left completely in the dark, and it seemed to be the only point on which he much cared for enlightenment. I bore with his stupidity with all the patience I could muster, knowing, from experience, what it is to be in love; though he is surely old enough to have mastered that sort of thing long ago, or, at all events, the letting such feelings appear before unsympathizing observers. But he will come round by-and-bye, I suppose, and live, as I have done, to love fickle fair ones again and again, until to love becomes a sort of habit of the mind instead of an affair of the heart, and does not materially interfere with one's general avocations. However, it is difficult, I know, until this desirable state of veteran lover is attained, not to wish politics, and everybody and everything, at the devil, that calls off the thoughts from the idol of one's soul.

In such good company I felt that poor Oakeley wished *me* when I questioned him of what he knew of Baron Humboldt. He evidently knew little or nothing.

So I told him what I knew; that Baron Humboldt was a Prussian of ancient family, considerable talents and very extensive scientific acquirements; that he had visited in the course of a journey that lasted between three and four years, in company with a Frenchman of, I think the name of Bonpland, all Spanish America, from Chili, Peru and Buenos Ayres, to the northern frontier of Mexico. Every facility for this journey was afforded him by the Spanish government, and he brought home with him, in the branches of natural philosophy, civil and military geography, and in general information, a more perfect account of the country than any ever before collected.

In this undertaking he spent his whole fortune; in consideration of which, the King of Prussia, in 1806, settled a pension upon him. In the present impoverished state of Prussia, it is supposed that that resource has failed him—a circumstance which is thought worthy the attention of His Majesty's government and of that of Spain. For letters, Francis says, had been recently received at Washington from Paris, where Humboldt is continuing the publication of his works, and where there was good reason for believing that he had disposed of his military drawings to the government. The Baron had returned to Europe through the United States, and was much distinguished by Mr. Jefferson, with whom he had since maintained a correspondence. Such an agent, it was thought—Humboldt being thoroughly acquainted with Spanish and most other modern languages — would, no doubt, be very useful to

Bonaparte, who would probably not overlook him, and therefore it was considered advisable to bring these particulars under the notice of the government.

All this Oakeley seemed to hear for the first time. if he really heard it at all. This I cannot tell, but his interest in it, when I came to an end, was expressed by—"Exactly so! exactly so!" and a hurried "good morning." Such is the effect of love on some men. He did once hint that if he should recross the Atlantic it would probably be to replace my brother; to remain minister *ad interim* to conciliate matters until an envoy of high rank could be despatched to America—that being the most flattering and acceptable proof it was thought we could give the Yankees of our desire for an adjustment. I made no answer to this, I could only look my astonishment and suppose he had been dreaming. From Lord Wellesley's character, it seems to me that if another minister should be sent out, it may perhaps be because it is not at this moment convenient to draw the sword against America; but that Oakeley will return with that character, or that an envoy of high rank will be sent to *amadouer* the democrats, I do not believe. Ministers would probably *wish* to act up to the first part of the article in to-day's "Post;" whether or not the state of our transatlantic possessions will *allow* of their doing so, is another question. They may not be sufficiently prepared there to render immediate war with the Yankees desirable; but that war must come, sooner or later, nobody, I believe, entertains a doubt.

8*th*.—We have taken Fort Bourbon, destroyed all the batteries, guns and mortars, and made the harbours useless to the enemy for the protection of their own ships or their captures.

The famous French frigate, "La Caroline," that has done so much mischief to our trade, has also been captured. And to make the news still more gratifying, two of our East Indiamen, with the principal part of their cargoes, prizes to "La Caroline," have been retaken. Three other prizes have arrived at Portsmouth. This is pleasant news, but that from India has come most inopportunely, and I fear the Peninsula will be sacrificed to it.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, January 4th, 1810.

I have been waiting all the morning, dear George, not with the greatest patience, I must allow, until William should blow his welcome horn; more sweet to my ears than any bugle that was ever blown. And now that the welcome sound has greeted me, and the letter I so eagerly looked for is here, like most other pleasures it disappoints when it comes. It tells me literally nothing more than I knew, when, surely you might have told me twenty things and opinions, from Oakeley, the public, the office, &c., &c. I spend full half the day in reading all the newspapers I can get, but as they chiefly copy from the American papers, there is not much difference in the way in which they tell their story. My own paper, the

"Times," says very little, and as you say nothing I am left to conjecture, and thus go on from day to day in a complete fidget; nor shall I be really comfortable until Francis is safely returned from that land of Ostragoths.

With all my uneasiness I can hardly forbear laughing at the farce carrying on in Paris. I think Foote could not have produced a more ludicrous one. Certainly no history, either sacred or profane, as far as I know, furnishes a similar instance of divorce; no reason whatever alleged for it, no pretence even of calling to his aid the sanction of the church. Perhaps you will say it was contracted without its blessing, their marriage was a mere civil contract. True, but as he professes to have restored to France her religion and the services of her church, he might have shown so much respect to them as to have asked its dissolution from the Pope instead of from the Senate, though for the poor old man's sake, it is well the tyrant did not drag him in to share in his crime. I suppose he thinks it right to sanction his own divorce by allowing his brother's, and confers honours on Madame Jerome and a title on her son, because his own wife retains the title of empress. I am really surprised that Mr. Oakeley or any other Englishman should wish to form a connection with this cast-off duchess. However, when we think of matrimonial relations in high places in our own country, we have little reason to blame or criticize the doings of our neighbours. I was reminded of this by a story told me, the other day, by my friend Lady Jane F.,

who a short time ago, when at Brighton, dined *en partie fine*, at Mrs. Fitzherbert's. After a good deal of confidential gossip, concerning you may guess whom, Mrs. F. amused her friends by shewing them a letter she had received from a man who has invented a powder for making excellent lemonade, and which, by way of recommending more strongly to her, he assured her "was greatly approved of and constantly used by the Marchioness of Hertford!"

I suppose you have not failed to leave your name at the Princess of Wales's since your return?

6*th*.—If you leave me without news, at least, my dear, you have determined to give me and my household a surprise, by the magnificence of your New Year's gifts. Your sisters will speak for themselves; I convey to you the duty and thanks of my Abigails, who are in raptures with their gowns; and my own acknowledgments for the most elegant pelisse I think I ever saw.

You bring to my mind the old story of the poor man, who alleged as an excuse for begging, that he had no children. From my own experience I should have considered it a valid excuse; for if I had not been blessed with such affectionate sons, to supply me so liberally with cambric, velvet, and lace, my stock of these articles of luxury would have been but beggarly, compared with the ample one I can now boast of possessing. Thank you then again, my dear George, and thank God heartily, for the blessing he has given me in the affection of good children.

I am sorry that I addressed my letter to the wrong person; but I scarcely knew how your Office was finally composed, there has been so much uncertainty about it of late. Hamilton, I think, is now the fag, C. Smith—Lady Anne's husband—the civil fine gentleman, and Lord Wellesley the chief, to make pleasant speeches, and please everybody by his courtesy and gentlemanlike bearing. This is the account I have had of it from another pen than yours, that also tells me that Lord W. is likely soon to form an administration of his own. I hope before any changes take place, you will press for the settlement of your Spanish bill.'

8th.—We had a visit yesterday from Captain Hendrick, who was wounded at Talavera, and who has been recommended to drink the Bath waters for the perfect re-establishment of his health. He took tea with us afterwards, and gave us many interesting particulars of the campaign in Spain and Portugal. He does not seem to think that the victory of Talavera was so complete as you and many others contend for. The scenes he witnessed were dreadful, and some of his stories make my blood run cold as I think of them. If one could believe that the great arch-fiend himself, the enemy of mankind, ever assumed human shape to work evil more surely to us poor mortals, I could think that he now stalks the earth in the person of Bonaparte, and that a legion of evil spirits do his bidding in the shape of his Generals and his armies.

Imagine coming unexpectedly upon a row of trees

and finding men, poor peasants of the country, and sometimes even women, stabbed and gashed with the blood trickling from their wounds, hanging by dozens in these trees, and a mocking inscription set up, "a grove of Spanish olives." Surely the perpetrators of such deeds were fiends, not men. Hendrick assured me that this was true, and that Sir Arthur had alluded to it in his report of the retreat of the French.

But to turn from such horrors to a pleasanter theme; it seems Captain H. was afterwards at Lisbon, which city, he tells me, is but little changed since I was there in '92. I was glad to find that he could fully enter into my idea of the peculiar loveliness of Cintra, and the lasting impression it had made upon me. The only description I ever thought worthy of being applied to it, is that Milton gives of Paradise, which I recollect reading there, and being particularly struck by its similarity. Yet I did not see that lovely spot in its season of greatest beauty, and my mind, too, was then occupied with anxious thoughts of the state of my suffering and dying children, whom I had brought thither as a last but vain resource.

10*th*.—It is strange that so few letters are received from Francis, and that he omits writing by the regular packets. I always make allowance for more important avocations, but it would never enter my head that I was forgotten; so that your consoling suggestion, my dear George, was not needed. To forget my children, or to be forgotten by them, will

be a sensation, I humbly trust, I shall never be sensible of. Of all misfortunes, that I think would be the worst.

From having other thoughts in my mind, I have let pass two letters without answering your question of whether Dr. Johnson did not die in the same year and on the same day that you were born. I know not how you could get that fancy into your head. Dr. Johnson died in 1784, and, I believe, in December. I remember we used sometimes to meet him and Mrs. Piozzi at our friends' houses. Your father thought much of him, and used generally to say, "The Doctor talked grandly to-night," or "growled Mr. Such-an-one into silence." How young men could admire him I could not understand; but I must own that he was no favourite of mine. He was very learned, I have no doubt, and his Lexicon proved that he knew the meaning of most things; yet, with all that, he never seemed to be able to comprehend what good manners meant. He was pompous and overbearing, and unpardonably untidy—faults I remarked in other clever men of his day. But for my part, I could never see in genius and learning an excuse for a deliberate breach of decorum. Such as appearing amongst less gifted folks in snuffy shirt frills and soiled vestments; or consider rudeness of speech and rough manners the marks of a superior mind.

How Mrs. Piozzi could only tolerate so coarse and bear-like a person as the Doctor used to surprise me; and much more how she could conduct herself

with the levity she did. Their manners were more disgusting than pleasing to most persons; and I was not alone in my opinion that they both ought to have been ashamed of themselves.

I shall think *you* ought to be ashamed of yourself if you don't tell me more regularly what is going on. As you have no despatches to write—though you seem to have taken up your quarters at the Foreign Office, and write all your letters there, as your father used to do when the Duke of Leeds held office—you may at least tell me of the *trifles* that are going on around you; for the conviction that you will seize your pen to inform me without delay of *anything important* that may occur does not satisfy me.

C. J.

Letters—8 *Lower Grosvenor Street, January* 15*th.*—You will like, my dear M., to hear something of yesterday's dinner. Though it produced nothing really decisive, yet what passed may be considered conclusive, I think, of my stay in England.

The dinner itself was a very splendid affair. All the *corps diplomatique*, including the Persian ambassador, were present. Lord Wellesley was, as usual, all civility; spoke of my claims, and said he was perfectly aware of my services, activity, zeal, and so forth, having witnessed them himself in Spain. That I must not attribute to forgetfulness of them, my having received no summons from him hitherto; but rather, that it was deferred only from a wish to consider how I might be employed most

advantageously to the public service and most pleasantly to myself.

Is this "*vox et præterea nihil?*"—Time only can determine; and perhaps the birthday may give birth to something new. At all events, I think it right not to be out of the way, particularly till something final is determined on respecting Francis. This, Lord Malmesbury too, approves. He has invited me repeatedly to go down to Park Place—a visit I consider to be a duty, as well as a pleasure, to pay, but has again kindly allowed me to defer it. In a letter, he mentions "your brother, whose conduct pleases me much," and I need not tell you how much *I* was pleased at this testimony from one so well able to judge.

I should well like to know Canning's sentiments. I saw him at the levée, when he was very friendly and asked after Francis; but not a word was said about the American business. Since then we have not met.

Lord Wellesley enquired if I had had any recent letters, and condemned in strong terms the conduct of the Americans. He said also, that he thought it likely he should send me out with some confidential communication to my brother. This, my dear M., you must, in any case, consider as strictly *entre nous*. In reply I took occasion to observe how unpleasant his situation must be; but that I doubted not he would think himself well repaid for all the *désagrémens* resulting from it, if he had the satisfaction of finding his conduct approved by the king and his

ministers; and that I should be happy, and ready at any moment, to be the bearer of such a communication.

His Lordship replied, "Whatever may be the opinions formed of your brother's conduct, one thing is very certain, the Americans have behaved exceedingly ill." This, under the circumstances, is as much as *he* could be expected to say.

But shortly after, Henry Wellesley came up to me, and, volunteering the subject, spoke of Francis in the highest terms, and said "his correspondence did him the greatest credit," &c. During these conversations, I several times caught Pinkney, the American minister, eyeing me most earnestly. My own belief is, that Lord Wellesley is trying to come to an arrangement with Pinkney. In which case *Villiers*, who is hourly expected from Portugal, will be sent to succeed my brother—at least, that is what I hear at the Office. And however strange, at first sight, such a nomination must appear, this new Plenipo.—with his excessive punctiliousness, and rigid observance of etiquette—might do as well as anybody else for such a mission as, *under those circumstances*, it would then become; in other words, quite good enough to be sent home again whenever the Frenchman's nod would have it so.

With the exception of a few interested people in the City, who, looking only to the main chance, lose sight of everything like national honour and dignity—thus proving *their* claim, at least, to Bonaparte's contemptuous denomination of us as a

"*nation boutiquière*"—public opinion is generally with Francis. And it was but yesterday, I was told by a violent oppositionist, that it was quite evident that America was predetermined to quarrel, or not to come to an understanding; and that such was the conviction of them all.

Though I keep a piled up roaring fire in my room, the cold is yet so excessive that my fingers are benumbed, and have hardly vigour enough left to guide my pen while I tell you that here I must conclude for the present; for by way of a warm excursion this inclement evening, I am going to a house-warming in the King's Road, at the Villa of Albinia, Countess of Buckinghamshire. I may think myself highly honoured, as it is a *fête* given to the Princess of Wales, to whom all invitations before being sent were submitted for approbation.

The Duchess of Leeds wished me to dine with her to day *en famille*; but as this previous engagement prevents me, I am to go to her to-morrow. The next evening, I shall be at a ball at Mrs. Peters', of Buckworth. She recognized me, though I had quite forgotten her, a few nights ago at a ball! The following day I am engaged to Lady Knightley. These are some of the *trifles* of life you desired to hear of. But here my pen refuses its office—it drops from my fingers—*au revoir, chère maman.*

16*th*.—The severity of the weather damaged our *fête*. It was not nearly so fully attended as was

expected, for many of the three hundred *invités* could not be induced to brave the inclemency of the night air, even with the double attraction of the Princess and the Persian ambassador. Though I do not like the situation—as I think the King's Road an inconvenient distance from town, without being exactly in the country—yet the Villa is a very nice complete residence, and appears to be sufficiently roomy and spacious. A fine suite of rooms, fitted up with much elegance and good taste, was thrown open to the company, and was tolerably well filled, notwithstanding the number of absentees. Still we could very well have borne a little more squeezing for the sake of the additional warmth. The rooms were well lighted with several magnificent lustres of an entirely new pattern, and were, of course, greatly admired, and by-and-bye we got more comfortable; into a pleasant glow; and were able to admire each other. Nothing makes me so crabbed in temper, and malignant in feeling, as to sit shivering in a cold room. If Venus herself had been present, I could not have admired her for the first half-hour, during which most of the poor scantily clothed women then present had very blue noses, and shoulders of the fairest *peau satinée* were puckered up into goose flesh; the sight of which nearly froze my already chilled blood. But all this was changed when the fires, which had not been lighted early enough, burnt up, and the searching cold currents of air that continually ran through the rooms were finally excluded with the arrival of the last guest. I then

felt the frost breaking about the regions of the heart; and a *waltz* and a *contre danse* completed the thaw.

The Lady Albinia was all "smiles and lace, velvet and grace." His Persian excellency, apparently, was charmed with his hostess, her guests, and her mansion; for according to the custom of his country, I am told, he was constantly passing on compliments to her, through some members of his suite and his interpreter, and in the same manner expressing his admiration of the company—the female part of course—and the general arrangements. He is an intelligent-looking, gentlemanlike man; the women say he is handsome. He eyed our Princess earnestly at every opportunity, I should not dare to say that he admired her, though she was really looking remarkably well. She was very richly dressed and in better taste than usual, for, perhaps owing to the extreme coldness of the weather, she did not make that lavish display of her ample charms she is wont to do. She was most gracious to me; as indeed she is to most persons, for she is a very good-hearted creature, and regards especially those who have known, and received marks of favour from her family. She inquired after Francis and Elizabeth, and asked me when I expected their return.

Albinia gave us an excellent supper, I don't think the Persian partook of it, but as I had more pressing claims on my attention, I did not particularly observe him. The Princess left about one o'clock, and he very soon followed her example. I remained till three, having met many fair friends with whom I

thought it right to take a turn. We thoroughly warmed the Countess's villa before we gave it up to her, and the change from it to a cold carriage, for a long drive over slippery roads in the keen night air, was not a pleasant change. But Pat had kept up a good roaring fire, before which I fell asleep in my chair until six o'clock, when I turned in to finish my snooze.

I have been down to the Office; nothing new there, or rather nothing has transpired respecting the American business. It is kept a profound mystery. But I met Henry Wellesley and had some conversation with him. Whether or not he felt that I was disappointed, or had reason to be, at not returning with him to Spain, he told me that Vaughan's appointment was owing entirely to a previous promise Lord Bathurst had made him. I offered no remark, and must either believe that it was so or that Lord Wellesley instead of serving me had gone out of his way to do me an unkind turn.

17*th*.—I dined quite cozily and *en famille* at five o'clock with the Duchess of Leeds, her sister, and a young man, a cousin of theirs, of the Anguish family. Her Grace seems to enjoy these little *parties fines*, where she can *jaser* at her ease of what evidently has a peculiar interest for her—bygone days.

We had a little music, and afterwards, over a dish of tea, the Duchess told us some stories of the old Duke, whose fondness for practical jokes I have heard you speak of. She said, that on one occasion, my father having arrived in London from Yarlington, late in the evening and very tired, instead of going

at once to Grosvenor Square as he had proposed to do, went to his rooms in Davies Street, and to bed immediately. The Duke being informed of this, ordered a cart load of straw to be laid down during the night under the windows of my father's room, and the knocker of the housedoor to be tied up; to the great astonishment of the neighbours, and of my father's servant when he was called up next morning to answer the inquiries of an early messenger from His Grace respecting Dr. Jackson's health. Shortly after, other civil inquiries were made by two gentlemen who had been dining in Grosvenor Square; and, by-and-bye, an invitation to dinner—in the doggrel rhyme in which the Duke and my father so often corresponded—was sent by the former. The Duchess could only recollect a few lines, they ran thus:—

> 'Dear Dr.—To-day, if you're out of the hay,
> And to crawl to the square should be able,
> At half-after five, you will see how I thrive
> With a Landgrave and Prince at my table.'

It went on to press him to "come and handle a ladle," which it appears he did, and that the joke served to make merry over at the dinner table. I confess I think the Duke was rewarded for his trouble with but a small amount of fun.

At another time, she said, Dr. Jackson having slipped away early from some entertainment to betake himself quietly to bed, was awakened from a sound nap by a dismal song; when, starting up in dismay, he beheld, surrounding his bed, a number

of people wrapped in white sheets, carrying each a lighted candle and singing a doleful ditty, meant for a funeral dirge—it was the Duke and Duchess and other members of their family. Again I must say I think the Duke's fun not worth so much trouble, literally, "*le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle.*" But the story made us laugh; for the Duchess told it very well, and seemed so much amused at the recollection, as she said, of the Doctor's bewilderment on awaking, and his jovial laugh when he found that instead of being in the lower regions, as he declared their unearthly howling made him suppose, he was surrounded only by a party of mirth-loving friends.

I returned home early. The quiet evening I had spent was refreshing after the exertions of the previous one, and prepared me for what I have to go through to-night.

G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Philadelphia, January 10th, 1810.

We have been a month at this city of brotherly love. It by no means answers my expectations, though its inhabitants received me, I may say, with open arms and have shown me the greatest attention and civility. The tide has turned completely in our favour. At Washington they are in a state of the most animated confusion, the Cabinet divided and the democratic party going various ways. One of their chief leaders has declared himself directly against the Government

"Committees had been appointed, when I left Baltimore, in the Senate and House of Representatives, to take into consideration different parts of the President's message; but the only occurrence worthy of notice that has taken place, is, that one of the members of the House of Representatives has been horsewhipped by the President's Secretary, and another has been severely wounded in a duel. Their foreign politics embarrass them even more than home ones. One moment they want another embargo, the next to take off all restrictions, then, to arm their merchantmen, and next to declare war. In short, they do not know what to be at—the probability is they will do nothing at all till an answer arrives to my despatches by Oakeley. Their proceedings will then, *I am sure*, depend so entirely upon the tone we adopt that if it is not a stout one we need never expect to hold up our heads here again. To be upon tolerable terms with them, we must show that it is indifferent to us whether we are so or not.

I am much disappointed in the appearance of this town. You are over your ancles in mud in every street and, I understand, smothered with dust in summer, when it is also seldom quite free from fever. We find it acknowledged even by Americans, that the climate is a bad one for children. The sudden transitions from cold to heat, and heat to cold make it a trying one even for adults.

"Notwithstanding all that has passed—which would fill volumes to relate in full—and the Government being at open war with me, "the respectability" has

been, both here and at Baltimore, so anxious to show that they did not share the sentiments of the democrats, that we have had throngs of visitors, and innumerable invitations that we could not accept, though we have dined at home but twice during the month that we have been here. To prevent this, the savages have threatened, in one of their papers, to *tar and feather* every man who should ask me to his house. I received a visit from the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. White, who knew my father so long ago as when he was prebend of Westminster. The Doctor went to England to be consecrated.

24*th*—*New York.*—On arriving here ten days ago, I found your letter from Cadiz of the 11th November. Circumstanced as I have been, the information of Lord Wellesley's accession to the ministry was highly acceptable; 1st, because I look to it as an accession of vigour and ability, and 2ndly, because I think it can hardly fail to be accompanied by the return of Canning to the Cabinet. I am now, indeed, living in the firm conviction that Canning is again in office; which is founded partly on my own combinations as to the probability of the thing, partly from a statement of affairs received from Merry—a negative one, but, from such a connoisseur, serving to confirm or to correct the reports of others less versed in distinguishing the true from the false or the doubtful—and partly from your letter from Cadiz. Lord Wellesley's intimation to you that he was going home to take the seals of the Foreign Department, was made in a manner that

promises well, and may eventually be of use to you, if you have but luck, and his lordship only a very moderate degree of sincerity when he is in office. But you must expect to find that in and out of office are different things, which *I* well know, from the frowns and smiles which I have alternately experienced from the same persons, according to the situation they were in. I like very well the specimen you give me in your letter of the Wellesley sentiments, and I look to them for support and approbation of the conduct I have observed here.

That public opinion should have been against me, in the first instance, considering the pains taken by the government with that view, is not surprising; but the Americans have since shown that they are able, and many of them willing, to judge for themselves; and the Secretary of State has very generally been laughed at for his pains. So sure did he think himself of universal applause that he sent copies of his correspondence to the heads of the opposition party, who have given it as their opinion that he could not have understood my letters.

If you are anywhere in the way, I wish you would keep an eye on Oakeley's proceedings, particularly at the Office. He went from hence with abundant professions of cordiality, and attachment to me and my side of the question. I have been *told* since that he was playing double, and though I do not believe it to the extent here talked of, yet it may not be amiss to look after him. He was in very *mauvaise odeur* at the Office, and not without reason. But I

took upon this occasion some pains to set him right again with people there; so that if he is false he will have added ingratitude to his falsehood.

I look to the December mail to inform me of the arrangements made in the Cabinet, and of European affairs generally; of which I know but little, yet enough to excite regret.

You were over-run with *Marqueses* in Spain. I hope Frere got something more than his title. Has he picked up a *Marquesa* as well? His staying in Spain so long after his recall, but for the suspicion that some such silken cord binds him to the country, would seem extraordinary. Onis, in fact, has named to me the quarter in which the attraction lay. I dare say you know it; if not, it is not worth while to mention names; besides, Onis turns out to be a very poor creature, and has a curious set around him, of whom his wife, who is well versed in the scandal of Seville, and has told us of all the flirtations with which both minister and *secretaries* beguiled such leisure time as the events of the war left them, is not the least curious.

F. J. J

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

25*th*.—As you will see my letter to George, I shall not make this very "lengthy," as the Yankees say. Yet I must tell my dear mother that we are all "doing as well as can be expected." As we get further north and east, the said Yankees improve very much. New York is a fine town, unlike any

other in America, and resembling more the best of our country towns, with the additional advantage of the finest water that can be imagined. There is as much life and bustle as at Liverpool or any other of our great commercial towns, and like them, New York has inhabitants who have made and are making rapid and brilliant fortunes by their enterprize and industry. The scenery about here is beautiful. If we stay long enough, I hope to make an excursion up the Hudson River, which is navigable for large vessels two hundred miles beyond this place. The society is better composed here than at the other towns, there being several resident foreign families, amongst whom we have met General Moreau and his wife. We have met with unbounded civility and good will, and may be said to live here in triumph. We are now engaged to dinner every day, but two, till the end of the first week in March, about which time I expect to hear from England of Oakeley's arrival.

The governor of Massachusetts has written to me to invite me to Boston, where, he says, he and many others will be happy to receive me. That State, which is one of the most populous and enlightened of the States of the Union, and as you know, is the birthplace of American independence, has done more towards justifying me to the world than it was possible, from the nature of things, that I or any other person could do in the present stage of the business. The legislature, which is not a mob like many that have passed resolutions, has agreed to a

report of a joint committee, and passed resolutions in conformity to it exculpating me altogether, and in the most direct manner, censuring the conduct of the President and the general government. In *this* State they have also declared unequivocally in my favour, and in Congress I have met with many able advocates with whom, as well as with the good people of Massachusetts, I am totally unacquainted. In short, the most respectable and influential part of the Americans have put me upon the highest ground, and the people of Washington as low as they ought to be. Their hospitalities and attentions to me and my family enrage the democrats beyond anything, and they have a great inclination to have me mobbed. They talked the other day of burning me in effigy, but then they have the mortification of knowing that that does not hurt. So it will end in talk only, of which they are mighty fond. The best of my present situation is, that I feel myself almost independent of the *qu'en dira t'on* of England.

F. J. J.

Diaries—Jan. 23rd.—Lord Wellesley seeks to atone, I believe, for the failure in his Spanish promises to me by a very liberal settlement of my Spanish bill; a sum of 760*l.* and a further one of 500*l.*, for the extra expenses of my trip to Spain, will be ready for me, I am advised, in a day or two. This is more than I looked for, and I take it to be meant as payment for waiting. A hint was also given me that the word pension had escaped his

lordship's lips. But such an arrangement would not suit me; I want to be employed, not to be labelled "pensioned," and laid upon the shelf.

As things have turned out, I regret that I did not prolong my stay in Spain on my own account. It would have afforded in its recent struggle a most interesting scene. I can never cease to lament the fate of so brave and fine a people, and of a country with so much capability. The unfavourable news from India has come most inopportunely, and I fear the Peninsula will be sacrificed to it.

25*th*.—His lordship is now almost exclusively taken up with parliamentary business. I was in the House until five this morning. The Opposition were very violent, but the debate was not, on the whole, so interesting as I should have expected. The discussion of specific objects is reserved for specific motions. The Sidmouth party did not vote for the amendment, yet from what they said, they will probably vote against the ministry on the next division.

26*th*.—The King's speech was not a very happy one. Its delivery by commission, when the populace however unreasonably, expected to see his majesty has given rise to the most unsatisfactory rumour respecting his health; while the absence of an subject for congratulation, except the victory o Talavera, which, led by the newspapers, man people refuse to believe in, has increased th dissatisfaction and uneasiness which too generall prevails in the public mind.

29*th.*—Putting aside what has occured in the new world, the *tableau* of public affairs in the old one is not cheering, in whatever direction we turn our eyes.

As regards home politics, the general belief is, that notwithstanding the two divisions, which are attributed more to Perceval's mismanagement than anything else, the old Opposition will not succeed. And, indeed, this tedious Scheldt inquiry appears to me calculated rather to play the game of ministers, inasmuch as the protraction of it will prevent motion after motion from the Opposition and thus afford time to the former to strengthen themselves. We shall probably see the marquis form a new party of his own, to which the Sidmouths may perhaps accede.

The different lines of conduct pursued by Canning and Castlereagh are remarkable—the latter is fast getting into favour with Opposition.

Feb. 8*th.*—I was engaged to dine last night with the Grants in Portman Square, and had just driven from the door when Milne came running to tell me that Francis had arrived. I suppose I looked as incredulous as I felt—for he said, "'tis true I assure you," and—lowering his voice that the coachman might not hear, "he has been *sent* away." I know not what I answered, but I think it was by flatly denying that there was a word of truth in it. As it was late, I had nothing for it but to curb my impatience and go on to dinner, where I found them already at table. One gentleman said, "Mr. Jackson was certainly arrived, for he had heard it at the different offices and it was up at Lloyd's."

This surprised me, for in my way I had called on Charles Warren, who had heard nothing of it. However, as soon as the ladies got up, I posted off, full speed to *the* Office with the intention, if the news proved true, of going off immediately to Portsmouth. But nothing had been received there and they gave no credit to the report; so I decided not to take the journey, but to go to the Opera instead.

At the Opera, everybody I met began, open-mouthed, "Has your brother brought us peace or war?" so rapidly had this false rumour spread.

Who actually set it afloat is not known, but its object may be easily guessed. For as it is certain that not a line was sent out to my brother by the January mail, owing to the pressure of parliamentary business as well as to an attempt to bring matters to an amicable conclusion *here* with Pinkney, he of course could not leave America unless, to use the words of the report, he had been *sent* away. And this unfavourable impression, to serve some interested purpose, it was desired, however temporarily, to create in the public mind.

10*th*.—The comments in the French papers on the King's speech should pique our ministers not a little. If they, or anything else, could but infuse a little spirit into their proceedings, it would be a service done to both them and the country.

There seem to be symptoms showing themselves of a fresh attack of invasion fever. I hear from many persons that it is their firm conviction we shall, at no distant day, have to do battle with Bonaparte on our

own soil. They think that while apparently sorrowing for his repudiated Joséphine, and hugging his grief in the retirement of the Trianon, he was really occupying himself with plotting further mischief to Europe. This, they say, is sufficiently proved by the proceedings at the council of state held in Paris on the 1st of this month.

Eugène, of all persons in the world, was then deputed to propose to Prince Schwartzenberg—who accepted on behalf of the Emperor Francis, so that all had been previously arranged—a match between Bonaparte and the young archduchess Maria Louisa. It is assumed that by this marriage France, who, like England, "expects that every man shall do his duty," will secure to herself the blessing of future generations of Bonapartes to reign over them, while the great Napoleon will secure the alliance of Austria under all circumstances. This will intimidate Russia, whose borders he may strive to enter—Prussia being bound hand and foot, and the smaller states not daring to move a finger. The chief part of our army being occupied in Spain, and Indian affairs demanding anxious attention, what more favourable moment than the present to attempt the long talked of invasion of England?

I was thinking over this view of the prospects of Europe and of our own island in particular, when Colonel Dalton came in. I expected him to join in a laugh over it, but he shook his head and looked serious. "He feared," he said, "that there was too much truth in it," and he urged me—though that indeed was the

object of his call—to join my regiment with as little delay as I possibly could.

"You are now high up," he said, "on the list of captains and may have an opportunity of showing that you can wield a sword no less well than a pen."

He seemed to be really in earnest; I have not the smallest idea that his expectations will be realized; but he has behaved very handsomely and kindly by me, and I have promised, unless detained officially, to join on the 24th of this month; as I have informed Lord Wellesley.

11*th*.—I met Oakeley at the Office. He is as much worried by the indecision that prevails there as I am. He expects to return, he tells me, as Chargé d'Affaires, and complains bitterly of the delay in despatching him. I doubt that there is any thought of sending him on another trip across the Atlantic. The frigate is only not yet appointed to bring my brother home, because they cannot yet decide whether or not to send him a successor in it. But even as *locum tenens* only, they would not send Oakeley. He has no *nouse*. That was my first impression, and it has since been confirmed. He takes his tone, respecting the American business, from others, so that the opinions he offers are not worth attention.

Letters—Grosvenor Street, March 6th.—I went down to Park Place on the 17th ult. and spent five days there most pleasantly. We were a lively party, and had a very gay time of it. The weather was cold but fine, and we enjoyed ourselves amazingly in out-door exercise and various pastimes during the day,

and with music, dancing and conversation in the evening. Lord Malmesbury seemed to be in pretty good health and spirits, though somewhat more deaf than he was two years ago. He spoke of Francis in the handsomest and kindliest terms, and with unqualified praise of his conduct.

We had expected Lord Palmerston, but he did not come down, being too much taken up, Lord M. told us, with the business of his department—but we got on very well without him. There were one or two pretty lively girls there, and the young Prince of Orange, with the *Greffier* and his brother, our old Berlin friend, Robert Fägel, who is now in the Austrian service. That service, he says, will soon become one of as little honour as that of Prussia.

Fägel keeps up a correspondence with his friends at both Courts, and is acquainted with much of their gossip and many of the stories that circulate there. He and Lord Malmesbury had long conversations on the subject of Bonaparte's marriage. His lordship is furious against Austria, and says the Emperor deserves all the indignities that await him for his selfishness, cowardice, and want of principle in sacrificing the independence of his country and the happiness of his daughter, in order to retain the mere seeming of sovereignty—that being all he can hope for from the generosity of his imperial son-in-law. Henceforth, he must play second fiddle to France.

The marriage, Fägel says, was arranged, and the time for its celebration fixed before Bonaparte left Schönbrunn, where he had accidentally seen the young

Archduchess and had taken a strong fancy to her. The being already married was, of course, not regarded as an obstacle to his making his proposals to place this fair daughter of Austria on the imperial throne of France. It has been said that the proposal originated with the cabinet of Vienna; but Fägel declares that he knows on trustworthy authority, that it was not so, and that the Emperor was at first so struck by the heartlessness displayed by Bonaparte towards Joséphine, and the insult offered to himself in the supposition implied in his proposal, that the Emperor would connive at it, that he rejected Bonaparte's offer with disdain.

His ministers, however, regarded it with less disfavour, and saw in its acceptance the opportunity of obtaining better terms from their conqueror than would be otherwise possible, as well as the chance of securing a more lasting peace. This view of the matter they put forcibly before the Emperor and urged him to spare his people the further horrors of war; and it is asserted that only after a long and painful struggle with his feelings as a father, did he consent to sacrifice private and family considerations to the public weal.

But the young Archduchess, it appears, had been accustomed from childhood to hear the name of Bonaparte repeated by her attendants in the same sense in which "Old Bogie" is used in our nurseries. It is not surprising, then, that she should be startled when it was announced to her that this alarming personage was to be her husband. And although some

months were to elapse before the marriage could take place, the time, Fügel says, has hardly sufficed to do away with these early impressions, and reconcile the youthful *fiancée* to her fate.

She pouted a good deal at the idea of an *old* husband, Bonaparte being but a few months younger than her father; but when a well-painted miniature of his stern but handsome face in its best days—that had been painted some years ago and had been given by Bonaparte to Count Cobenzl, who died last year—was placed before her, she acknowledged that, "*Er war doch nicht häszlich.*" Presents and flatteries—dear to the female heart whatever her age or station—have since been unceasingly employed, with more or less success, to veil all that is hideous in this marriage from the fair young girl who is to displace peor Josephine. The latter, *on dit*, is going, or is gone to Brussels, Bonaparte having given her the Palace of Lacken near that city for a residence.

I returned from Park Place with the intention of joining my regiment. My place in the mail was even secured, when I received through Forbes such an intimation from Lord Wellesley of the probability of my being wanted in a few days, that I, of course, put off my journey. It was well that I did so, though I have heard nothing more from his lordship; for, two days afterwards, I was seized with an attack of fever similar to that which detained me so long at Gibraltar, and which has confined me to my bed and my room ever since. Cavendish looked in and sat with me for half an hour several times, but otherwise, I have

beguiled the time with reading. I have looked through "Cœlebs," but without being able to join in the general chorus of admiration. I think there is much in it that is common-place, and still more that is illiberal. Klopstock, too, I have read; parts of it are beautiful, but I am far from admiring so wonderful a character. "Fashionable Tales," and "Sketches of Character," have also formed part of the studies of my convalescence. Of the former I read the first tale, "*Ennui*," and found it *si ennuyant*, that I dared not venture upon the next. The latter I consider no bad picture of Bath, and as I recognized many persons through the thin veil that covered them it amused me. "The nine Misses Simmons" I presume to be the seven Misses Rook.

Though shut up for ten days in my room, my dear M. will no doubt be so unreasonable as to expect from me the freshest political news. I am obliged to disappoint her. Cavendish told me this morning that ministers were again beaten last night—this I think must be fatal to them. I just hear that, at the clubs, it is generally thought that Lord Chatham *must* resign, and *probable* that all the present administration will too. But this is mere St. James's Street politicians' speculation, so don't quote me to the *quidnuncs* of your political tea-tables. The second bellman rings—Adieu.

Diaries—March 10th.—A flying seal has been sent me from the Office, and a notice that the sailing

orders for the packet will be sent down this evening. What is done respecting my brother's business has not transpired, and Oakeley is as much worried about it and in the dark as I am. From the character Lord Wellesley has always borne, I am disappointed in finding so little energy and decision in his acts. It is true that he has all along laboured under very great disadvantages. Opposition have been so strong and active, that it has been as much as ministers could do to keep their places; and yet I do not believe their opponents feel much confidence in themselves. A good deal depends upon the arrangements to be made in consequence of Lord Chatham's resignation. I am looking to the return of Canning to office; and the appointment of Yorke to the tellership would look as if the Sidmouths were coming forward, but against that, I know *positively* that his lordship will never sit in the same Cabinet with our late chief. I believe that Lord Castlereagh will certainly be in opposition.

11*th*.—As soon as *the* enquiry is over I should hope that something will be said in the House respecting the American business. Cavendish told me with reference to the former, that some nights since a very strange and disgraceful scene took place. Fuller wanted to question Lord Chatham on some points wholly irrelevant to the enquiry and utterly absurd; the chairman of the committee took no notice of his many attempts to do so, which enraged him so much that he so far forgot himself as to use language of the grossest kind, and swore at them all round. As he continued this and grew more

vehement in his abuse, it was put a stop to by committing him to the custody of the serjeant-at-arms. By way of farewell, he called the speaker a damned puppy, and snapped his fingers in his face! Our transatlantic brethren could hardly exceed this.

13*th*.—There is much speculation as to what the expected changes in the ministry will really be. Will Lord Wellesley form an administration of his own? is a question anxiously asked by many, but to which nobody seems able to give a reply. The most general idea is, that Lord Eldon will retire and Perceval put on the big wig, Lord Wellesley take the helm, and Canning return to foreign affairs.

I had a letter this morning from Lord Malmesbury, who says I do well to stay in town and not to join my regiment for the present. "I really *know* nothing," he adds, "of any ministerial changes, but from my own *cogitations* I think that as they are at present they cannot stand, and that some arrangement must take place soon."

Last night Lord Porchester gave notice of a motion for that day fortnight, founded on the Walcheran enquiry. This will run the present men hard, if they are not propped up before that time comes. For my own part, I am convinced that they owe their continuance in power to the want of confidence the nation feels in their opponents.

A messenger arrived here yesterday from Vienna, bringing, it is reported, only an announcement of the approaching marriage, but there is good reason for

believing that it is accompanied by an offer to negotiate. A variety of reports are in circulation of a change of system in Russia. Sooner or later that must take place, for I expect to see Bonaparte turn upon his "dear brother" very shortly; but first there must be a change of men. Alexander himself is said to have been quite alive to what he may look for from him, ever since the Austrian marriage was announced, and will not be unmindful of being prepared for his visit.

I have a letter from Spain from my friend Whittingham, who now commands the Spanish cavalry under Alburquerque, and, I doubt not, will distinguish himself. Bartle Frere, he says, is to marry his old flame, and I am sorry to hear that he himself is to marry her sister—the *marquis's* flirt. Frere remains in Spain, it seems, solely because his indolence makes him dislike the trouble of moving; but I fancy there is another reason, the difficulty in the present state of things to get a conveyance to England. His title is really all he obtained from the Spaniards, I understand; but that is hardly to be wondered at, for his secluded habits prevented him from becoming popular with them. I wish Whittingham had left him his Marquesa; she was an abominable little flirt, with very wily, though very winning ways, and must have shamefully jilted poor Frere. I don't think he would have played *her* false, and he certainly had more right to her than Whittingham could lay claim to, *c'est-à-dire!* six months ago. Ah! those Spanish women! They

are worse than our own. More kind perhaps, yet more cruel, *ay de mi! ay de mi!* I must get rid of these thoughts, or I shall rush off to Spain whether his lordship should send me or not. But for that cursed American appointment I should not have left it. What a fool I was! How interesting late events must have been. Though it is melancholy to hear of the straits to which the poor Spaniards are reduced. Much was not to be expected from the Sevillanos, but I did think they would make a stand against the enemy, and an attempt, at least, to defend their fine old city, even though their Supremacies should abandon them; intent only on getting off with their own worthless skins unscathed.

When I call to mind the bold defiant words I have heard from some of them whose whole frame quivered with rage and hatred as they uttered them, and remember the clenched hands, the flashing eyes, the grinding teeth, the intense earnestness of the oft-reiterated *perece ó vencer* when the enemy was far from their gates, and read the story of their ignominious flight on the news of his approach, I can scarcely believe that it is of one and the same people I have been thinking and reading.

Soult and Joseph must have made a sort of triumphal entry together into that grand old Seville. And there were not wanting voices, it seems, to greet them with loud *vivas*; some of them, perhaps, those of the very men who were before loudest and bitterest in their curses.

As it is, I think Cadiz will hold out some time.

They have their best men there—with the exception of Alava, whom I know, and who is not of their best and truest, whatever the English papers may say to the contrary—and with the addition of four or five thousand British troops much may yet be done.

It is hardly credible that no precautions should have been taken previous to the actual approach of the enemy. The single fortification of San Fernando excepted—at which, by the way, they had almost ceased working—everything was allowed to remain as if there had not been a Frenchman in the country, up to the very day of the irruption of the enemy through the Sierra.

14*th.*—If ministers will not tell my brother's story and support him in it, the American people it seems are determined to do it for them. No less than five pamphlets in his justification were received by the last mail. One of them, signed "A Bostonian," is excellently written and places the matter in a very fair and just light. A copy of it was sent to me last night by young Stockdale, who said Mr. Perceval had forwarded it the same evening that the mails arrived, to be reprinted for the Government, and that it was already advertised. It is but one of many publications of the same kind, taking the same view of the business, that have appeared in America; where public opinion is completely turned in my brother's favour.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, March 24th, 1810.

I suspended expectation till to-day, when, at the latest, I hoped to hear that you were on your way to join your regiment. But the post brings only a few lines to your sister, telling her you are out again but have applied for three months further leave of absence! I really must remonstrate with you, my dear George. I dread the dissipations of a London season for a young man; and surely you have had gaieties enough latterly, in Spain and elsewhere. My suggestion, that caused you so much amusement, that you should go to the *environs* to get stout again, would have been beneficial to both your health and your purse if adopted, while your answer that, "when well, you are just as well in London as elsewhere," seems to me but an Irish way of evading the question. Several families of my acquaintance will make their season a short one this year, the more prudent will not go to London at all. In these times of general distress we should *all* be prudent and self-denying; and thankful, too, if by undergoing the privation of some few of our accustomed comforts we can help to keep off the tyrant of Europe from our shores. I am truly thankful; and I think our country much favoured by providence, who enables us to defy this tyrant and preserves to us under our own venerable king, the liberty which other countries have lost. These are eventful and

interesting times, but they are hard ones, and I pray God to direct us in safety through them.

I dare say, my dear, I preach to you in vain. I know you love the town and, generally, as the song says, "cast prudence to the winds;" and then you can quote against my advice Lord Malmesbury's opinion, that agrees so well with your own inclination, "that you do well to stay in town to look after your own and your brother's interests." But I do not believe, though Lord Wellesley may make you civil speeches and sometimes ask you to dinner, that he will send you to America or give you any other appointment. It is as much as he and others can do to keep their own places, and I am not now to learn that every man is for himself, and will prefer to serve those who can best help *him*, though happily God is for us all. While Bonaparte lives there are but few chances for anybody in your line; otherwise, I consider that your brother and you are of those men who have had good luck enough in the world to be able to look back with so much complacency to the past, as not to be very solicitous about the future.

But until your turn comes round again, I recommend you to take care of what you have, and not to flout a pension, as you were inclined to do, should it be offered you. The present men are more likely I think to be liberal in pecuniary matters than anxious to employ you; it is less trouble to them, and their own pockets and their relations do not suffer by their liberality.

For a change, I mean to spend the summer with your sisters at Ilfracombe. We have never been there, but some friends, who are also going, describe it in such glowing terms that it must be a very lovely spot if it has but half the beauty they talk of. It has the further recommendation of being reasonable in the expense of living. To find a pleasant place with that attraction, we economical folks will soon have to seek it, I fancy, on the other side of the Welsh mountains.

What distress the Aucklands must be in! It was sad indeed to lose their eldest son in that way.* But I believe it is the first trouble they ever knew; and who can expect to pass through life without trouble of some kind. Even theirs is not so great as that which a young man, a midshipman of seventeen, has brought upon himself and family by stealing bank notes to the amount of 80*l.*, from a gentleman at one of the inns in Bath. His name is Perceval, and he is related to the minister. I trust, his interest, or some favourable circumstance will be found to save him from the disgrace of the scaffold.

I see the papers report that ministers have settled the American business *with Pinkney*. Is it true?

Letters — March 30th. — You were always a politician, my dear M., lately you have become both a preacher and a cynic. I am yet far from well; these eternal easters upset me. But I have obtained

* By drowning in the Thames.

23587

my leave; Colonel Dalton has behaved in the kindest and handsomest manner, and Hollings's certificate did the rest. I shall therefore not don the red coat until near the end of the summer. Now don't throw up your hands and let this paper fall from them in alarm. I think I may be trusted by this time to take care of myself, even in that vortex of gaiety you imagine London now to be, though it is in reality as dull and as empty as you could desire. It is rather to you Bathites, who are so apt to plunge over head and ears in dissipation, that a warning should be addressed.

I propose shortly to go to Brighton to recruit my health and regain strength, and when I return, I promise you I do not intend to live the life of an anchorite, but shall take a moderate share of the pleasures of the town; for having hitherto been much out of my own country I wish now to know something more of its society, and to be known in it. What is your dread, dear mother? I feel none.

I had an invitation to the Mirzah's ball last Friday, but unfortunately I was tied by the leg and could not go. I was inclined to risk it, but Hollings strictly forbade it. There was an immense crowd. Charles Ford, who was there, told me there was no possibility of walking about, but literally, only of moving *en masse*. Those who were tall enough got a glimpse of a friend now and then over the heads of the short ones, who were condemned to neither see nor be seen. Julia S. was there, looking radiant and handsome, Charles says. She did me the honour

of asking him "in what part of the rooms is George squeezed?" To which he had no answer to give but "God knows!" as he was hopelessly trying to get out of the squeeze he himself was in.

Two or three other good balls I have missed, but balls are all over for the present.

What do you think of the report of the confiscation of American property in France? if true, it will probably produce a *temporary* adjustment with *us*; but it is quite clear it can *only* be temporary as long as Madison and Co. are in power.

I thought you knew that Sir Gore Ouseley, who is going to Persia, made his fortune in India. He speaks the Persian language fluently, and was, in consequence, named to attend the Persian Minister. He is now appointed *King's* ambassador—for our present envoy, Sir H. Jones, is more a *Company's* than a king's servant. Morier goes with him as secretary.

I sat next to Sir G. Ouseley at the dinner on the birthday and found that he knew all our connexions in India. He spoke of my uncle William in the handsomest terms, and said he kept the best house in Calcutta, after the governor's, and by far the pleasantest.

April 8th.—P. Morier, the brother of the Persian secretary, is to go to America as secretary of legation, and is to remain as *locum tenens* when Francis leaves, until it is decided what further steps shall be taken. This appointment Lord Wellesley said he wished, as Canning had promised, to give *me*; but on a full consideration, he thought it would be unadvisable to do so in the present state of diplomatic arrangements

with the United States, and that it would be also anything but a pleasant situation for me.

11*th*.—No letter has yet been written to the Admiralty for a frigate to take out Morier and bring back Francis. The former was to have been sent out in a great hurry, but will probably not go for some time. There is a hitch in the business, as to *how* he is to go. To understand this, you should know that there are two, and but two, *regular* modes of accrediting a Chargé d'Affaires. The one, by the minister who is about to depart presenting the secretary of legation as the future representative of his sovereign, until the appointment of another minister. The other, by a credential letter from one minister of state to the other. This, Lord Wellesley refuses, as too great a condescension after the manner in which the Americans have behaved; and the former is equally objected to, because, I believe, they have not yet made up their minds in what form to recall Francis. According to diplomatic usage, a minister quitting his post without taking leave has been ever considered as tantamount to a declaration of war. Yet how can Francis take leave of a government that has refused to hold any communication with him? To obviate this difficulty, a new mode it is supposed will be struck out; Morier will be sent to Francis as Secretary of Legation, and on F.'s departure he will proceed to Washington with his commission as secretary, telling Smith, "Here I am; if you have anything to say to me I am ready to listen to you;" than which, certainly, there cannot

well be a more ungracious mode of proceeding. Morier's appointment originated, it seems, in the interest of Lord and Lady Radstock, whose relation he is, and Sir Gore Ouseley, who has the ear of the marquis. Young Otley will remain with Morier, and I have heard it suggested that an allowance will be made him from the Office. This, for a private secretary, would be a new thing indeed.

Upon the whole, with a view to my brother's interests, I am well pleased; for the refusal of Lord Wellesley to write the usual letter looks very well.

Nothing very decisive has been doing in Spain, yet enough to prove, what has always been my full conviction, that the French would never have quiet possession of that fine country. In every way they find themselves harassed, and on every side, no sooner is one party of "*insurgents*" dispersed than another rises up to give them further employment. Thus, they must be constantly on the *qui vive*, and without knowing in what quarter their foes may appear. Their troops are worn out and dispirited, and their numbers gradually weakened by this sort of warfare. Even Soult has just declared that a fresh corps is absolutely necessary.

On the other hand, the Spaniards do not seem in any way to improve in respect to their government. Their proceedings are still marked by the same imbecility, and the same sacrifice of public to private interest as has already so cruelly defeated the glorious efforts of the nation as a body.

14th.—I am sorry to see the view you take of the

rioting business which has for days kept the town in a state of the greatest ferment and excitement. What! yield up the privileges of parliament and submit to any insult rather than expose oneself to the loss of a little popularity, or, if you will, to the incurring popular odium! So far am I from thinking with you that it would have been better to have left Jones at liberty, and to have composed a sleeping-draught to quiet Sir Francis Burdett, that, had I been in the House I would have given the last vote I had for the committal of Jones, and the punishment of "the man of the people," who, if he is not a traitor, is little better than a madman. I am only sorry that the former must be liberated at the close of the session. Had I the power he should stay in confinement till he could bring his mouth to say, "I repent."

You can have but a faint idea, from merely reading the reports in the papers, of the violence, the fury of the proceedings which have for four days disgraced the metropolis. Nothing like it is remembered. Even the "no popery" riots are said to have hardly come up to these fearful scenes of excitement, in their turbulence and fierceness. Several persons were killed, and many more received injuries which may become fatal, or lead to life-long misery.

Burdett last night served the speaker with a notice of trial, for the forcible entrance of his house, false imprisonment, &c. What a fine subject for the *Argus*-eyed O'Connor! What a disgraceful spectacle in the eyes of the Continent generally!

The French have, or pretend to have, an idea that this tumult is the beginning of a revolution. And certainly, the savage temper evinced by the mob might well lead to the inference that the great demagogue, if so disposed, would have but an easy task to stir up the people to such a state of frenzy, as would carry them on to excesses no less terrible than those we please ourselves in believing could only take place on the other side of the Channel.

To my mind, the man who seeks to arouse the worst passions of a mob as a means of obtaining redress for, no matter what, grievances, deserves a far heavier punishment than mere temporary confinement. He has not scrupled, to serve his own ends, to cause the loss of life and limb and the destruction of property to many peacefully disposed persons who had no sympathy whatever with his objects, and he should be punished accordingly; at least, as a dangerous maniac he should be shut up for life.

But let us hope that a short period of enforced retirement may have the good effect of bringing Sir Francis Burdett to his senses. As to you, my dear M., I fear, from the opinions expressed in your letter received to-day, that you are becoming, *in more than one sense*, so deeply imbued with the views of *the Times* as to be in danger of losing all the good old principles. However, I agree with you in thinking that, eventually, Sir Francis will do less evil than good in the country,—but with this difference, that it will be unintentionally.

G. J.

Mr. Francis Jackson to George Jackson.

New York, May 1st, 1810.

The Falmouth packet, which partly, I understand, by order of the Government and partly owing to contrary winds, did not sail until the 13th of March, has brought me letters from you and from Oakeley. Coming together, as they coincide in their principal contents, they are the more valuable to me, and particularly because I have received nothing official in answer to what Oakeley carried with him. This is a disappointment, and I think it would have been but a proper attention to me, as well as good policy for themselves, if ministers had either written, or at least caused a few hints to be written by which I might know on what ground I should stand. However, private communications enabled me to put a good face on the matter, and to make it clear that my conduct had been generally and loudly applauded; though to serve an immediate electioneering purpose a story was circulated, on the arrival of the packet, of Lord Wellesley having declared to Mr. Pinkney his disapprobation of my conduct.

This of course had its effect for the moment, but is now generally laughed at and disbelieved. Besides, we have other accounts from London as late as the 23rd of March, when nothing had been said in Parliament, and nothing done by Lord Wellesley and Pinkney; for the result of whose labours the "John Adams" was then said to be waiting at Plymouth.

In fact if Lord W. had even made such a declaration, he would have hurt his own and his country's interests much more than mine; for the minds of men in *this* country are now so completely made up *for me* and *against* the Government that, in the end, I shall have little reason to care what his Lordship says or thinks on the subject; though I look forward with full confidence to the next arrivals for a full approbation of what I have done. Ministers cannot disapprove of, though they may be sorry for it; and if they are sorry it must be for the trouble it occasions them, for as I have told them, there is no loss of any adjustment of differences—that being impracticable with this country upon the principles of my instructions. I hope they are adopting the line that I recommended to them—that of procrastinating any negotiation whatever—but they might as well have told me so for my own guidance and information, instead of leaving me a prey to all the lies and misrepresentations which the Democrats have found it necessary to propagate on the subject for election purposes. It would be an absolute disgrace to the country, and would produce an impression never to be got over here—the ill effects of which in all future transactions we should not fail to be made sensible of—if another minister were to be sent out without some sort of satisfaction being taken or received for the treatment I have experienced. They ought to insist on my being reinstated; though God knows 10,000*l.* a year and all the ribands, blue, green, or red that ever were manufactured should not induce me to continue here.

However, if ministers have acted at all upon my *predications*, as the Yankees say, they are now at liberty, from the course things have progressively taken, to do exactly what they please, even to turning out the democratic party altogether, if it were otherwise desirable. But this may be doubted; for a more despicable set I never before met with, and they can do neither England nor any other country any harm. They are as deficient in talent as in principle, which surprised me on comparing them with our European Democrats, amongst whom talent is not wanting; and the mob is by many degrees more blackguard and ferocious than the mob in other countries.

To show what they are capable of and the little safety or satisfaction there is in living amongst them, I send you a cutting from a New York paper, giving an account of a disgraceful outrage that took place in that dirty nest of philosophy, Philadelphia, on the occasion of an entertainment given by the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, on the anniversary of the Emperor's coronation.

Extract of a letter from Philadelphia.

"March 27th, 1810.

"*To the Editor.*—You will probably have heard through so many different channels of the event of last night that I send you a line that you may be in possession of the truth.

"Yesterday was, it seems, the birthday of our good friend and ally—that is to be—Alexander of Russia. It was celebrated with great pomp, and a dance

by Mr. Daschkoff, His Imperial Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires and Consul near our government.

"A grand transparent painting with a portrait of the Autocrat and several emblematical devices were exhibited in front of his house. These devices, a crown and cipher and some commercial emblems, were supposed by Mr. Daschkoff and his guests to be complimentary to the United States; but our worthy citizens, invited in the air to view the exhibition, either did not understand or did not relish the compliment. Pretty early in the evening, murmurs were heard amongst the crowd against the imperial diadem; soon, they rose to a general buzz, and ere long, "down with the crown" was the general cry. Accordingly, whilst Mr. Daschkoff and his company were at supper, a person, said to be a surgeon in the navy, fired two loaded pistols into the ball room, in front of which the transparencies were exhibited, which with the windows and curtains were shattered and torn by the bullets."——

Poor Daschkoff went himself to blow out the light, that the offensive diadem might the sooner be removed from the sight of the indignant mob. He thus narrowly escaped being killed by one of the balls that was aimed at it, and which passed so near as to graze his shoulder, or rather the coat that covered it, for fortunately he sustained no personal injury. I have not heard that any steps were taken to punish the chief delinquent.

The "Courier," I see, gave, in January, some

strongly and pertinently worded articles on the American business, in reply to the "Chronicle." The "Times" opened, too, in my favour, and I am persuaded that my proceedings were so congenial to the general politics of the Editor, that, if left to himself, he would have remained steady.

I hear that Oakeley certainly will *not* come out. His friends would do well to prevent it if it were at all likely, for his Duchess would probably take him in again. She was at the Russian ball, I am told, wearing a magnificent toilette, and practising all those pretty airs and graces which turned Oakeley's head and with which she would soon bring the poor fellow again to her feet if he came once more in her way. Sly puss! she does not deserve real affection.

7th.—My mother always condoles with us on the *tristesse* of our *séjour* in America. We have, however, no reason for lamentation of that sort either in Philadelphia or New York. On the contrary, we have been quite as gay as I could wish, and in many instances have met with attentions which under other circumstances would probably not have been paid us. Certainly, in any similar space of time I never had so much *feasting*, and the society has been, upon the whole, as agreeable as in this really shopkeeping country any society could be. There are always some few sensible men and pleasant women who will furnish a resource for the few idle hours we have. Amongst other amusing personages is an old Swedish Count—Söderström—who has always been considered, from his principles, and indeed his services, as a kind

of appendage to the English mission. He is called the Swedish Consul-General, as in fact he is, but as he has no allowance from his government, and lives chiefly upon what he can recover of some old commercial debts and what he gets from us, he is constantly in distress and in debt.

This poor worthy old fellow is, perhaps owing to misfortune, somewhat weak; one must therefore only say before him what one wishes to have conveyed elsewhere. But from the same weakness, and indeed as much from principle, he takes care to keep the mission correctly informed—for he is sufficiently shrewd and sensible to distinguish between what is true and what is not—of what passes among the government people. From long residence and the information he has collected by means of his consular duties, he has a general knowledge of almost every individual of any note throughout the United States; so that I have found him exceedingly useful.

He has, besides, the very great merit of having preserved his European manners. He has a liking for a good dinner, and is always a most agreeable companion at table. Merry, who recommended the old Count strongly to me, when he was in Sweden tried to make interest for him with his government with a view to get some pension or allowance for him; but unfortunately without effect. This is not surprising when we consider that Baron Oxenstierne, after twenty years service as envoy and minister plenipotentiary at different Courts, obtained a pension of only two hundred rix dollars—about 30*l.* sterling.

The climate of New York is much better than that of Philadelphia, and suits us well. The only inconvenience I experience is that of growing too fat; and I am now passing beyond the point I should wish for.

I send this to you quite at a venture, for I have a fancy that you are now at this present writing more than half-seas over on your way hither. Indeed I should not be surprised to see you put in some morning before I can get this packet away. As, however, this may be only a pleasant dream, I will go on and tell you my waking thoughts.

Bonaparte's marriage with the Archduchess is disgusting to every sentiment of honour and delicacy. But to an Englishman it is quite otherwise important, as ensuring him under all circumstances the subserviency of Austria. He has not been able to subdue her by force of arms, he is attempting it through the weakness of her monarch; for he considers her as the only obstacle to his views upon England, and if he can by means of his new connection rely upon her neutrality, he will renew the threat or attempt at invasion. To this, Spain would be no obstacle, but on the contrary an assistance, as part of our army would be employed in her service. He may probably make about this time some insidious attempt to negotiate a peace, but it would be, *selon moi*, the extreme of folly to make peace with him now, and it will require good nerves and better arrangements than we have lately witnessed to go on with the war as we ought.

It is pleasant to me to reflect that let what will happen hereafter, the year preceding your landing at Plymouth was so well spent; and, barring financial concerns, I think you have reason to be well satisfied. Even on this score, considering how hard you worked, I cannot think that Lord Wellesley will allow you to be left without an equitable, if not an ample settlement. I have not the same faith in his promises that you seem to have. If it is in expectation of their fulfilment that you remain so long in town,—thus putting your commission in jeopardy by your protracted absence from the regiment—I think you are acting unwisely.

Though Henry Wellesley is one of the most amiable and gentlemanlike men I know, yet I see no great reason to regret your not being appointed to his mission; for it seems doubtful whether any mission will remain long in old Spain. The Spaniards are overrun; still they need not be conquered, and with proper management on our part Spain would act as an issue upon Bonaparte's military power. But we should convert Cadiz into another Gibraltar, with only a garrison and no powers of government whatever, except for the purposes of police.

The Junta, or Regency, or whatever of sovereignty remains there, should go to the dogs, as they long since ought, and we should establish the metropolitan authority at Mexico, as I proposed to Canning whilst it was most feasible, in 1808 and 1809, in the person of the Spanish Infante, who is with the Portuguese family at the Brazils. It is not only absurd but dan-

gerous to leave even the shadow of the sovereignty of Spain, under present circumstances, so near a French army, so much within reach of French intrigue, and in so precarious a position as that of any fortified and besieged town, however defended, must always be.

The New World is by far the more interesting scene, to which I should hope ministers have ere now turned their attention. Boney has, however, been again beforehand with them in acting. He has sent out a nest of emissaries who have been at work all the winter as agents from King Joseph, to carry out proclamations which bear the signature, real or forged, of Ferdinand the Seventh, to the different provinces of South America and to the Spanish islands, commanding them to submit to the government of the usurper.

Congress has adjourned, and has completed my triumph by repealing, without any concession on our part, the famous non-intercourse law by which they were to coerce England and France, and for the repeal of which Erskine agreed last year to sacrifice our Orders in Council. Thus ends this famous session. It began in "blood and thunder" and ended in a drunken frolic; for they sat till midnight, a thing very unusual here, and the members had taken so much whisky and brandy and water, that they could not see their way out. And such was the confusion, that it is very difficult to find out what they really did, or how at last they dispersed without broken limbs and got to their

several homes in safety. One thing, however, is certain—they have covered themselves with ridicule and disgrace.

Claremont, 13*th May*.—Having passed four months at New York, and been well stuffed with Turkey and Madeira—their two staple articles in the eating and drinking way—I have accepted the offer of a gentleman, Mr. Hogan, to lend me his country-house. It is a very good one, on the banks of the Hudson or North River, and about eight miles from the town, and we are now enjoying there the approach of spring, which, until the past week, has advanced with very slow steps, even the grass has only just begun to grow. Yet everything is beautiful out of doors, and nature seems hastening to make amends for her former tardiness by the rapidity with which she has within the last few days covered every tree and shrub with the bright verdure of spring. To this the buds and blossoms of the peach, apple, and cherry orchards, which as suddenly have burst forth into full bloom, make a charming variety.

The house is in a beautiful and elevated situation, commanding a river view of upwards of forty miles in extent, with bold rocky shores, and innumerable craft constantly passing to and fro.

After the everlasting *feting* and good living of New York, we greatly enjoy the quietude of this pleasant retreat and the fine pure air. There is a large garden, with swings and other "ruralities" for the children. One of the curiosities that we daily

see pass under our windows is the steam-boat, a passage vessel with accommodation for near a hundred persons. It is moved by a steam engine, turning a wheel on either side of it, which acts like the main wheel of a mill and propels the vessel against wind and tide at the rate of four miles an hour. As soon as it comes in sight there is a general rush of our household to watch and wonder until it disappears. They don't at all know what to make of the unnatural monster that goes steadily careering on with the wind directly in its teeth, as often as not. I doubt that I should be obeyed were I to desire any one of them to take a passage in her.

When first this vessel appeared in these waters, it excited great consternation. Some of the simple country folk were pretty well frightened out of their wits, suspecting, I am told, that it was some diabolical conveyance that had brought his Satanic majesty from the lower realms to visit the United States.

I am inclined to look with favour on this application of the propelling power of steam. Not improbably, it is destined, at no distant day, to produce incalculably great and beneficial changes in our mode of voyaging.

14*th*.—Some person has published a letter written by Erskine in August last, but to whom is not stated, in which he acknowledges that he went beyond his instructions, and that our Government was justified in disowning him. He has also written me a foolish but a very good-natured letter on the

subject. I am sorry for it, because it obliges me to enter more into the matter than I could wish, and I cannot flatter him on his policy or his politics. He is a very amiable creature in private life, but somewhat weak withal; "the grey mare being the better horse."

I hope to hear soon that Lord Porchester's motion has been negatived by a tolerable majority; in which case I imagine that Canning and some of his friends will return to office. Canning, I think, *must* come in. Lord Castlereagh will then go into opposition, and the present Government be strong enough to go on, which is not the case at present. I know there are difficulties in the way of this, but necessity has no law, and the Sidmouth squad would be passed by. But if the vote should go the other way, these people must go out, and I shall then receive my *quietus* from the Talents. The sooner it comes the better, for on many accounts I am anxious to get out of this country. My letters and despatches of February, I expect will have arrived in England before the end of March; if, after perusing them, there be still any persons unsatisfied as to the profligacy of this government and the necessity of the line I have pursued, why e'en let them remain so, they are not worth convincing.

16*th*.—I cannot again go over this budget of domestic and foreign affairs. You must therefore send it on to our mother. She has all along been very unnecessarily anxious about our household arrangements, and the social "unpleasantries" she

imagines we have to put up with, few or none of which have occurred to us.

Our servants have given us little cause for complaint, on the whole. One of the footmen had a fit of American independence the other day, and said, in reply to some orders, that "he would do what he liked, when he liked, and as much as he liked, and no more." To which I added, that he might also go where he liked, but should go at once. Luckily, this happened just when we were leaving New York, for here, he would have been rather an incumbrance to us than otherwise.

We came to this country expecting, socially speaking, just what we found—a more rough and ready state of things, generally, than we had before been accustomed to. But both Elizabeth and I had determined to take them as we should find them, and to make the best of them. This system has answered remarkably well. The greatest hospitality has everywhere been shown us, and we have met with many not only very agreeable people, but people who have not laid aside their own, or their ancestors' European habits, and in whose homes good taste and refinement preside. Where this has not been exactly the case, much friendliness and good humour have usually made amends for any unintentional deficiency in the observance of the usages of society.

We have had, I must acknowledge, some dinners and entertainments, which have greatly amused rather than shocked us by the originality of the arrange-

ments; and we have met with a hostess who at table is always anxiously inquiring if we are "getting through quite comfortable," and begging we will not be "too nice and squeamish"—that is in making known to her that we are not served to our liking. But these are small blemishes in those who are laying themselves out to give pleasure to the best of their ability, and nowhere have I seen anything that could justify the ridicule and contempt which some over-fastidious persons have not scrupled to heap upon their well-meaning entertainers.

Of the political system pursued by the present Government, I, of course, can have nothing good to say, but for the rest, enough has been done by the most respectable part of the American people to prove to me that they in no way participate in the sentiments of the Washington party, or approve of the treatment I have received from them, either in my public or private character.

F. J. J.

Letters—8, *Lower Grosvenor Street, May 10th.*—I returned to town yesterday much benefited by the sunshine, pure air, and fresh breezes of Brighton, after the ailments produced by this wintry spring; which Dr. Reynolds tells me has been one of the sickliest known for many years past.

And now, my dear mother, you will expect to hear a little of the manner in which I have spent my time. Up at seven, rambling all day by the sea, and in bed by ten, as a matter of course—well, not quite that; I

varied my pleasures by accepting the invitations that were sent me, to a dance at one place, a *soirée musicale* at another, and so forth. Twice I dined at Mrs. Fitzherbert's. She is looking forward with much satisfaction, she says, to my brother's return, hoping to have him and his family for Brighton neighbours again. I went twice or thrice to her afternoon *petites causeries* *in her little salon aux silouhettes*, a great favour; as only *persons of much discretion* are invited to them. You get a cup of tea, and hear the scandal of the day. If you can contribute any *piquant* anecdote to the general stock, you are so much the more welcome a guest. It is permitted, or rather not forbidden to this select and discreet *côterie*, to discuss pretty freely the reported sayings and doings of a certain illustrious, but always nameless, personage. This is a pastime entered into with much *gusto*, and a good deal of mirth is the result. However, to my taste, it was mirth that left behind it a strong flavour of disgust.

I went once to the Duke of Bedford's; the Duchess enquired much after Elizabeth, who is, I believe, a great favourite with her. They left before. I came away. There was some question of their staying for a *soirée musicale*; but it turned out that the Duke had already ordered the horses for a certain hour on a previous day, and these arrangements once made, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, could not be altered. The Duke, at least so says the Duchess, arranges his movements for a whole year in advance, and to deviate from the order in which they are set

down would have put everything into irremediable confusion for the next seven or eight months.

The Duke is rather a silent man, and is most mercilessly *turlupiné* by his lively chatty Duchess. She pretends, before he sets out on a journey, that he announces to his servants not only the day, but the precise minute of his return; and this for some weeks beforehand. He leaves word in writing what dishes are to be prepared, what articles of dress are to be ready for his use on arrival, even to his night-cap and pocket-handkerchief—all these things being worn only in their turn, and according to the number and date marked upon them. This is indeed carrying order and method to a most unpleasant nearness to perfection. But I suspect the greater part of this story is mere banter, which her Grace is very fond of indulging in at her quiet husband's expense. *She* certainly is in no way fettered by his methodical habits, and contrives to live as little by rule as any woman I know, as well as most completely to rule her ruler. He is one of the most obedient of husbands, and when his Duchess commands, "Johnny, do this—Johnny, do that—Johnny, I did not see you bow to such a person—speak to him directly and speak German, Johnny," and so on, and so on; "Johnny" answers not, but like a good boy, unhesitatingly obeys.

The Duchess spoke to me of the Countess Zamoiski, a Polish lady I remember in Paris as a celebrated beauty, and have since met elsewhere on the Continent. She and the Princess Troubetskoi were by

candlelight two as handsome women as I ever have seen. With the former the Duchess seems to have been on terms of great intimacy, and they now keep up, she says, a constant correspondence.

It surprised me to hear this, for from what I know of one lady I should say she is so absorbed in the consciousness of her beauty as to leave few of her thoughts at liberty for other objects. The other, being very fond of chit-chat, might perhaps write a lively letter with a spice of *malice* in it; but Mrs. Fitzherbert, with whom her Grace is *très liée*, says she is too frivolous, too much taken up with her feathers, flowers, and ribands, and such like *chiffons*, and that for her part, &c. &c. &c.—I forget the rest. Besides, who shall take for gospel all that one woman says of another—bosom friends though they be. I, for one, shall not.

June 1*st*.—I felt really quite ashamed of myself, dear mother, when your letter informed me of the date of my last to you. If you have not heard from me, you have, as you say, learnt from the papers how my time has been occupied. I will not, therefore, so much as attempt an apology for my remissness, but throw myself wholly upon your indulgence for forgiveness. What you call "the giddy whirl of dissipation" has indeed scarcely allowed me a moment to myself; yet, as I am not now let loose from your apron string for the first time in my life, I am at a loss to understand your fears. Believe me, there is no danger of my head being turned or principles ruined, either by the fascinations of one sex or by the

lax manners and mode of life, now in vogue, of the other. Society, if no better, is probably no worse than when *you* took some pleasure in it, and I cannot say I think you gained much by *your move*, my dear mother, when it pleased you to withdraw almost entirely from it, or secured a purer social atmosphere by exchanging the Scylla of London for the Charybdis of Bath.

You can hardly expect me to lead the life of a recluse; yet I assure you the London balls and routs are to me dull and insipid to the last degree compared with other *réunions* I have known something of. For here, all is listlessness, languor and indifference; there, gaiety, animation, and real enjoyment; here, there is much *talk*, but of a very vapid kind; there, *conversation*, often sparkling with *esprit*. When supper time comes, the change in the proceedings affords a temporary relief; but although they eat and drink much, they are not merry at all. In short, your London parties as a rule—for I do know of one or two houses that are really bright and pleasant exceptions to the general humdrum—are to those of continental cities, to make an elegant, or, if you will, an odious comparison, as a glass of flat beer to a foaming bumper of champagne. The exceptions are the diplomatic houses, where there is always a sufficient infusion of the lively foreign element to leaven the mass of English heaviness.

But I must not go on; my mother will not agree with me. She has already said, "I do not like foreign manners. I forbid you to take a foreign wife." My

idea is that I shall not take one at all, either English or foreign; though I see much to admire in many women and some distinctive quality in each that charms me and brings before "my mind's eye" the fair form of Otto's lovely sister—now, alas! Madame de Bray—in whom are united all charms, both mental and personal.

You must not pay single, much less double postage for this. So I shall take another sheet, and if, before the bellman rings, I have finished my say and no franking man has dropped in I shall go down with it to Rolleston and get an Office cover.

I gave up a party to the play the other evening for the sake of writing to you. But I was so tired with the previous day's labours that I fell fast asleep as soon as I sat down, and with pen in hand slept soundly till near midnight. Pat then awoke me; not to tell me it was time to go to bed, but to remind me that I had to dress for a ball, which I could not well have excused myself from.

Tuesday I was at the opera, with Lady Francis and Mrs. Robinson, and afterwards supped with them in Spring Gardens. The next evening I was at Mrs. Evelyn's ball and at another the following night; the attraction being two waltzes promised me by Julia S.— who waltzes divinely. But to show you how prudent I *can* be, I stayed away from the Countess Albinia's Venetian breakfast, which would probably have amused me more than the other festive doings; for Albinia has a talent for doing something *unique*, and with a slight dash of eccentricity. However, I

had letters to write, and, like a stoic, I turned my back on the allurements of pleasure, and wrote them.

Stevens has written to offer me a room, so I shall go down to Oxford for the Installation. Lord Malmesbury asks me to take Park Place on my way back to town, after which I shall get off to Sunderland *au plus vite*. My London campaign will therefore soon come to a close, and in a month from this I shall probably have entered upon another of a different nature. Lord M. comes to town, I believe, for the birthday. You know, I suppose, that it was decided to keep it—the poor Princess Amelia being considered in no immediate danger.

2nd.—Rolleston had left when I got down to the Office. The delay enables me to tell you, that all that is yet settled respecting my brother is, that he is recalled, and in a dispatch approving his conduct, and on the ground only that it would be unpleasant to him, after what has passed, to remain.

"*Venus*" is appointed to bring him home, but when the Goddess will take her departure no mortal, I suppose, yet knows. Morier has very civilly offered to take charge of anything I please; so get your packets ready. He talks of sailing the end of the week; but as his part of the business is yet undecided it is not very likely he will get off so soon. Our present ministers do not make up their minds in a hurry on ordinary occasions, but their doubts and perplexities as to the way in which Morier's credentials are to be drawn up seem to press with unusual weight upon them. It is rather amusing

to hear at the Office, one day, that they have half made up their minds to such and such a plan; the next that they half incline to another; but in this way it is difficult to guess when they will have devised a method that shall solve their problem wholly, and to their full satisfaction.

As soon as Morier's appointment was announced, I had an extremely civil and, as far as words go, very satisfactory private note from Lord Wellesley. He said that, in the present state of affairs with the American Government, such an appointment would be a most unpleasant one for me, and might lead to further annoyances. But that on the very first proper opportunity that should occur he would have great pleasure in attending to my just claims.

Oakeley, whose case, in this instance, being in possession, I think stronger than mine, has got nothing more substantial; in words he has less, and as there really is in the present state of the Continent, next to nothing for anybody, I must e'en be contented with civil speeches for the present.

Last night I was at a really grand rout at Lady Rowley's. She had contrived to bring together more pretty girls than I have seen at any assembly this season. Whether from that circumstance or not I cannot say, but I enjoyed myself immensely. There were many what I suppose you would call "lovely *toilettes*;" I cannot describe them, otherwise than that each bright *belle* seemed to wear the dress that exactly became her, and that a certain hazy rose-coloured light floated over them all.

Charles Ford and I dined together before we went. He brought out some of the fine old Burgundy his uncle left him, and most exquisite wine it is. We were among the last to leave Lady Rowley's, and were about to propose a vote of thanks to her ladyship, when we found there was nobody to second us; so we beat a hasty retreat, lest we should be too late for even the fag end of a ball we were going to at another house. We, however, arrived in time to say "good morning" to the hostess, and to take our departure with the rest of the company. And now, my dear mother, I must bring my report to an end; for I am engaged to accompany my sister Charlotte and a party to the Rehearsal at Vauxhall. Mrs. Panton gives us a grand ball on Tuesday, and all this week and next are as full as they can hold. You will therefore let me off with but little writing, and be quite sure that I am taking good care of myself, and that I shall emerge from "the vortex" unscathed.

P.S.—A letter I have just received from Lichfield says, with reference to your "man of the people," his emissaries are still far from idle; for about a fortnight ago a respectable-looking man, of good address, came down here, insinuated himself gradually into the confidence of all the French prisoners and distributed amongst them "Burdett medals." Having taken down the name and place of abode of all who accepted the precious gift—for a few could not be made to comprehend the why and wherefore of it, and

thinking it some trap refused it—suddenly left the town.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Ilfracombe, June 7th, 1810.

I have made nearly as little use of my pen lately, my dear George, as you have of yours, yet you will see by the place whence I date my letter that I have not been altogether idle. I have made *another move*, which gives us at least change of air and scene, and, generally, suits me better, though your sisters like it less, than the round of visits we made last year in and near London. It would have been a greater comfort to me to know that you had joined your regiment than that you propose to lengthen your stay in London; but, as it remains still undiscovered, even in these days of ingenious inventions, how to put old heads on young shoulders, I must be contented to recommend prudence, and to beg you not to run the risk of a relapse, by exposing yourself so soon after your recovery to night air, when you have spent the evening in hot rooms. I fear, my dear, from the tone of your letters, that since you have got over that *grande passion* of your *young days* you have become rather too much of a general lover. Still, I hope your own principles render a caution from me not to trifle with the feelings of any amiable girl, altogether unnecessary. It is a very cruel pastime, which I know young men are too apt thoughtlessly and selfishly to indulge themselves in. I always wished my sons to marry early, but as your *belle* is just now

a bad one, and your notions about money so romantic, you must not think of marriage at present. "Love in a cottage" would, now, not suit you so well as once you imagined it would, when the cottage you dreamt of for yourself and your fair divinity was a little earthly paradise niched somewhere in the mountains of the Suisse Saxonne. *One* of your former flirts—the heiress—has married a Scotchman, a Mr. Gordon. No man understands better than a Scotchman how to catch up a good fortune. But I must now tell you something of our adventures since we left Bath.

I had some fancy to make the journey by water; therefore proposed to stay a short time at Clifton, in order to watch for a vessel to bring us on here. But, partly owing to the fears and objections of your sisters to that mode of conveyance, and partly to there being no certainty of the sailing of the vessels, even supposing the wind to be fair, I was obliged to give up that plan.

Mrs. Drake had greatly pressed me to pay her a visit on our way, and as this was agreeable to all, we set off on the morning of the 19th, and got to Wells in time for dinner. Lord Clinton's sister, Miss Trefusis, a lively girl of nineteen, was also there on a visit, and with the Dean, Mr. Cholmondeley, and some other friends, varied the dinner party pleasantly. Drake was as usual most attentive and polite, and talked much of your brother and the American business. Mrs. D. was, as she always is, amiable and charming. At the end of a week we did violence to

our inclination, and resisted their entreaties that we would stay some days longer; for the houses at Ilfracombe were filling fast, and I thought it would be silly for the sake of a few pleasant days to run the chance of passing three or four uncomfortable months. So on we came. The distance is not one hundred miles, yet we made two long days' journey of it—the hills being so steep and so frequent, the weather so very warm, and we so heavily laden. The country is in many parts beautiful, and after the late spring appeared to great advantage, from the new dress of the shrubs and hedges and the luxuriant blossoms of the various fruit-bearing trees. But with all this beauty to feast our eyes on, we still found four miles, or, at most four and a half miles an hour, which was all we could get through, wearisome enough before the close of the day, and it was full dusk on the second one when we drove into the town. Our friend, Mrs. Hare, fearing we should not find a roof to shelter us, had secured for a month a small cottage belonging to a shoemaker. Your sisters had no sooner entered than they gave their opinion of our new habitation by christening it "the cobbler's stall." This may serve to give you some idea of it. We enter by a deep step into the earth, and the ceiling is within two or three inches only of our heads; yet we have two good rooms to the north, and everybody who can furbish up any sort of habitable tenement with that aspect, which gives a view of the sea and is also most desirable for the summer season, is pretty sure of a tenant. But this cottage, to the annoyance

of its owner—and I must say to my own great vexation—is likely for some time to retain the name of "the cobbler's stall"; for Clara especially has amused herself with speaking of it everywhere by that name, and others have taken up her silly joke so far as generally to mention our cottage by that designation. Ilfracombe itself is not beautiful, but the scenery around is romantic and singularly picturesque. The town is one long street, straggling from east to west. Except at one little rocky creek, we see the vast ocean only over some very pleasant green hills, which on our side are dotted over with many cows and sheep, but to the sea show only rugged rock. The church is singularly placed, far beyond every house, at the west end of the town; and the worst part of the story is, that to reach it you must traverse the roughest and stoniest road I ever saw—which must make good work for the cobbler—and when you fancy yourself quite close, and your toils at an end, you find you have still an ascent to mount as steep as Guinea Hill.

When, at last you are there, you see a building superior in size and appearance to most country churches. But alas! for the pastor: he is a Devonshire man, and a very worthy one I believe, but he has so much of his native accent and uses so much of his native dialect, that we must become far more accustomed to both before we can follow or understand his discourse. When we are sufficiently accomplished to do so, I am told we shall find his sermons very good. I shall certainly miss our excellent Bath

preachers as much as, or more than any other *luxury*. What is worse, although we shall have abundance of time on our hands, we shall not be able to get books to amuse us. There is certainly a *thing* called a library, but it contains far more quack medicines and articles of an all-sort description than books. Among the few they have, I could find nothing newer than two or three foolish novels of the last years of the last century.

The post is just twenty-four hours later than at Bath, coming in at one, and out again at two, every day except Tuesdays and Fridays—too short a time for answering a letter.

Our cobbler's stall has a tiny kitchen, just large enough for my plump cook to turn round in. We had only yesterday the comfort of seeing her arrive with our household baggage, which she came in charge of by water, in a Barnstaple ship. Some days ago we were tantalized by seeing it pass our windows—for the captain could not or would not enter here—and we had to wait for both cook and her saucepans and kettles, until the vessel made the other harbour, and then to find a way of bringing them twelve miles by land.

10*th*.—Any one about to write a novel of character should come down to Ilfracombe, where many most amusing and original traits are awaiting a chronicler. Such a set of oddities as would be found among the natives surely cannot be assembled in any other place.

A family I knew at Bath, and another, two miles

from this, will form our only enjoyable society. But we are to meet the whole town, gentle and simple, at a Mr. May's next week, or rather as many as the numerous squabbles of opposing *cliques* will allow to meet each other.

Should Ilfracombe obtain celebrity, these people may become assimilated in manners to the rest of the world. But celebrity for their town is what they are most anxious to avoid; the *aristocracy* thinking that it will introduce amongst them persons of an objectionable class and character, the *commonalty* that it will make provisions dear; and they say they are already increased in price since people from the neighbouring county or towns have tried to make a sort of short season here. Every attempt, therefore, to build new houses, or improve the present ones, is looked upon with disfavour. Provisions, however, at their dearest are scarcely more than half the Bath prices, and our garden, of which I must speak a word of praise, supplies us with an abundance of excellent vegetables, fruits and flowers, at a very small cost. But I think nothing will reconcile your sisters to Ilfracombe; the delights of "dear Bath" are magnified and appreciated here to a degree they will not be, I imagine, when we return to them.

We have had a good deal of rain, but yesterday being fine we determined to explore a little further than we had done, and of all places we could hit upon for that purpose—you will laugh perhaps when I tell you—was the ravine in the rocks on the sea-shore. When the tide is out the rocks are wonderfully grand

and majestic, and it must be confessed that the task undertaken, for the old woman of the party at least, was an arduous one, as we had to *climb*, to *leap*, and to make *very long* steps. But we succeeded remarkably well, and were rewarded for our pains by scenes as marvellous as any Mrs. Radcliffe can describe.

Having admired longer than, in our enthusiasm, we were aware of, I thought it well to lose no time in returning, the more so as I was not quite sure of the state of the tide; but unfortunately we had forgotten to carry a clue by which to find our way out of the labyrinths, and amidst the wonderful variety of stately edifices nature has erected there, we were puzzled to discover a path that seemed to lead to the point whence we started. This caused us to make a pretty long *détour*, and at last we got too near the sea, which I plainly perceived was fast flowing in. Afraid of losing time by going back to get to the right pass, I determined to *ford* that which I saw would bring us by a short cut to *terra firma*; for we were pretty wet already, and the being a little more so was of less consequence than encountering the greater difficulty and risk of threading our way through the masses of rock. So I stepped boldly in, the water being about mid-leg, and should have acted the heroine remarkably well, if I had not placed my foot on a large boulder, and tumbled down before I quite reached the shore. As it was, I tasted more salt water than I liked, and what was worse sprained my hand, luckily my left hand, so that although greatly fatigued I am not prevented from writing to you to-day.

No unfavourable results are likely to follow from our ducking, and our unwonted exertions. A few bruises fall to the lot of your sisters, and a scratched face to my maid, in trying to save me from a piece of rock which she fell upon herself. We are all very tired, and you must admit that we have had a pretty good seasoning of the joys of Ilfracombe.

I wish you would come for a time and share them with us. I could find a spare corner for you in the "cobbler's stall," and would despatch you to your regiment in renewed health and brown beauty. For you, nothing would be easier than to *run* down to Bristol, and thence to *sail* here some fine morning, as there are always vessels coming off that a man can step into; if not immediately for this place, for Minehead or Barnstaple, whence you could take a chaise. There, my dear, I have arranged all nicely for you; If you do not come I shall think there is some attraction in town you have not yet told me of.

You have never mentioned to me what Lord Malmesbury said of the conduct of Mr. Whitbread, and the illiberal way in which he closed his attack on Mr. Canning with regard to America, and in choosing to drop the subject of the inquiry into Erskine's business after he had got the papers he required. Even the "Times" could not gloss over it. I never had a high opinion of Mr. Whitbread as a politician, and from this trick, and other things I have lately been told of his behaviour both in and out of the House, I cannot think much better of his principles. I dare say you will laugh at this, but no

matter, my dear George; you are not my only political oracle, and I have good grounds for what I say.

How strangely things turn out sometimes in the course of less than half a century. These Erskines within that time have often crossed our path, and seemed likely to cast a shadow upon it. Forty years ago Erskine's mother and I were very intimate. Some years afterwards she made your father her confidant, and told him of their dreadful distress, which he became instrumental in relieving. Before that, your uncle John and Mr. Erskine were near fighting a duel, but some peace officers interfered and prevented it, and lastly, my son was sent to set right the errors of my former friend's son—and many anxious moments has it occasioned me. I shall be glad when the business is entirely ended; for the Americans are, as I have always thought them, a testy and tenacious set of people.

Diaries.—June 10th.—I have seen Morier to-day, and had a longer chat with him than usual. He is certainly a very gentlemanlike and intelligent man, and gives himself no other airs on the occasion of his appointment than of affecting greatly to dislike it. He goes out, too, with a very favourable opinion of my brother's proceedings, and does not pretend to have anything further to do than to be the medium of communication between the governments of the two countries. He, however, complains sadly of the detention. "Venus" waits for him at Plymouth, but

I suspect that before he will be able to join her, he will have time to read a pretty long chapter on the blessings of procrastination. It is droll enough that David Erskine, his wife and children, have been living for three weeks in the next rooms to mine. We did not know each other until the last two or three days, and then did not get beyond a bow.

13*th*.—Calling on Mrs. Pollen, I met the little Countess Pauline Néale, who is come to stay with her for two or three months. She gave me a wretched account of the state they are in at Berlin. The queen very far from well; the king depressed, and living as much as possible in retirement. Much distress among all classes; general gloom, stagnation, and discontent.

The Princess William seems to have supplanted the poor queen, as the great beauty of Berlin. Her majesty must, indeed, be greatly changed if that be the case.

Hardenberg is actually recalled, and is to have the supreme direction of everything; and this, too, at the mandate of that same Bonaparte who three years ago said, "he would sooner continue the war forty years than allow that Englishman to remain in office a day." The solution of this enigma is, that Champagny having lately insinuated to the King of Prussia that by the cession of part of Silesia to Austria, the contributions might be remitted, the queen took alarm, and the king then required the ministers to give in plans for the payment of the contributions, in order to escape a further loss of territory.

They who had before declared their payment to be impossible could not then eat their own words. It was therefore suggested that Hardenberg might be reappointed; it being expected that the credit he enjoys in the country would facilitate the completion of the contributions due to France. When his recall was announced to him, Hardenberg at once made the dismissal of Beym, Altenstein and Naylor, and his own nomination as *staats Kanzler*, a *sine quâ non* of his acceptance of office. This the king unhesitatingly agreed to; for the rest there seems to be nothing new going on in Berlin. Marrying and giving in marriage, however, goes on there as briskly as ever, notwithstanding the poverty they complain of. Most of the *belles* of my time are gone off: La Seckendorff, a lovely creature, far outshining Princess William, is become Countess Goltze.

15th.—It surprises me to find that there are still persons harping on that old worn-out theme—an invasion. And apparently believing that Bonaparte's unsuccessful manœuvres towards duping us into a peace that would leave him at liberty to pursue his insidious purposes in other directions, are likely to result in the landing of a French army somewhere towards the north, and of our having, as the phrase goes, to battle it out with him at home. A new idea is, that he will put forward some pretender to the crown, and support him with money and troops; his object being to angle for the Scotch with a Stuart bait, and at the same time to take advantage of the supposed revolutionary state of the north of England.

I was buttonholed last night by a stupid fellow, and made to hear the whole plan of the expected campaign, as he had arranged it himself.

Dalton and some others, who ought really to know better, are inclined to give into this view of what is in store for us. Probably Bonaparte may *threaten* to invade us, if he can settle satisfactorily with Holland and Sweden, and tie them down more strictly to his continental system; but I think there is little fear of his attempting to carry his scheme into execution.

My idea is, that if no other good were to result from our military efforts in Spain, they have, at least, taught the French—and I have heard as much from their officers themselves—to respect British prowess too highly willingly to encounter us on our own ground. The Spaniards, too, notwithstanding the reported successes announced in the "Moniteur," still keep the French in check, and are of that indomitable character that they will never quietly submit to their yoke. They will baffle all efforts to subdue them as a nation; their hatred is intense, their thirst for revenge unslaked. And if able Generals are wanting to organize armies, valiant leaders in the sort of warfare that best suits the character of the country as well as the character of the people, are always forthcoming to harass and perplex, often to defeat their enemies; and at all times to give full employment to Bonaparte, if he would maintain for any length of time his footing in the country, without any fresh attempt at an invasion of England.

This, I must acknowledge, is a tender subject with me, and I shall never cease to regret being supplanted by Vaughan, or that I did not stay in the country to follow the Spaniards in their interesting career—I like them so much, and I am so convinced that anything and everything might, with management, be done with them. Look only at their energetic spirit, their untiring exertions, that seem to increase with the difficulties and misfortunes they have to contend with. Such a sight is surely calculated to excite the most heartfelt interest. Such a people are worthy of a better fate.

I questioned Frere a good deal with reference to their hopes and prospects, but the subject did not awaken much enthusiasm in him. This is, however, characteristic. He is too much wrapped up in self. Unmindful of most things but that of creating a laugh at his jokes, the wit of which to my dull comprehension was not always very apparent.

Frere was one of the worst men of business I have ever known; one could never depend upon him, and for the busy and interesting post he held, a man less fitted for it could hardly have been found. I took good care that he should never have to complain of me, and to be always ready to assist to the utmost when by chance the fit for work came upon him. By this means we got on together very well, and parted, as far as civility goes, excellent friends. I have been particular in paying him every attention I could on his return, but he is the last man I would wish to serve with again. My brother thinks more highly of

him than I do, though not as a diplomat, but as a man of genius and talent. Were I to live with him a hundred years, our intercourse would never pass the bounds of cold civility. This is a subject I have always avoided, and one I will continue no further.

I like Bartle much better than his brother. He, too, is returned, but without his *Doña*.—though I hear it positively asserted that he is married. He has at least employed his interest for old Creus to some purpose; they have given him an Intendancy at Minorca, worth between three and four hundred pounds a year, which, for a man who had scarce wherewithal to *support* his young wife and daughter, is pretty well.

21*st*.—A sort of dread has been hanging over the devotees of folly and fashion, lest the poor princess should not last till the end of the season. It would have been a cruel stroke of fate, indeed, if a funeral pall had dropped into the midst of these gaieties, or a wet blanket been thrown over them, by the disturbed intellect of the unhappy old king giving way entirely under his deep grief for his loved daughter, and the great anxiety he has naturally felt respecting the Chatham business. The wretched result of the Walcheran expedition still weighs heavily on his mind. And doubtless the appointment of Lord Chatham to a post demanding qualities so opposite to his, was made in compliance with their Majesties' wishes, and under the full conviction of his incapacity to undertake so responsible a command; but Court favour prevailed over so minor a consideration as the

efficiency of the public service. Upon this, the disastrous end supplies the best comment. But I am wandering away from my theme—the pleasures and pastimes of the *beau monde*.

Fortune, then, has favoured the giddy throng, and brought us successfully through the season; having sometimes crowded into one day and night more balls, routs and receptions, opera concerts, and breakfasts, than, to get comfortably through, would have sufficed for a week. It has been one continual going in and out of different houses; running up stairs and down stairs and in my ladies' chambers, or rather in their *boudoirs*, throughout nearly the whole of the twenty-four hours; sleep, and such like necessary business of life, being attended to as little as possible.

The masquerade on Monday went off with great *éclat*. I *donned* for the occasion a black Spanish dress of the *ancien régime*; which *faisait effet*, but was, at first, mistaken for a Hamlet costume.

"Prythee, what news from Denmark, my Lord Hamlet?" was a question twice put to me. To the first inquirer, who was most grotesquely dressed and fat enough even for a jolly friar, I answered:

"Prythee, good fool, trouble me not, I am not from those northern parts."

And fool he was, I suppose, for he had nothing more to say for himself. To the other, who wore an Austrian uniform, I answered in Spanish:

"General, the Danes are nearer neighbours of yours than of mine; but when I left Spain the news

was, that the Danish king had been attempting to steal a crown from his neighbour of Sweden, but not succeeding in the attempt, had asked his *French master* to steal it for him."

The Austrian General, who was an honest John Bull, said, "Well done, my Lord Hamlet," and seemed much amused, but I believe understood not a word that I had said. This masquerading is rather heavy fun for Englishmen, and the attempts at *badinage* are generally most dreary. It suits the women better. From under the mask as well as "under the rose" one often hears a phrase or two of considerable piquancy, as I discovered after pairing off with a charming *Señora*, for whose flirting fan and coquettishly arranged veil I had for some time been on the look out. This is an enigma for my mother to solve.

High Wycombe, July 2nd.—I concluded my London campaign with a ball at Mr. King's on Wednesday, and have since greatly enjoyed the luxury of going to bed every night at eleven.

On Saturday I took leave of Morier. He complained much of being kept so long upon the go; he then knew nothing of when he was to sail, and says the confusion that reigns at the Foreign Office is incredible. Everything they can put off they willingly do so, and procrastination and indecision are the order of the day. I gave Lord Wellesley more credit for activity, and thought he would communicate a little of it to the subordinates.

This morning I set off early, and drove down to this place in my gig. Several persons have also put up

here, to rest during the heat of the day, which is excessive. Lord Grenville's horses are ordered for six o'clock. All the world, they tell me, is to be at Oxford.

Oxford, 7th.—The town is very full. London seems to have come down to Oxford, for at every step I meet some familiar face. Lord Grenville is looking better than after such an illness could have been expected.

The Installation is a fine sight, but I must send my mother to the papers for particulars. My time has been too much taken up for writing descriptions of the *Encenia;* but they are indeed most interesting. There has been abundance of good eating and drinking, and no lack of amusement generally. Stevens, with whom I am staying, has given us an excellent breakfast. He *affichés* the serious gentleman, just as he did seven years ago when he lectured me for worshipping, as he termed it, too ardently at the shrine of beauty. "Beauty," he said, "was not woman's best attribute," and I agreed with him, but compelled him to allow that it was not her worst. But he is a very good fellow, and might be a jovial one, did he not take a too depressing view of his relations with mother church.

Park Place, 15th.—I came over from Oxford, at Lord Malmesbury's invitation, to spend a few days here before joining my regiment. Lord M. much interested about the termination, as far as Francis is concerned, of the American business. He had heard from him just before the publication in the

American papers of Lord Wellesley's letter to Pinkney; and my brother's letter, he said, had contributed to render the line of conduct marked out in Lord W.'s communication something more palatable to him. The note that gave rise to it pleased him more, as bearing, he thought, strong marks that Pinkney was arguing against his own conviction, and that he felt the weakness of his cause.

From what Francis wrote to Lord Malmesbury, and from the expressions made use of by Lord Wellesley, as well as from information he has received through other sources, his lordship told me he was inclined to believe that Lord W. has all along been only following my brother's suggestion of endeavouring to procrastinate any negotiation whatever. And he added, that, if Lord Wellesley really does approve of his proceedings, he trusts something will be done on my brother's return to prove it to the world, and to recompense, in some degree, him and his friends for the uncomfortable state of anxiety and suspense he has so long been kept in. The reports brought by the late American papers, of the U. S. Government having invited Mr. Jackson to renew the negotiation, naturally increases the state of anxiety felt here on the subject.

Lord Malmesbury seems to be in very fair health; he is very cheerful, and his conversation is, as usual, full of interest and instruction. To me he is uniformly kind in his expressions of friendship

and goodwill. I leave to-morrow; my visit has been a very pleasant one. Lady Malmesbury and the rest are quite well. They sang me some of the Spanish ditties I sent them from Seville. They little thought what visions of the past those ditties brought before my mind's eye, what discontent with the present, what longing for *bella España—Ay de mi!*

Mr. Francis Jackson to George Jackson.

New York, June 20th, 1810.

The departure of a gentleman in a fast sailing ship for Liverpool, gave me yesterday an opportunity of writing a line to our mother, which will probably reach her much sooner than you will receive this by the packet; for there is nothing so slow and irregular as the packet service on this station.

I dare say you will have heard the first news of what was really done, from hence; for the people at Washington published Pinkney's official complaint against me and Lord Wellesley's reply, as soon as they received them by the Falmouth packet of the 9th of April. They came to *me* only by that of the 23rd. Why they were not, according to good and laudable usage in such cases, sent to me before Pinkney could forward them to his government I know not. They seem to have kept everything very close in London, and to have allowed the public to get on a wrong scent. But I guess, as Jonathan says, that the Office must be in a pretty tolerable state of disorganization, if I may judge by this

"expedition," and by something I have heard from a well informed source.

However, Lord Wellesley's answer to Pinkney is such as should satisfy me, if only because it annoys the Washington people beyond measure. In fact, it is handsomely expressed, and it cannot be said that I am indebted for any part of the compliment to personal favour or friendship, for although I have exchanged a few letters with Lord Wellesley on continental affairs yet our acquaintance is but slight. Opportunity has been wanting to us to increase it, and what I know of some of his colleagues would not be likely to make us very good friends.

He must, therefore, have taken his impressions chiefly from the records of his Office, to which I might, indeed, very safely appeal for a testimony of my zeal. His expression in writing to me, and in referring to his letter to Pinkney, is, "You will observe in that letter that his Majesty has commanded me to express his undiminished sense of the zeal, fidelity and ability which you have manifested in a long course of public service."

What substantial proof I shall receive of this approbation remains to be seen, and may perhaps depend upon the state of the ministry when I get home; although the above, as well as the letter to Pinkney, being expressed in the King's name, let who will be minister, I have a right to expect something more than words.

Mr. Morier is announced as Chargé d'Affaires; but Lord Wellesley says nothing either of the time of

his departure or of his coming out in a frigate that can take us back. This gives rise to fresh suspense, for the packets literally have not room to hold us even if we could take one to ourselves, which we cannot. It is just possible that in the various dilemmas of the spring this may have been overlooked altogether. If it be so, we shall have to wait the return of letters from England, and shall then spend the intervening three months in seeing a little of the Western country. Elizabeth is very anxious to see the falls of Niagara, and I have some curiosity in the same direction. It may thus be the beginning of November before we reach England. I shall then be glad to take a glass with you, wherever it may be settled by our mother that our scattered family should be mustered to pass that month together. But I would rather know that you had either gone abroad or joined your regiment than that you were dangling in London. It is a twaddling kind of life you ought soon to be tired of.

As far as I am concerned, I am glad you were not here, as your letters have been both useful and pleasant to me; and as for yourself, I wish no man so ill as to wish him at Washington.

22*nd*.—We are lately returned from an excursion of three weeks to New England. We went up the river as far as Hudson, across Massachusetts to Boston and home through Connecticut—Elizabeth and myself with only a man and a maid; for it will not do to travel with many servants, who are either attended to as much as their masters or not at all.

At Boston, "the head-quarters of good principles," we were feasted most famously, and I made there many interesting acquaintances. After living nine days in clover at about eighteen of the principal houses—having never less than two engagements per day—they gave me on the 10th a public dinner, at which near three hundred persons were present, and where we had toasts, and cheering, and singing, in the best style of Bishopsgate Street, or Merchant Taylors' Hall.

A party of gentlemen met me at the last stage, on entering Boston, and accompanied me to the first on my departure.

At another public dinner I was invited to, on the 4th of June—but not to celebrate the King's birth-day—and at which the governor, who is a democrat, was present, the clergy, the magistrates, the heads of the University of Cambridge and the military, came to the top of the room in their respective bodies to be introduced to and to compliment me. There is at Washington, in consequence, much "wailing and gnashing of teeth."

30*th*.—There will be the devil to pay in South America. A complete revolution has been produced at Caracas by the mulattos; who by threatening to join the blacks, forced the whites to join them and to proclaim their independence. They arrested the Captain-general and the Audiencia, as they were coming out of church one fine morning, and turned them neck and heels out of the country.

It might have been as well if the plan I talked

over with Canning, in December 1808, or some other for the same purpose, had been attended to.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Claremont, near New York, July 11th, 1810.

We are on the eve of quitting this charming spot, my dear mother, and we do so with much regret. It was lovely with the fresh verdure, the buds and the blossoms of spring when we came to it; but as summer has advanced, everything has assumed a deeper shade of beauty. Vegetation is most luxuriant; the variety of tints wonderful; and on whichever side we turn, the eye rests on some prospect, calm and lovely, or grandly sublime. But it is time to give up this beautiful place to its liberal owner, and moreover we wish to employ elsewhere the few weeks we have still to remain in this country.

The May packet arrived unexpectedly ten days ago, but as it brought me no letters from any of my correspondents, I should have remained quite in the dark, and in no small fidget as to my future destinies, but for the attention of Mr. Morier, who wrote to me that a frigate had been ordered, and that he expected to sail in her about the 1st of June. More probably it will be the 15th. As the ship will have to revictual, and we to prepare for embarkation, you must not look for us much before Michaelmas Day, for which you may have your geese ready.

We have hired a house in the pretty village of Haarlem, two miles from this, for our children and

the rest of our household. *We* shall remain, till the frigate arrives, in the western part of the state of New York, and I trust shall accomplish our wish to get a peep at the famous falls of Niagara. We spent last week at Philadelphia; on our way, going and coming, we were at General Moreau's. Elizabeth has become, more or less, intimate with his wife. She is a gentle, amiable woman, in delicate health from the effects of the climate. Moreau is anxious to get permission for her to enter France, to try the baths of Barèges, but it is doubtful whether he will succeed. The French Government is extremely suspicious, and keeps a watchful eye on him; while he has been at no pains to conceal his sentiments, which are indeed only those that any man with the smallest sense of honour and principle must feel, respecting the divorce and marriage of Bonaparte. Rapatel, the General's aide-de-camp, also resides here.

This may be the last letter I shall write to you from the United States, but should there be any delay in our embarkation I will write again. Unfortunately, I cannot inspire my correspondents with the same considerateness.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Quebec, August 14th, 1810.

I despatched the packet three days ago from Montreal, but without writing to you. I shall send this by a running ship that sails in a day or two from

this port and will probably get to England before the packet.

We have had a curious expedition through the western part of the State of New York to the falls of Niagara, and from thence to this place; and have had a good number of adventures, of which you may perhaps hear the details some November evening.

The good people of these provinces think they cannot do enough to make me some amends for the brutality of the democrats of Washington. At Montreal they gave me a very handsome entertainment; but nothing I have met with elsewhere has come up to the reception at Boston.

In the course of my travels I have obtained much information from competent persons relative to the general state of the country, the views of the government, and other subjects bearing on the present situation and future prospects of America; and I have lost none of the opportunities I have had of verifying for myself, so far as was possible, the information received from others.

To enter fully into the particulars of a subject of such extent—comprising within itself so many distinct topics of interest—would require more time than I can at present devote to it; besides which, we shall soon meet, I trust, and discuss this and other matters *de vive voix*.

I have, however, been particularly struck by the many indications of prosperity observable not only in the towns but throughout the state—and which are not confined to this one—which, with the progressive

increase of the revenue of the United States and the rapid addition to their population—which the census now in course of execution, it is supposed, will establish at between seven and a half and eight millions—would seem to afford the materials for the foundation of a great empire. Indeed, I have remarked that it is a very general and favourite article of belief, with those few amongst the Americans who look beyond the events of the day, that their country is destined, at no very distant period, to take a conspicuous and "influential" part in the affairs of the world. And this is an idea so flattering to their vanity, that even some men are found to accede to it who yet consider the present system of policy pursued by their government as the least calculated to produce such a result. Nor are they to be diverted from it by the little probability which they acknowledge exists of that system being abandoned. It is a very interesting and important question, but I cannot, here, give an opinion upon it.

When the Danish flag disappeared from the ocean a considerable increase of business would have fallen into the hands of the Americans; but by the adoption of the embargo and the non-intercourse law they not only nearly annihilated their commerce and alarmingly decreased their revenue but produced injuries of a more serious nature, comprising such an extensive system of fraud and marketable perjury as was probably never before practised by any other nation whatever. And a remarkable circumstance connected with it, is, that in very rare instances could

they obtain a verdict in their Courts against the violators of these laws.

It is becoming a favourite object in the States to increase the manufactures so far as to render them independent of other countries. With this view, cotton mills have been established in different states, and considerable ones are successfully worked in New England. The common people are almost universally clothed with a coarse kind of stuff—cotton or woollen, according to the season—which each family makes for its own use, weaving inclusive. There is generally a workman in most districts to whom articles that require any further finish are sent. Clothes are even made in this way; but they are of coarse and flimsy texture, and there are few persons, above the poorest classes, who have not at least one coat of foreign manufacture.

Messrs. Livingston and Humphries have been making great exertions to introduce the breed of merino sheep; and real or pretended stock of the finest flocks are brought from Spain and produce as much as two thousand dollars each. The above named speculators have realized immense sums in this way.

But difficulties exist which must for a long time impede the progress of manufactures in this country. They are—1st. The high price of labour: 2nd. The repugnance that seems to prevail amongst the Americans towards the indoor sedentary habits of manufacturers and—3rd. The want of facilities for the conveyance of the produce of the back countries, in

the whole extent from North to South of the United States, to the Atlantic shores—whether for home consumption or for exportation.

Various plans for removing the last-named difficulty are in agitation. The most obvious method would seem to be, by the course of the Mississippi and the rivers that flow into it. But that river appears to have been as yet but little favoured; because the people are not sufficiently habituated to its navigation, and the city of New Orleans is considered unhealthy. There is, however, another reason for neglecting that outlet—it is thought that it would give a sort of independence and exclusive interest to the Western States, as well as countenance and intensity to the idea of an eventual separation.

Another plan has therefore been suggested; that of gaining the source of the Potomac, and, by a few canals and *portage*, to bring goods in small vessels to Washington, which stands at the head of that part of the river navigable for ships of burden.

This was one of the favourite speculations of General Washington when he fixed upon that spot for the seat of government. It now appears that if he was not biased in these speculations, as is pretty generally suspected, even beyond the circle of his political opponents, by the idea of giving his name to the new city and placing it near his paternal estate, he was altogether mistaken in his views of the subject. No progress has been made in this direction, owing as well to the almost impracticability of rendering the navigation of the Upper Potomac avail-

able for the purpose, as to the discovery that the course of the Lower Potomac is too intricate and too long—Washington being three hundred miles from the sea—to make it an advantageous outlet. A further obstacle to the success of the Potomac scheme is, the flourishing state of Baltimore, with the facility of access to it from the sea and the good turnpike road already made in a westerly direction.

Civil engineers, and especially Mr. Fulton, strongly recommend the route from Pittsburg on the Ohio, by Lancaster and Philadelphia. No progress has been made in either, but the possibility that one or both of those routes may at some future day become practicable, has stimulated the State of New York to enter into an inquiry as to the means of uniting its own western settlements with the Hudson—making Albany and the city of New York the emporium of that trade.

This scheme is reported to be not impracticable. Nevertheless, they have made up their minds that the produce must still find its way as heretofore from the western part of the state to the Hudson, viz., on sledges in the winter, and by the Mohawk in the spring and fall of the year, or that it must be left to that channel of exportation which nature seems to have indicated, by Oswego and Lake Ontario down the St. Lawrence.

16*th.*—I have entered much more into the above-mentioned subject than I had any intention of doing; but everything relating to this country, its future prospects, the development of its immense resources,

&c., must have an especial interest for an Englishman; and I believe I have acquired during the year I have spent here a better knowledge of them than I should have done in a much longer period passed in the ordinary way, at Washington. Yet, within the limits of the longest letter, I can but very briefly touch on some of those points of interest which I shall hereafter like to talk with you upon more at length.

Within these two or three years, it has become a very "fashionable" speculation — in this country another term for lucrative—to purchase lands in the State of New York, bordering upon the St. Lawrence, particularly near that part where the river issues from Lake Ontario. The east side is also rapidly settling and the land acquiring higher value. The town of Montreal is increasing and flourishing in a ratio fully equal to anything in the same way that is to be seen in the United States, and which tempts many American citizens to bring their families and their capital and settle in it.

A new branch of distant commerce has lately been undertaken by some merchants of New York for the purchase of furs on the N.W. coast of America. At the head of this enterprize, is a Mr. Astor, and it is supposed, because he belongs to the democratic party, that he has either received, or expects some assistance from his government. Be this as it may, a vessel was taken up of two or three hundred tons burden, mounting twenty guns, and having, in all, sixty persons on board. She sailed last week from New York, is to double Cape Horn, and make a

trading voyage along the coast of S. America. But, besides establishing a traffic with the Indians, the adventurers have another object, to make a territorial settlement; in which they would eventually have the support of the government. For it has long been a favourite idea at Washington to extend the United States to the Pacific. This may have furnished a strong inducement to the purchase of Louisiana, maps of which have been prepared in which the shores of the Pacific are marked as its eastern boundary.

In the present year, not less than a thousand families have crossed the Genesee river, on their way to the back parts of the States of New York and Pennsylvania. A district in the latter, called New Connecticut, is already very thickly inhabited, and in New York, where ten years ago there was only a footpath in a westerly direction from the Genesee through woods penetrable only by the Indians or wild animals, there is now a carriage road direct to the Niagara, and there are houses and villages at easy distances on the sides of it. The settlers are chiefly from the New England States, the majority from Connecticut, and they bring with them the habits of good order and the religious principles peculiar to that state, and which may, perhaps, serve as a counterpoise to habits and principles of a contrary tendency that are introduced from other parts of the Union.

The exertions of these people are extraordinary. A single man will fell the timber of an acre in a

week, and with the aid of one yoke of oxen will remove it in another week. The only assistance he obtains from his neighbours is in the construction of a log house, and this, which generally but not always precedes his other operations, affords him a bare shelter from the elements. The plough is not employed previously to sowing, or till after the second crop; manure is out of the question, and it is found more profitable to clear fresh land than to keep that which was first cleared in the necessary state of cultivation to bear many successive crops.

I saw, about the middle of last month, twenty acres that had been so cleared by one man. The price of land cleared in this way is usually from half a dollar to five dollars an acre, according to its vicinity to other land already settled, or to a road or river. According to a late resolution of Congress, no public land can be sold under two dollars.

The duties levied upon foreign merchandize constitute the chief source of the revenue of the United States. Upon the supposition that no substitute could be found in case of this source failing—as it needs must in a contest with any maritime Power—it is obvious that the United States are unable to support the expense of any war with those Powers. The opinion prevails throughout the country that no considerable sum could be raised by internal taxation, because the people would not submit to it. But it was not the attempt to introduce that kind of taxation that drove Mr. Adams and his party from power, but the spirit of democracy; generated or

invigorated by what was passing in France, which even in the last year of General Washington's administration had made such progress as to undermine the stability of the general government.

Mr. Adams, it appears, displayed none of the vigour or firmness which the occasion required; but such was the state of the people's minds, and the dissoluteness of their political notions, that it is doubted by men of the best judgment whether, if General Washington's life had been prolonged, he would have been able to maintain that credit and influence which he derived from the transactions of the Revolution. Democracy cannot be supposed to have drooped under a ten years' enjoyment of power. There is, in truth, a party, less in want of associates than of leaders, which proclaims the conduct of even Mr. Madison to be not sufficiently democratic. One only other point I shall touch upon, leaving others, upon which I have given our government pretty full information, for our future conversation—it is the state of their fortifications. I had intended sending home a report on this subject, but found that throughout the Union there were no fortresses sufficiently advanced towards completion, or important enough to form the subject of a special report.

For the defence of New York and the passage of the Hudson, there are three forts, or rather towers, of a circular form, built of brick with embrasures for three tiers of guns on each. Only one of them is nearly finished, and at the rate the work now goes on, owing to the smallness of the sums allotted for

it, years may elapse before the whole are completed. Even then, they could not prevent the entrance of ships of war, which would find the necessary depth of water at a sufficient distance to pass without material injury. A Frenchman of considerable ingenuity and professional talent suggested a plan to fortify the narrow entrance at Sandy Hook, after the manner of the pier at Cherbourg, by erecting works upon a part of the bar which is nearly dry at low water. But the first estimate of the expense is fifteen million dollars; the plan is therefore not likely to be attended to.

At Annapolis, they are constructing three small mud forts; but the works are at a standstill just now.

There is a section of the federal party, that does not unite to its opposition to democracy that adherence to a British connection and British policy which is to be found in the party generally. This section, whose chief force is in Philadelphia, is composed of men, who, from education, habits, and standing in society, are disgusted with the vulgar and unprincipled conduct of the democrats, and therefore do not join them. Some few conscientiously believe that the best policy for the United States is to steer clear of any foreign connections whatever; that in agriculture, commerce, and even manufactures they have abundant resources within themselves, and that any approach towards an alliance with either England or France should be guarded against with equal care and jealousy. But, generally, the federal

party is desirous of a good understanding, and of a treaty, at least of friendship, with England. But though the declarations of the American Government, openly made, preclude the hope of any such treaty being concluded, they yet look with much confidence to the forbearance of *our* government, and believe we shall refrain from resenting what they denominate "the errors of the Washington party."

And it may, indeed, reasonably be doubted, whether upon any other footing than that of such magnanimous forbearance a satisfactory intercourse can ever be cultivated with the United States under their present form of constitution, the vices of which have a visible and almost irresistible influence on their foreign transactions. Universal suffrage, which is the basis of it, has given an activity not only to the unrestrained passions and corrupt propensities of the commonwealth, but has also infused into their notions of foreign politics a similar laxity of principle.

The same latitude of feeling that systematizes so many irregularities in the daily occurrences of life, and palliates, where it does not attempt to justify, the enormities committed by France in the various stages of her political convulsion, will not admit of a very nice discrimination of right and wrong in judging between that country and Great Britain.

These things I have heard acknowledged and lamented by men of worth, whose patriotism being founded upon the share they took in establishing the independence of their country, can the less be doubted. They reprobate and deplore many things in its

present internal as well as external policy. But the supreme power being vested in a quarter where any arguments or admonitions of theirs would be unavailing, they look only to some great internal or external commotion to bring about a change, and a remedy for the evil.

I must here conclude, my dear George, for I have to attend a public dinner, which the merchants of Quebec were very desirous of giving me. In order to accept it, I have stayed a day longer than I intended in this city, and thus have found time to give you some information on points of interest connected with America and her people.

There is much feasting and toasting and speechifying to be gone through to-night. I hope it will be over pretty early, for in the morning we set out on our return to New York. I do not actually know of the arrival of the frigate, but have every reason to believe that the "Venus" will be there before we can reach that city. In which case we shall embark the first week in September, and you will not hear from me again until I announce our arrival in England.

F. J. J.

P.S.—For reasons I will tell you hereafter, I wish you not to mention the place whence this letter is dated. Indeed, you may consider it as addressed *exclusively* to you, as I send by the same opportunity a few lines to our mother, that she may know what have been our movements and when she may expect us.

F. J. J.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Wydey Farm, near Plymouth,
July 27th, 1810.

We have left Ilfracombe, having become utterly weary of the set of oddities it contained, and have got thus far on our way to Exmouth. The long suspension of our epistolary intercourse is owing, my dear, entirely to this removal. I should otherwise have told you how very much dissatisfied and disappointed I was with Lord Wellesley's letter. Such negative praise suits not me. I am sure Francis must feel it very much. His lordship cannot help saying that he has acted with zeal, integrity, and ability, but he does not go on to say that he could not have acted otherwise than he did and have supported the honour of his king and country. This, too, from a diplomatic man, who ought to have had a fellow feeling on the subject!

We shall stay here another fortnight. It is a very superior farm house, where we get fine water, pure milk, and every rural accommodation. I never recollect to have been in a spot where I was so sensible of the salubrity of the air. Every breath I inhale is perfumed with sweet odours, and the gardens and hedge rows are filled with bright flowers. We have the peculiar advantage of having fragrant fields without hills—which in this part of the country may seem extraordinary—whilst the haymaking lately going on around us added to their sweet perfume, as well as to the beauty of the scene.

Our one inconvenience is the not getting our letters with much regularity; for though a servant goes every morning to Dock and generally brings them back, yet it sometimes happens that he comes home before they are delivered. They take there much time to sort the letters, and then the army and navy must be served first, so that though the mail drives in before nine, it is twelve before *common* people get their papers and letters.

We have met with many civilities, but not from the quarter we had a right to expect them; for Captain Woolley, who gave his farewell dinner yesterday, on board the "Salvador," good silly man, is chained to a cold disagreeable woman who prevents him from doing anything that is right. All that is in his power, or that his *commanding officer* does not forbid, he does; but it goes no further than calling upon us when not engaged on board his ship, and talking a pack of wearisome nonsense, poor man.

August 2nd.—I heard to-day of the surrender of Ciudad Rodrigo to Marshal Ney. Several men of the 14th Light Dragoons were killed, and a greater number wounded. *We* have to regret the loss of their officer, Colonel Talbot, the son of Lady Anne Talbot, whom I knew at Bath. A most excellent woman, who will feel most deeply her great affliction. I saw Colonel Talbot when he returned from Corunna, with scarcely a coat to his back. His great-coat he had kindly given to an invalid, thus fulfilling the scripture precept—"He that hath two coats, &c." I hope the one that he gave was better than the one

he retained, which was a very tattered garment indeed. I saw many brave men, both officers and private, in similar plight.

A gentleman has just called to tell me that Colonel Talbot's horse was killed under him by a cannon ball, and that a small party of French, who had lain concealed in a cornfield, then rushed upon the Colonel and killed him with their bayonets.

I have not, of course, seen the particulars, as the ship only arrived at Plymouth this morning with the official account, though the surrender was known here two days ago.

Exmouth, Aug. 23*rd.*—Your few lines from Lincoln were welcome, as assuring me that you were at last on your way to your regiment; but your letter from Hull of the 15th is a real comfort to me, for I now know that you are safely arrived at your journey's end and settled in good quarters. I wish they were not so far north as to put us at such opposite corners of our island. Yet I thought a letter would travel that distance in five days, even when detained a day to be franked at the Office; but from the different cross roads it had to pass, yours of the 16th has taken a whole week for its journey.

We left Wydey early on Saturday, passed Sunday at Exeter, and got in here on Monday evening. All this, except from Exeter, is on my way home, for travelling is too serious a thing, too expensive, and too fatiguing for me to take, willingly, an unnecessary mile. We are most comfortably and pleasantly situated; I am writing in a large bow-window to the

ground, overlooking the Ex and the opposite country —as lovely and luxuriant a prospect as could well be imagined. We have a fine dining parlour, several good bedrooms, and abundance of domestic conveniences, besides a large garden. All this I have taken for six weeks at two guineas per week. If I continue to like it, I may be tempted to stay here through the winter while my house is repaired and painted.

29*th*.—We have made excursions to Dawlish, Powderham, and Sidmouth. The last is the most fashionable place, and so full that every mud cottage is inhabited; but *I* do not like it so well as Exmouth, though in the winter it may be warmer; now it is too warm, and was like an oven the day we were there. I was quite glad to get back to my own pleasant house and its lovely surroundings. I shall recommend Francis to pass a month or two here with me. There is a large house close to us on the Beacon, which Lord Bute has just left. It would suit Francis and his family extremely well. It is now six guineas per week; in October it may be had for three. If they land at Plymouth, the drive here will be but ten miles from Exeter, and that through a country so surpassingly beautiful that they would be more than repaid if they came for the sake of the scenery only.

If my children would let me, I would seek for some pretty cottage and spend the rest of my days here; at all events, I look forward to a mild winter in the pleasant quarters I now have. This will not please you, dear George. I have "pondered" over your plan, and although I should not wish to do what any of

you think *wrong*, yet your Brighton scheme does not find favour with me; and perhaps I know better what is suitable for me, than a young man who finds it so pleasant to scour the country—in search of adventures, I suppose—in an open gig. By this you will perceive that I have heard more *of* you than *from* you.

Only think of the journey from hence to Brighton; and in November, a season when travelling is certainly not pleasant. I should never dream of it, my dear, unless some duty made it needful. *A propos* to your scheme, I had a letter a few days ago from my old friend Mrs. Fanshawe, who had just got back from Brighton, and into her old home at Bath after several months' absence. I shall quote you what she says; for although I should not give, perhaps, exactly the same reasons for declining to make Brighton my home, it will yet show you the *feeling* that opposes any change at my time of life, and makes me well pleased to jog on to the end in my comfortable home at Bath. Mrs. Fanshawe says:

"I hope you and the girls are not going to forsake Bath this winter, but will soon return to it with as much pleasure as I do, after trying our fashionable competitor Brighton, which I own I have a particular dislike to. It is very cold and windy, and an unfit place for me on several accounts. In point of society, which, in a quiet way, you know I enjoy, I found that had I made Brighton my home, I should have been badly off out of my family. For the set my nephew and his wife like best would not suit *me*, or I them. Neither would their late hours nor their style. And

I should not feel comfortable to be in the same place with my relatives and in another set—a set of as good, if not better birth and breeding, but having less means, therefore living less showily, are set down by these gay folks as of a lower class, or at all events are shunned as old fogies. *Old women*, petticoat waiters, and tallow candles, are held very cheap by the fashionable people at Brighton; and as I cannot either make myself younger, or afford an alteration in either of the other two points, I think it most prudent to keep where they are *all*, at least, *tolerated*, and not unfamiliar to my neighbours."

I think my friend decides wisely. In my house we do not ask for so much *toleration*, and in some houses there is as lavish an expenditure as in any in Brighton; but, on the whole, besides that Bath, in many more respects than situation, is better suited for a *fixed* residence than a windy seaside place, there is less pretension to fashionable exclusiveness, and more neighbourly friendliness than at Brighton. We think the society of a more moral tone, at all events it is more staid and steady, though by no means dull. The place is older, longer settled, and places, like people, get an air of quiet serenity as years roll over them; they seem to adapt themselves as much to the wants of the lovers of comfort as to those of the seekers of pleasure. There is, too, a subdued, yet cheerful aspect about Bath generally, that is soothing to its invalids and as beneficial to them as its waters. It suits both the old and the young, the weak and the strong. It suits *me*, in most respects, Brighton in

few, I almost doubt if in any; so that when my home is put in good order, I shall go back to it, to fix there probably for my life.

Sept. 2nd.—A packet of newspapers, which the stupid folks at Ilfracombe neglected to send on to me, came in to-day. I have been much amused by the account, from the American papers, of the "outrageous insult" the people of Boston are said to have offered to the Washington party by the attentions shown to Francis. But what interests me more is the state of the Queen of Prussia's health, which I fear is alarming, and likely to lead to fatal results. Tell me more about it. How our own poor Princess lingers! and how our unfortunate, good old King fluctuates between sanity and insanity! It is very sad, and casts a deep gloom over us, as a nation.

I should like to know something of your proceedings, my dear, since you joined. Cannot you pick up an heiress amongst the rich merchant people of the north? C. J.

Letters—Hull, Sept. 11th.—You may make yourself perfectly easy, my dear mother, as regards my proceedings, though I did drive from London to Hull in my gig. I found it a very pleasant mode of travelling, setting out very early and resting during the heat of the day; for the weather though remarkably fine, has been the hottest we have had this summer. In the cool of the evening I had some delightful drives, and took also *en route* two or three of my friends, staying with each a day. So you

see I made a pleasure trip of my journey. Pat says, we have not had so pleasant a one since my ride from Seville to Lisbon.

I was prepared again to set out, not to "scour the country," but to cross it from this to Exmouth, about the 10th of October—when, as one of the senior captains, I shall have six weeks' further liberty—for the purpose of escorting you and my sisters to Brighton. How great then is my disappointment that you have not acceded to my wishes, which are also the wishes of the rest of your family. It is cruel of you to fix yourself for the winter at Exmouth; but as a son, I of course have no right to be *displeased* with your decision.

Your last letter was ten days on the road, and if that is the case in such weather as this what may we expect in the winter? The snows and frosts of an ordinary one will pretty nearly put a stop to all communication between us.

Since I arrived, I have necessarily been much engaged in getting into quarters, and in various other arrangements incidental to my return. The men are now all in barracks—our great *desideratum*. The town is better and much cleaner than I expected, and, indeed, I find nothing to justify the bad name it bears. As to society, at present there is none. In winter, they tell me there will be a good deal, but of what sort, time will show. It must, however, consist almost wholly of merchants, who, during the summer remove to their villas to avoid the heat, and the smell of the *blubber*, i.e., the fat of the

whales, this place being chiefly engaged in the whale fishery. I have not been annoyed by it as yet, having also taken shelter in my *villa*, which is a tidy little house in the midst of green fields, and not far from the mess. I have two neat rooms for myself, and two for my man, and we have a good sort of a woman for a landlady who makes things comfortable for us.

Besides the West Kents, the garrison consists of the Cambridge and Westminster regiments, and two troops of artillery. General Peters now commands, but will be shortly succeeded by General Cheney, a guardsman. Colonel Dalton left us to-day for Scotland, which is a drawback to the satisfaction I otherwise feel.

12*th*.—The papers of to-day, and the letters I have received strengthen me in my belief that, in spite of all our forbearance we shall at last have war with America. And I really consider that it will be a fortunate event, both in a public and private sense, because I am fully satisfied that these Yankees will never be quiet until we have given them a sound drubbing.

18*th*.—For some days, my dear mother, I have been expecting to hear from you.

19*th*.—No letter arrives. It is true that we are some hundreds of miles apart, but we might almost as well be separated by thousands of leagues. At Exmouth there may be a necessity for husbanding your *frank* resources; but you can always send *my* letters through the Office, which will be two hundred

miles of their journey free; even if no *franker* be there to forward them on. But, in any case, do not let the one shilling and tenpence deter you from taking up your pen, for I shall willingly pay it. Indeed my philosophy well nigh fails me when I think how seldom you write. I suppose I must e'en try what ambition will do for me, and whether in the *glory* of taking the command of the parade, which I am just about to do, I cannot forget the pleasure you deny me of hearing you talk to me, as it were, from your easy arm chair—not drawn up to your fireside, I presume, as it might well be if you were here, for the weather is become terribly cold; but placed in your large bow-window, where no doubt you are basking in sunshine. G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Portsmouth, October 19th, 1810.

We landed here this morning in high bloom and good spirits. We left New York on the 16th of September, very glad that you were not in Morier's place, and have had on the whole a good passage, although not a very quiet one, or, as you see, very short. Various reasons made it unadvisable to land at Plymouth. We were off there yesterday, and celebrated your 25th birthday by chasing a French privateer. We shot over to the coast of France in pursuit, and hoped to bring her back in triumph, but unfortunately could not come up with her.

To-morrow afternoon we shall leave Portsmouth

and be in town the next day. You will find us at Dorant's Hotel in Albemarle Street.

F. J. J.

Letters — Dorant's Hotel, Albemarle Street — Oct. 25th.—I got my leave as I expected, dear mother, on the 11th, when I set off in my *buggy*, for my uncle's at Dosthill. My brother's letter caused me to resume my journey, and by the same conveyance I left Tamworth on the 22nd. In spite of heavy roads, for the late storms have inundated the country, I reached town this morning, none the worse for the trip.

There are very few people in town. Lord Wellesley is at Ramsgate, and there is little probability that the King will see anybody, whether the Princess lives or dies, which, from the discordant opinions I hear, seems to be a doubtful point. Francis likes very much the *appearance* of the reception he is to meet with. Probably he will be able to get away the end of next week, and will spend November and December with you. He and Elizabeth will travel in their barouche, and I may perhaps follow in a few days in my favourite conveyance, and stay two or three weeks with you.

Pray let Francis know whether there is any good and usual water carriage, and what inn the waggon comes to, that their baggage may be sent off.

Diaries—Oct. 28th.—Lord Wellesley, it seems, has no intention of coming up from Ramsgate. He means to enjoy himself there until the Princess dies,

or decisive news comes from Portugal. No public business can be attended to before one of these two events takes place. However, both are expected to occur next week.

Nov. 1*st.*—Notwithstanding that the bulletin just received from Windsor reports, as far as the King is concerned, "a better night and no unfavourable change since yesterday," yet the private accounts are less satisfactory. The Princess is said to be dying, if not already dead, and the King was not able to sign the commission authorizing the Lords to prorogue Parliament. In consequence the Lords and Commons are now assembling, and will adjourn for a fortnight; but, probably, not without some remark from the opposition. This is conformable to the precedent of 1788. Some of the members I have spoken to, say that the physicians really hold out the probability of the King being able to attend to business within the fortnight—a too sanguine view of his case, I fear. I rather incline to the opinion of those who think that every hope of his mental restoration will expire with the poor Princess.

We filled a box last night to see Kemble's Hotspur. In some parts he warmed up to the situation and was very good; but he is too old for such a character, and the dress only shows off his unfitness the more—it made him appear decidedly aged, and thus, in a great measure, rendered all he had to say ineffective.

3*rd.*—The poor Princess is gone at last. The King is said to sleep better, though his fever

continues unabated. Various reports, and some very alarming ones, are in circulation; but, in fact, all are mere conjectures, which have their origin in the agitation that prevails in the public mind and the little that is known of the King's real state. They *talk* of a regency at all events if the King's illness should be protracted, and *some* people even if he should recover, on account of his blindness.

Bath, 30*th*.—I came in this morning on my way back to London and Hull, and stay to dine with Lord Malmesbury, who is here alone for a day or two at the York House. He tells me that sanguine hopes are really entertained of the King's speedy and *entire* recovery. Dr. Baillie's opinion, he says, given yesterday, was even more favourable than that of the other physicians.

It was, that, "though he could not pretend to fix any exact time, he had the greatest hopes of a very early recovery, and that *he had no doubt* of His Majesty's mind being as entire as after any of his former attacks." Lord Malmesbury added, when I had read it, "whether his constitution will have suffered is another thing." The letter conveying this intelligence was but just received, and was dated eight o'clock last evening.

His lordship was a good deal amused by the account I gave him of Drake, with whom I stayed two days at Wells. He affects to be living completely out of the world, having dropped, he says, the greater part of the correspondence he used to keep up, and never even looking at a newspaper—

pretending to care nothing at all about politics, whether domestic or foreign. But in the midst of all this indifference, I could plainly see that he was speculating upon the probable return of Lord Grenville to power. He said, he would accept, under certain circumstances, the Under Secretaryship of the Foreign Department, unless they sent him to Constantinople, which embassy he should like very much. In pursuance of his system of *insouciance*, and perhaps a little annoyed at my brother not having written to him before his letter from Exmouth by me, he affected not to know that Francis had returned to England. However, he afterwards questioned me so minutely on every point relating to the American business, that I was convinced his interest in the affairs of the world, if deadened, was certainly not dead.

Dec. 1st.—There is a report here, brought by a ship that left the Tagus on the 15th ult., that Massena had broken up, and that Lord Wellington was in pursuit of him. The enemy was said to be so closely pressed that he had killed all the mules and horses which could not keep up with the troops in their rapid retreat. Several hundred stragglers had been taken prisoners.

No such intelligence had been received in London, yet I hope there is truth in it.

Foreign Office, 5th.—The news we heard in Bath on the 1st is confirmed by the official account that reached Downing Street on the 3rd. Whatever be the motive of Massena's movement, an

engagement I suppose must be the consequence—*tant mieux.*

10*th.*—The King is better to-day. In fact, they say—and in that I include Dr. Baillie—that, as to mind, he is himself again. This last relapse, as it is termed, is an attack of the bowels, quite unconnected with his former complaint.

With regard to the probable proceedings on Thursday, different conclusions may be drawn from the different tenor of the language I have heard to-day from Fawkener and Rolleston. The former says decidedly, "they must and will proceed to the regulation of a regency; it being of absolute necessity." The latter, that an adjournment will take place; and he talks of the "inexpediency, impropriety, impossibility, &c., &c., of taking the crown off the King's head."

I know that many opposition men say they shall not come up to the meeting; and Rolleston asserts that it is not the wish of the opposition to come into power in such a way. A cabinet is now sitting at the Office. I hear that the Yankees in London are speculating deep upon the establishment of a regency, and the changes that will ensue.

11*th.*—I was greatly amused to-day at finding the *Subs* at the Office very anxious, *at Lord Wellesley's suggestion*, to devise means of getting at a box of shoes that had been sent from Spain for Lady Holland, and was to have come in under Lord Wellesley's privilege, but had, most unfortunately, been seized.

12*th*—Nothing new is come in from Portugal; but I have heard a very favourable account of the Spaniards from one of my Spanish friends, Brigade Major Campbell, whom I met as I came from the Office. He returned home with me, and we afterwards dined together. From his statement—and he is just arrived from Cadiz—it appears that the regular Spanish forces now actually in the field amount to about 80,000 men, independent of the various *partidas*—such as the "Empecinados," the "Sematénes," &c., in different parts of the country. Of these, O'Donnel commands about 15,000 in Catalonia, against M'Donald and Suchet. Bassecourt, Alburquerque's friend, is Captain-General of Valentia, and has from 8000 to 10,000 men. La Pena has 13,000 at Cadiz and the Isla, which, with 30,000 British troops under Graham and 1500 Portuguese, compose the defence of those places.

Blake's army, which he was about to quit in order to enter upon his new functions, is in La Mancha, and may be estimated at near 15,000. Ballasteros and Mendizabel have between them as many in Estremudara and on the Sierra; Romana, as we already knew, has a division of 10,000 men with Lord Wellington.

From every account it appears that the French are about to receive very considerable reinforcements. Campbell estimates the force before Cadiz under Soult and Victor at 16,000—that at Seville is very small. Hitherto, little has passed beyond an exchange of shots, and that but occasionally, between

the two batteries of Matagorda and Puntales; but they are working very hard in the erection of sea mortars, in which I fear their progress though slow is but too sure. The utmost range of these batteries is 4,200 yards; the distance from Matagorda to Cadiz not quite 4000, so that in time we may expect to hear of a partial bombardment. The great danger, however, will not consist in this, but in the attempt, which it is apprehended will be made under cover of it, to effect a landing between the Cartadura, or Ferdinand's battery—at the christening of which I assisted—and the town. Strange as it may appear, until now nothing has been done to fortify or defend this weak point. A plan for the purpose was under consideration just before Campbell came away; but our ships can do nothing towards it. He represents the *Cortes* as very energetic, and also resolute in seeing that their decrees are enforced. The most effective had been one for the enrolment of recruits and the organization of their army. Under the five heads into which it is divided, no persons are excepted but those who are actually otherwise engaged in the service of the state; the lowest peasant and the highest grandee are alike amenable to it, and I am glad to learn, for the honour of the latter class, that the two first who presented themselves for enrolment were the two sons of Altamira, the eldest only nineteen.

The five divisions of the decree, comprehending all between the ages of sixteen and forty, are, first,

bachelors, then widowers, and married men with or without children; and the plan is, to exhaust these classes in succession until an army of 120,000 men is raised; a more rational idea, certainly, than that of the central Junta, who thought to raise an army of 500,000 men by merely a stroke of the pen, and without any further exertion. A corps of 10,000 will be sent to Majorca, to be disciplined and formed by English officers, and the command of the whole will be given to my friend Whittingham, who has already organized three dragoon regiments, and taught them to manœuvre like our own cavalry.

It pleased me to hear Campbell's statement in vindication of the Spaniards against the calumnies so unjustly heaped upon them, in regard to the late expedition from Gibraltar; though I could not but be sorry and much annoyed to hear its failure ascribed to the conduct of an English regiment and the General commanding. But the fact appears to be, that the 88th, Whitelock's late regiment, was the first to turn tail. Their Major, Grant, used every means in his power to encourage and rally the men, and received his death wound in the vain attempt. After his death, not an officer was found who did his duty, and had it not been for a small reserve, under Colonel Grant of the 82nd, that landed most opportunely at that moment, not a man would have escaped.

The object of the expedition was, from the first, simply to destroy some privateers that were lying

there, for which purpose Lord Blaney was to have made a feint attack on the town of Malaga, in order to draw out the garrison. Instead of this, he commenced a regular attack, and then, as if by infatuation, insisted that the troops he saw approaching were friends, and would not allow the artillery officer who was with him to point the guns on them, though urged so to do and assured that it was upon enemies.

One sergeant disobeyed his orders and fired upon the French; upon which his lordship got into a great passion, and swore that the man should be shot on his return to Gibraltar—"Well, then," replied the man, "if I am to lose my life it shall not be for neglecting, but for doing my duty;" and again he took aim and brought down another Frenchman.

Lord Blaney still obstinately persisted that they were Spaniards; entered into parley with them, suffered himself to be taken to the rear, and was then told that he was a prisoner. The party from the 82nd, the regiment from Toledo—the only Spanish regiment present—and a corps of French-German deserters behaved extremely well. As this account is from a person who was present, I must believe it; as for the Spaniards, a right spirit I think still lives in the people, and I trust will outlive the deadly blunders of their government which, must have been fatal to any ordinary cause.

There is nothing new from Portugal; but it is now given out that Lord Wellington could at one time have attacked Massena with almost a certainty

of beating him, but that it would have cost a greater number of men than he could have afforded. That he is *un*attackable in his present position, seems to be the general opinion; and it is countenanced, I think, by the very unsatisfactory extract that has been given from Lord Wellington's last despatch. But we must console ourselves with the reflection that Massena has been foiled in his attempts for the present, whatever he may be eventually enabled to do when fresh reinforcements reach him; for it is not to be forgotten that this stronghold we hear so much of his having secured was equally open to him any time during the last two months.

13*th*.—There is news from America. Madison's proclamation, however, excites but little attention in the midst of the expectations of to-night. It is now determined, I believe, to proceed to the *despatch* of business, as it is called, which will consist, most probably, in delaying and protracting it as much as possible, in order to gain by that means what they cannot hope for from an adjournment.

14*th*.—There was nothing in yesterday's proceedings worth the waiting in town for; and indeed before the Christmas holidays I do not see that anything material can be done. It appears that some are sanguine enough to believe that we shall hear of the King being convalescent by the middle of January.

As to Madison's proclamation, unless we eat our words—a food which may perhaps suit Perceval's stomach—the non-intercourse laws will probably

again come into operation. But by thus holding up a rod, *in terrorum*, he may hope to make our people give way. Should there be a change of ministry, the President, or at least Pinkney, here, for him, reckons I know upon an entire change of system in his favour.

Letters—Dec. 16th.—I take up my pen, my dear mother, while grey is baiting, to chat a bit with you. I have got as far as Arrington on my journey to the north. I have been tolerably fortunate in the weather, and you may make yourself quite comfortable about my mode of travelling. I like it, it agrees with me, and if you were with me I should not wonder if you enjoyed it almost as much.

The evening before I left town, after tiring myself almost off my legs in the morning, I set off, *solo*, to see Mrs. Siddons and Kemble in "Isabella;" with which I was as much pleased, as I was annoyed with "X Y Z." It was given for the first time, and, if my hissing and that of others had any effect, the last, too. It was a wretched hash of the most miserable and hackneyed puns that ever were heard, not a spark of wit or originality in it.

But it was worth undergoing some little penance to see Mrs. Siddons and her brother. They both played inimitably; so did Charles Kemble in Carlos, the first character in which I have ever seen anything like excellence in him. It is a great pity Mrs. Siddons is grown so enormously large. When she kills herself and falls to the ground, the stage might really, with very little metaphor, be said to groan

under her, or—in the style though far surpassing it of "X Y Z"—one might exclaim, "great is the fall thereof!"

Many thanks, for I know they are due to you, my dear mother, for an anonymous present. It is the most perfect canteen I almost ever saw, and I could not have supplied my wants, or pleased my taste better had I ordered it myself. I shall consider it ominous of a summons from Lord Wellesley, the sooner it comes the more welcome.

22*nd*.—I conclude my epistle at Hull, where I arrived yesterday. I have so much to attend to to-day that I have no time to say more than—

A merry Christmas to you all.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Exmouth, December 30th, 1810.

You see we have prolonged our stay here beyond the time I had fixed for returning to town. I shall not much like the dirty, the smoky, and the foggy streets of London after the fine clear air and the pleasant walks I get here; but a removal is expedient, and I shall be in town on the 14th.

It may gratify you to hear that poor General Tilson is suddenly gone off to Bath, his generalship having failed in an attack on Miss Acklom's *corps de reserve*. He seemed to have carried the outposts, which probably gave him confidence of final success and makes him feel the disappointment more severely. I guess that Tilson had an eye to the

solidity of the charms that Miss A. will hereafter possess, as well as to those which are now apparent. I think he was right; I would advise you to take a leaf out of his book and look out for some £50,000-der, which you may be sure is a great deal better thing than diplomacy or than love in a cottage, especially as it is not incompatible with either, if you should after all be bent upon them. It is very well to have your sovereign's arms upon a service of plate, but I would much rather have my own upon one of my own buying. Now pray look well behind the blubber casks at Hull; you may find perhaps something in this way. At all events, in the pursuit of it you may pick up some useful commercial information. Joking apart, I should like to know the present state of the Hull trade. It used to be very active and extensive to Germany and the Baltic, and I suppose still goes on to Anhalt and Heligoland.

Although the Dons have neither the wisdom nor the energy that I wish they had, I should have been glad that you had not thought me so incredulous respecting them as to be "unworthy of hearing your details of the state of the country." I know that they are again trying to raise an army; but what are we to think of a people who busy themselves in raising one or two hundred thousand men, and yet neglect the defence of their only stronghold; the very spot whence their decrees are issued, the seat of their sovereignty. These wiseacres have assumed the title of *Su Magestad*, and like all majesties of the

people have nothing of the good attributes of that high function but the name. And King Blake!!—why from the recollection I have of his said majesty—who by-the-bye is majesty the second, the Legislature being, by right of primogeniture I suppose, majesty the first—I dare say your sergeant major if he be an able one, or at all events your adjutant, would make as good an opponent to Bonaparte at the head of an executive government.

You may rely upon it, the Spaniards are utterly incapable of governing themselves. We ought to have a viceroy amongst them, under the title of a minister; and if we do not take the management of their affairs into our own hands, with whatever precautions may be necessary to save their feelings, they will never come to any good.

The mischief is spreading far and wide in their American dominions, and without our timely interference they, too, will slip through our fingers. You see what has happened in Florida: how often did I represent and urge the necessity of having an agent in that quarter. Despatches are arrived from Morier of the 4th of November, but I would venture a wager that he knows no more of that matter than we do here.

It is very odd that, if ever our navy gets into a scrape it must be in the Eastern seas; where, owing to the rashness, to say the least of it, of Captain Pym in attacking the enemy in a port of the Isle de la Passe, of the navigation of which he was wholly ignorant, we have suffered such a loss, both in ships

and men, as we have not experienced in the whole course of a century. I wish it may not, both by the diminution of our forces, and the spirits it will give the enemy, prevent the capture of the Isle of France. Warren has omitted to send me the "Times," and it is not to be had here. Our mother has lately changed her politics, and reads only the "Morning Post." The "Pilot" is the only other paper I have seen here; it contains some very lame answers to Bonaparte's notes; by an emigrant, I imagine.

F. J. J.

1811.

Diaries—Hull, Jan. 5th.—The present is so important an epoch in the history of our country, that I regret extremely I cannot attend the interesting debates on the questions that so agitate the public mind and are now discussing in both Houses. But my friends at the Office have promised to keep me *au courant*; and I had yesterday a letter from a well-informed quarter, that says "the King has been slowly but gradually improving since his violent attack of the 23rd, which was brought on by the joint effects of a paroxysm, and a powerful medicine which it had been necessary to prescribe for him." Though the physicians will not publicly state the opinion, yet they confidently expect his recovery in a month or six weeks. In the meanwhile, ministers have been beaten in the Commons, and the regency will be established without restrictions. The report in London on Wednesday was, that Lord Holland

would receive the Regent's commands to form an Administration.

7*th*.—I have as yet seen very little of the society of this place, which, with few exceptions, is composed of the families of opulent merchants, who—as I understand, for I have not been introduced to one of them—measure their importance by the length of their purses. The collection of women I saw, at what is considered their best ball, on New Year's night, was certainly favourable to this idea of them. There was finery in profusion, but hardly a pretty or well-dressed woman in the room, and the *tout ensemble* put me a good deal in mind of a Lord Mayor's Easter ball on a small scale.

I am to dine to-morrow for the second time with our commanding officer General Cheney, an easy-going, good-humoured fellow, and much liked here. His wife is a pleasant and well-mannered woman, who seems to have seen a good deal of the world. She showed me her sketches and drawings, many of them very clever; indeed, she has talent in that way one does not often meet with in the performances of our lady amateurs, though one is nevertheless compelled to compliment the fair would-be artists upon them. The first time I dined at the General's, I met there some Beverley people. One of them, a Mrs. Ellison, after staring at me with an inquiring expression in her face, which, though not given to blushing, put me completely out of countenance, suddenly exclaimed in the midst of dinner, "Now I know! Ah, now I know!". If everybody did not

lay down his or her knife and fork, at least they suspended the use of them to hear Mrs. Ellison make known what puzzling problem she had solved. Looking at me triumphantly across the table, she said, with as much emphasis as if she were about to recite the Apostles' Creed, "*I believe*, that you are the son of the late Dr. Jackson, the intimate friend of the old Duke of Leeds, both of whom I have often seen at my house. I remember," she went on, "I remember, too, a young man, but he must be older than you, of the same family, accompanying the Duke in one of his last *tours* as Lord Lieutenant. Now am I not right?" To her great satisfaction, I confessed that she was.

This little episode served to vary the monotony of the proceedings, and started some table talk of a less heavy kind than before. Mrs. Ellison *faisait l'amiable* for the rest of the evening, but our acquaintance, as yet, has not gone any further. Nor do I desire that it should, though I am told she keeps one of the best houses in their neighbourhood and is called the *Queen of Beverley*; for I cannot say that I admired *Her Majesty's* manners Her husband seemed to be a sensible, pleasant man.

10*th*.—Some days ago, to my great surprise, I received a note from the Marquis de Villedeuil, whom I had never, to my recollection, heard of before, expressing his "extreme anxiety" to show me every civility and attention, and begging that I would dine with him yesterday. I happened to be engaged to Mr. Constable, of Beverley, a clergyman with a

very charming wife, but I have had an opportunity of thanking the old Marquis for his civility. He was *Ministre de l'Intérieur* under Louis the Sixteenth, he told me. At the Revolution he contrived to save a few thousands from the general wreck, with which he made his escape to England, and, lately, he has bought a very pretty place near Beverley. He is a Frenchman of the old school, grandly polite, and must feel himself, I should think, a little out of his element in the kind of society, with two or three very fair exceptions, he finds here. He supposed me to be Francis, who was introduced to him, he says, when he passed through Paris with Major Mitchell, on his way to the Hague, in 1788. The Marquis must have a good memory, for he told me he gave them a box at the theatre, or opera, when Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette were present.

11*th*.—Ministers still entertain a confident expectation that the King will recover, perhaps even before the Regency Bill passes. It appears that he has certainly been in a progressive state of amendment for the last ten days; but whether his last very violent bilious attack, and the large quantity of calomel he took, will lead to his complete recovery or produce so much weakness as to prevent it from ever being complete, remains to be seen.

It is curious and amusing to observe how various are the lines pursued by our leading political characters for the attainment of their different ends; and more particularly so, the conduct of Canning and Lord Wellesley.

Bonaparte's "*Exposé*," too, is in its way amusing. I rather like it. The bringing forward again the history of the coalitions, as he calls them—a subject now worn out and entirely irrelevant to the present situation of affairs—seems to me only an attempt to dazzle the public eye, and divert it from objects more immediately affecting them; as, for instance, the campaigns in Spain and Portugal, of which not a word is said, and the distressed state of their trade and commerce. But the latter is pretty plainly admitted, though not directly noticed, by the famous canal scheme.

In reading his account of Lord Lauderdale's negotiation, it is droll to find its failure ascribed to the death of Mr. Fox; when everything tends to prove that Lord Grenville, who still remained at the head of affairs, was all along the more anxious of the two for its success.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Albemarle Street, January 17th, 1811.

We left Exmouth on the 4th, stayed a few days at Wells, and set out from Bath at eight o'clock on the morning of the 9th. By seven in the evening, we reached Park Place, which, considering the number of our party, and that the distance is near eighty miles, was somewhat of a feat. We had the last of the frost, and a fine bowling road all the way. Although the thermometer, bitterly cold as it was, was not so low by many degrees as we had it at New York last year, yet we felt the cold quite as severely, and the need of our furs not less.

I find Lord Malmesbury growing old, but he is in good health, for him. There was nobody at Park Place besides the family, but Lady Lavington. We stayed there four days. Lord and Lady M., as usual, all kindness and attention. The American business was the chief subject of our political discussions, and his lordship expressed his full approbation of the course I had taken. I had a letter from him this morning, in which, referring to the recent news from America, he says, "It is only a suite of the imbecility of the Spaniards. If, upon Madison's rejection of their minister, they had ordered out a couple of 'seventy-fours' and half-a-dozen frigates, to stop the hollas of the Yankees, this would not have happened." Lord Malmesbury is right, but "every ass kicks at the sick and infirm lion."

The Regency Bill will pass next week, and some people suppose that the Prince is so committed by his answer to Parliament to a system of forbearance, that there will, for some time at least, be no change of consequence.

There is a most interesting, and I doubt not authentic letter from Azanza, dated Paris, Sept. 10th, 1810, in the last number of 'Peltier's Journal,' giving an account of his ineffectual endeavours to prevent the incorporation of Spain and Italy with the Grand Empire. Perhaps you may get it from your friend the *ci-devant Ministre de l'Intérieur*, of whom, by the way, I have no recollection whatever, and never heard mention made till our mother wrote me word that you had received great civi-

lities from him, as a former acquaintance of mine. If he has not 'Peltier,' I will lend you my copy, as the piece will be as good a century hence as it is now. It is the anatomy of diplomacy at Boney's Court.

Bulstrode Street, 27th.—The high rents now asked for indifferent houses, and the enormous rents for good ones, produced really *un embarras de choix*, because it was only a chain of embarrassments. We have at last put an end to them by taking Lady Lavington's house for a short time, and the whole of our party is now established in it.

There is a general expectation of a battle in Portugal. The public are much on the *qui vive*, and will be greatly disappointed if the next news is not only of a battle but a victory, which—why it would be difficult to say—they confidently expect. The French, we know, have received their reinforcements; they were marching to the valley of the Mondego and seemed to intend an attack. Their rear had been harassed by a detachment of our troops, and Mendizabel and Ballesteros had had some success against a part of Mortier's corps.

All this, which indeed is but little, has put people into better spirits; and as the wind is favourable, the reinforcements sent out to Lord Wellington will probably arrive speedily and opportunely, and thus something be done to justify the sanguine hopes of the nation.

The account you will see in the "Post" of the King's recovery and conversation, is correct, as far as

it goes. The ministers were an hour and a half with him. He talked, apparently with much interest, about the army in Portugal; asked many questions respecting its position and numbers, the movements of the enemy, &c., and made several very sensible observations, derived from the information that was given him. He also made many that were *not* sensible, and that were wholly irrelevant to the subject of conversation. But, notwithstanding this occasional confusion of ideas, there was enough of sustained attention and appropriate remark to afford a fair prospect of an early recovery. The great question now is, whether, with this prospect, the Prince Regent, who will immediately enter upon his functions, will set out by changing his ministers. From Lord Grey's violent attack upon the Chancellor, besides the many other reasons there are for forbearance, one would almost think that this would not happen. Next week will show.

20*th*.—The British American merchants give me a dinner on the 16th of next month at the city of London Tavern. I have just sent, by their desire, a list of my friends who are to be invited. I have named about twenty-four, amongst whom your name is placed; so that if you should be ordered up upon service about that time take no other engagement for the 16th.

I believe they mean to make a handsome thing of it, and as they have made famous profits this season, which my policy tends to increase, they will be in good humour, and listen with complacency, both on

my account and their own, to what I shall have to say to them. The heads of departments with whom they have had to do, and all diplomatic, and other public men who have been employed in America, are invited to meet me.

I send you Pinkney's letter; I now know, for certain, that he as much misrepresented Lord Wellesley's conversation as he before had done Canning's. In short, he is a worthy representative of his government, whose head-quarters should be called the Temple of *Un*truth—and Smith the high priest. I have myself received nothing lately from America that is interesting. Indeed, I had such a surfeit of it last year that I care very little what passes there, knowing, as I do, that it will be our own fault if they do us any harm.

29*th*.—I have seen a list of the Regent's ministry, which resembles that you sent me, and it came from a pretty good authority. However, the King is certainly getting well, and it is a question whether the Prince will change, and whether the opposition will like to come in and vacate their seats with so near a prospect of being turned out again. Lord Grey's violence looks as if there really were no intention of changing immediately, and still more as if it *were* intended that the King should never recover. It is clear that everything will be done to create a disbelief of his being himself again. Yet *I know* that, in the hour and a half that the Chancellor's and Perceval's interview with him lasted on Saturday, he spoke, generally, as sensibly as any man could do,

and Dr. Reynolds told me, he had no doubt that he will soon quite recover. I believe the opinions of the other physicians are the same, or Reynolds would not propound his with the confidence he does.

It is now feared that the expected battle in Portugal may take place before our six thousand fresh troops can arrive. They are now at sea, and the wind continues fair, but it is more than likely that Massena knows of their coming and will, if he can, attempt a blow before they join.

Mackenzie sat half an hour with me yesterday, and was very full of his negotiation and of Lucien's story. It seems Lucien was very scurvily treated at Malta by General Oakes, and, notwithstanding the fuss made about him, Lady Powis, and the other ladies in and about Ludlow, will not visit his wife. These are his griefs.

Mackenzie says, he believes, that Lucien is *bonâ fide* at daggers drawn with Bonaparte. If that *be* so, he did not come away against his will. But Mackenzie is utterly incapable of forming anything like a correct opinion; however, he leaks freely, and I may *perhaps* after another conversation with him get materials for forming one myself, though the difficulty is not small, as he lies so abominably. What do you think of his receiving *two thousand* letters every week through the French post office? and the officials were so civil, he says, as to transmit them post free, under the particular care of the *chef de Bureau*, and were moreover so generous, as he believes, not to open one of them!

It seems, however, that the same neglect and delay in giving instructions occurred in his negotiation as in mine. He was five weeks waiting for an answer to an important proposition, and when he received it he had to wait exactly the same number of days, hours and minutes for the rejoinder—Dumoustier professing to proceed upon our precedent.

I am, as you say you are, not a little curious to know what is the channel of interest that pushes Mackenzie on in the way we see, and, after what we know, one might almost say *malgré lui.*

30*th.*—I have been out all the morning and have seen several people. All is conjecture respecting what the Prince will do when he takes the reins. Probably his first step will be to examine the physicians, and if they should be conscientious in their opinion that the King will soon recover, he will not change the ministers. The King, however, is still under restraint. Whilst that lasts he cannot be said to be fit for business, and I should suppose it difficult for the physicians to specify the time when he will be.

The motive for the great attack upon the Chancellor was, to discredit the declaration which it was thought might that day, or at all events sooner or later, come from him of the King's convalescence, if not his recovery. It will have the effect of making an irreparable breach between the Greys and the Sidmouths, an effect which will certainly not be regretted by the former, as they have already too many to provide for.

I saw Canning the other day, and we had some

conversation. On American affairs he was very stout; on other subjects, tolerably reserved; on the whole, quietly friendly, with a certain out-of-office tone which I observe in all our public men, and, more or less, in those of all nations.

I have had a very satisfactory interview with Lord Bathurst, who spoke in unqualified commendation of what I had done in America. This strange Marquis I have not seen, and perhaps shall not see him at all. It is now *son affaire*; and having done what was right I shall henceforth care little about it.

I met J. H. Frere in the street the other day. He certainly is not improved in appearance by his Spanish campaigns. He told me nothing new, and seems not to have brought back so favourable an impression of the Spanish people and their cause as you have done! Bartle, who would have had more to say on that subject, is not in town.

F. J. J.

Letters—York, Feb. 2nd.—You have not written to me for an age, my dear mother, while on my side business and pleasure have combined to prevent me from taking up my pen in your service.

My old habit of jotting down things at any spare moment, without much order, just as I happen to have seen or heard them, has become so inveterate that for the life of me I cannot compose a long smooth-flowing letter—gliding imperceptibly from one subject to another, blending a multitude of heterogeneous topics into one harmonious whole, showing

the bright and the dark side of one's life and one's nature; their sunshine and clouds, poetry and prose.

Such perfect specimens of the epistolary art are rarely produced, you will say, by any pen but a woman's, and, therefore, that you looked not for them from me. Yet all this is an apology in reply to the remark in your last "as writing is evidently so irksome to you, I suppose you will be glad to have very few of my letters to answer." Now this is really unkind, my dear mother; for I thought I had told you, though perhaps in a haphazard way, all you could wish to hear, or rather that I had to tell; what, in fact, to use your own words, you asked me for—"the trifles of life dashed with any political news that may be afloat." At present I have nothing very adventurous to record, even in the way of "matrimonials," which both you and Francis have latterly urged me to turn my attention to. But that is a subject on which I am obliged to hold a different opinion from both my brother and you, notwithstanding the deference I have for his judgment and my constant disposition to think that whatever you say or do *must* be right.

En passant, I will just observe that, although I fully agree with him that it is a better thing to have your own than your sovereign's arms on a service of plate, yet, as fate denies me that, I think it far preferable to be without any than to shine in that way by reflected light. In other words, that a man, according to my ideas, is wanting to himself—to say nothing of the lady—who would marry a woman

with a fortune whom he would not equally have married without; supposing him to have means that would justify him in thinking of marrying her at all. But enough of this, my dear mother, as I am perfectly satisfied with my present establishment, consisting of faithful Pat, Fox, old Grey and my Buggy. What I really do anxiously desire is, such a state of affairs in Europe as may soon call me again into activity—diplomacy, as you know, being far more to my taste than "eyes right."

However, I have been enjoying myself pretty well in these remote regions, and have made many pleasant acquaintances. Perhaps I have already told you that between the Beverleyans and the Hullites as marked a line is kept as though a great gulf divided them, instead of only nine miles of *terra firma*. The former affect to despise the long purses of the latter and hold up their heads accordingly; which they can indeed the more easily do, as their own purses are not very shallow. To General Tilson's introduction I owe a pleasanter week than I have spent for a long time—at Mr. Constable's of Beverley. He and his wife are most agreeable and amiable people; clever and intellectual too. It was a pleasure to be in such a house, if only to witness the pleasing effects of true hospitality flowing from kind cordial feeling. There was so much friendly warmth and geniality in all they said and did, that they seemed to have discovered the secret of making everybody happy. They are people after my own heart; and I have the satisfaction of thinking that our feeling was mutual,

for I had returned to Hull but a day or two when they sent me a second invitation.

Perhaps the papers will have informed you of part of our gay doings—a ball given by General Vyse, who has the command of this district, to all the first families of the neighbourhood. It was one of the handsomest *fêtes* that have been given for a long time, and people came to it from far and near. Of the military, only field-officers and officers commanding *corps* were invited; but the General did me the honour of making an exception in my favour and inviting me in my diplomatic character; and accordingly I went in plain clothes. We kept up the dancing, with much spirit, till near six in the morning.

This grand Beverley ball was, it seems, on a most unusual scale, so that the good folks were much puzzled to whom, or to what, to attribute the honour of so brilliant a *fête*. Most amusing was it to listen to their various conjectures, and the widely different causes assigned for it that circulated freely amongst the company. Once, it was generally declared to be in compliment to a young lady just coming out, a little grinning black-eyed girl of sixteen, the daughter of a friend of General Vyse,—an immense fortune; such as you would have me look after. Again, it was confidently, as well as confidentially whispered to *all* who were present, that the honour was to be ascribed to a lady whom the General had sat by and talked with for full half an hour; a *belle* and a miss of forty summers. I suppose she had seen no winters, for she was by no means fat though she was very fair, and did

not appear to have numbered much more than twenty years, though spiteful tongues said the General had been sighing at her feet any time during the last forty. In short, various were the suggestions for accounting for the pleasant phenomenon; the most ready solution of it, I am told, being the intention of this veteran to start for forensic honours when he finds himself obliged to resign his staff ones. This event he contemplates as equally near and certain; the last *brevet* having, purposely, been so managed as not to deprive him of a situation he has already held for so many years. Let the cause, however, have been what it might, the effect was the same—one of the gayest balls known in this part of the world for a very long time. And at which, though near eighty, the old General danced, and yielded not in life and activity to the youngest of his party.

The little heiress I mentioned, I am on excellent terms with. Her extreme *naïveté* amuses me much. Since the General's ball, her father has given us another, at which I danced two or three times with her, and was, as she told me herself, the partner she most preferred. She can ride famously, and we have had some long gallops together. Some days ago she made her father, who seems to dote on her, drive over to Hull to see me receive the General in the Market Place, at the head of my own detachment and another of the Cambridge regiment. So you see, dear mother, I should have a fair chance of winning this little girl's heart if I were to lay siege to it. But she is too young and too childish to know her

own mind, and has too recently left her dolls and her bread and butter to love, or to be made serious love to. I hope you will not think this a chance thrown away. If I should travel in this direction in a couple of years, I dare say I shall find her developed into a nice little flirt. For that event I can very composedly wait.

3rd.—Our balls, and little Bessie, our heiress, took up so much of my time and paper yesterday, that I believe I failed to tell you, dear mother, why my letter was dated from York; but as I have met with a *franker* and have half an hour on my hands I will clear up that mystery to day.

While paying my second visit at Beverley, I received an order to set off in a few hours from Hull with a detachment ordered to do duty at York. The distance is about forty miles, and the weather being remarkably fine, hard frost and bright sun, we got in in excellent spirits the second day, and what, I confess is more than I expected, at the end of each day's twenty miles march, I was no more tired than if I had been only lounging up Bond Street. I have a subaltern with me, and York pleases me so well that I should have no objection to remain here. But I believe I must return to quarters in the course of a week. Besides my party, a colonel's detachment of dragoon guards are the only military here.

My *franker* is Mr. Thompson, the *Carringtonian* representative of Hull, whom I cannot better characterize than by his own words, "his lordship has spoiled a very good banker and made a very bad

M.P." He had just returned from London before I left Hull, when he told me that an immediate and entire change of ministry would take place—Lord Grenville at the Foreign Office, Lord Grey at the Treasury, Ponsonby for the Home, and Whitbread—*credit Judaeus*—for the War department. Lord Lansdowne to go to Ireland with Pigott; Tierney, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the Duke of York again Commander-in-Chief.

Francis, to whom I communicated this immediately, has told me that he had seen a list of the expected new Ministry answering to the above.

This city and county seem to be divided into two parties, as distinct and violent as are the organs of their respective tenets—the "Post" and "Chronicle." I dined yesterday with some red hot oppositionists, and heard language which if not, actually, treasonable came as near to it as anything one can well conceive. At the head of these was a Mr. Dundas, son of Lord Dundas, and a Mr. Ellis, a member of the Corporation. The former has this day been sworn in as Lord Mayor; so that in York, at least, their party will probably carry it, and it is believed that he accepts the office only as a means of currying favour and interest in case of a general election; when he would most likely stand, having already a seat for Richmond. We have, accordingly, many gay doings in embryo which will make this place very lively.

I know not whether your interest in American affairs has subsided since my brother's return; if it has not, you will no doubt observe how every succeed-

ing account from the South shows the positive, as well as negative, loss we have sustained from the non-adoption of some plan proceeding upon the same principle as that suggested by Francis to Mr. Canning. If Lord Holland has anything to say on foreign affairs, he will probably direct the attention of ministers to that quarter, for I know that he has all along felt the importance of keeping a vigilant eye on it. Adieu, *ma mère.*

P.S. I meet many people here who recognize me for my father's son.

Diaries—York, Feb. 7th.—The cause of the garrison of York being reinforced has afforded a subject for much speculation to the people of these parts. Some of the simple folk actually believed that there was an expectation of being attacked by the French. A battle with the weavers will, I suspect, be the utmost extent of our warfare, though I should not be surprised if we were to have to fight a little in Ireland; and, for my own part, I should not at all dislike a short campaign in that country.

We are not likely to gather many laurels at York; for the immediate object of our coming is to relieve a detachment of the 15th—probably under orders for foreign service—and whose business was to forward deserters; a ticklish kind of duty and not a very glorious one. However, we are gay—gay beyond anything I expected or than is ever known at Hull. There is dancing every night, and some of the lively Yorkshire lasses are as pretty and *piquante* as any I have met with—*i.e.*, in England. It seems

to be the custom of the county families to make York their residence for a few of the winter months. Here, as at Beverley, everybody seems to have known or to have some recollection of my father, whose genial humour evidently made him everywhere popular, and a welcome guest in every family. To that, of course, I owe the hospitable reception I meet with. Faces light up immediately with kindly smiles when some friend has added to his introduction, "You remember Dr. Thomas Jackson; this is his youngest son." To accept all the invitations I receive I should have to dine two or three times a day. One family, the Woods, at whose place near Ripon I have promised to pay them a visit, seem to think they cannot do enough for me, towards paying off obligations of some kind they consider themselves under to my father. This is all very pleasant to me, for the sake of my father's memory, and it speaks well for Yorkshire hospitality and warmth of feeling. The Woods are a charming family; the old gentleman, a fine handsome man, the mamma, I cannot call her the old lady, though the mother of a numerous brood, is still so fresh and pretty looking that she might almost be ranked amongst the number of her daughters.

9th.—I have had authentic news down to-day that the King is decidedly getting well, and that His Majesty will resume his functions as quietly as if nothing had happened, when the Regent has gone through all the arrears of business now on hand, and has knocked off the many thousand signatures

he will have to put to divers acts, notwithstanding Lord Grey and Mr. Whitbread assert the contrary. Bank stock rose eight per cent. when it became known that there would be no change.

Some of the *Talents* are said to be outrageous.

14th.—I had obtained leave to go up to town to my brother's dinner on the 16th when, as ill luck would have it, the Westminster and Cambridge regiments, stationed at Hull, were suddenly ordered to the North. I should, however, have left by yesterday's mail, had not I received on the previous evening the news of the unexpected death of Captain Harman of my regiment; a fine young man of twenty-two. He died of brain fever after a few hours' illness. This obliges me to return to quarters to take his duty, there being only one other captain there. The marching of militia regiments at this season of the year is a most unusual thing. Something must have occurred in the North, or they may, and I think it not unlikely, be drafting us off to Ireland.

We shall set off for Hull in the morning. My table is covered with invitations for a month to come. I shall get through two or three of them to-night, and take a regretful leave of gay York and the most hospitable set of people I ever met with in my life. Once more I have looked at the fine old Minster, and with as much pleasure as when I went over it first. What a pity that the service should be performed in a manner so unworthy of such an edifice; anything so careless and slovenly, I never witnessed elsewhere. I should be glad, too, to find that some

of those miserable-looking houses that surround the Minster, and so choke it up that from no point can any good general view of it be had, had disappeared when I visit York again.

15*th*.—What a lucky fellow General Abercromby is, to have taken the Isle of France! I should, however, have been better pleased, and have thought he better deserved his good fortune, if he had not granted such favourable terms to that impudent fellow, De Caen. Yet, perhaps, our people did well to take it, even upon those terms; for, if properly defended, it would have, at all events, cost many lives, and the conquest might have been doubtful. I fancy that; if De Caen does go to France, he will soon be shorter by the head, for Boney will be outrageous at this news.

The Speech from the Throne is also a sort of defiance to him. It is as warlike as one could desire. But I am disappointed in the movers of the Address, in both Houses, and particularly in the lower. The language used by young Wellesley with reference to America, as it may be regarded as more especially expressing his father's views, I was very glad to hear. I should not be surprised if nothing more were said on the subject.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bulstrode Street, February 19th, 1811.

DEAR GEORGE,—

I was sorry you were not with us on the 16th, but, as I said, it was not worth while to come up *contre vent et marée*. Everything went off extremely well—I and my friends, of course, particularly pleased with the honour that was shown me, and everybody, as I have heard, well satisfied with the entertainment. Indeed, the dinner was excellent in itself, both as to cookery and wines, and the company, about a hundred and fifty in number, very select, none but the heads of the most respectable houses being present, when often, to swell the number of guests, clerks, &c., are sent.

It was necessary that I should make them a speech in return for their good fare. I hear that they were all pleased with what I said, and, at all events, it served as a variety to the noise of the music gallery and the chorus of the glee singers. I got home about eleven, and D. Warren, who drove from the tavern, would not be much later at Edmonton. Probably, the dinner did not help him much through his Sunday duty next day—though we were all very sober.

You will see by the Prince's correspondence with Mr. Perceval that he is in a fair way to lose the little credit he had gained, with those who were not in the secret, for forbearing to change the ministry. There was a great *glow of anxiety* amongst the

opposition on Saturday, under the idea that, as the bulletins were not *pro*gressing, the mental state of the King was *re*gressing. But Monday's bulletin will knock all that on the head.

The Prince's levée is postponed for a week. The close attention to business for seven or eight hours a-day—so novel a thing for him—has occasioned some agitation in the blood, and he was eased of a few ounces on Saturday. Foster's appointment to America shows that he chooses his own instruments; for the appointment, of course, originates directly or indirectly from Devonshire House. It was supposed that the duchess, his mother, who understands a trick or two and who has already provided for two other of her *protégés*, had solicited the appointment of the Prince; but His Royal Highness's friends disclaim it, and say that it was made entirely at Lord Wellesley's suggestion, to pay his court to the Regent.

Foster is a very gentlemanlike young man, quite equal to doing nothing at his post—which is now the best possible policy to follow.

21*st*.—The only public point of view, in which the impropriety of appointing at this time any minister to America can be palliated, is, that it might be right to comply with a point of etiquette, and remove from the Americans *that* cause of complaint, and at the same time name such a man as could do nothing with them.

Foster is now in Ireland, and as Pinkney says *he* shall go at all events—which mends the matter, after

he had by threats obtained what he wanted — I suppose they will not be in a hurry to send him. Be it as it may, it is making the fortune of the young man. Whenever he does go, Morier will probably return. The post of Secretary of Legation will not be a very enviable one. Otley is hard at work to get it for his son, who is about good enough, though not wise enough for the country; for the diplomatic appointments to which, our police offices would be the proper line of preparation. One of the best magistrates as minister, and a good sharp thief-taker for secretary, would put us in all respects much upon a level with their Yankeeships. Thornton is the man most annoyed at Foster's appointment, as it dashes his hopes.

22*nd*.—Everything appears to be going on pretty smoothly with public affairs; but I apprehend that the Prince and his ministers will be very glad to get rid of each other. It will be well if they can keep on without an *éclat* till it is convenient for the King to resume the reins. He sees all his family daily, and for hours together, and is in that state that he would probably, on any other occasion, have been declared convalescent. But it is wished, on every account, to proceed with caution.

The present state of things is such, that the public service cannot but suffer from it. Lord William Bentinck's double appointment, to the command of the army and to the mission in Sicily, Foster's, and some others that are in embryo, are proofs of it.

His Lordship never, that we know of, commanded

an army, or has shown talents suited to the scene on which those of Sir John Stuart have been displayed and admired. Somehow or other, he has mustered up a reputation; which, for zeal, and bravery at the head of a brigade, I believe is well deserved. How he will succeed when opposed to Murat remains to be seen.

As a politician, he seems to be about as wise as the rest of his family. This was the opinion we formed of him at Paris and Amiens in 1801, when he came there upon some galloping commission from Turkey. A son of Lady Melbourne goes out with Lord William, as Secretary of Legation, and is to superintend one of the two establishments which his lordship says he shall keep up, at the Court and at the army. Sir J. Stuart will leave Sicily on Lord William's arrival.

A number of officers have returned from Portugal during the last week. According to their report, a battle is not expected to take place before April, if then.

I met Sir Harry Burrard the other day. We had some conversation on military matters. However, it did not amount to much; for his opinions were chiefly conveyed to me by a shake of the head, or a shrug of the shoulders, which he left me to interpret as I pleased. He told me he had heard from you from Hull, and that he inferred from your letter that you considered your military service as no service at all. Now, by the time you see in Ireland or elsewhere a few broken skulls about you, and get

a crack in your own, I imagine that you will believe it is something more than donning and doffing a red coat. As to the diplomatic line, it seems to me at this moment to be a complete scramble. Constantinople—where it was decided to send Sir Robert Wilson—has, for some unexplained reason, been offered to Rose, who declines it; and finally, I suppose it will be brought as an offering to some friend of Carlton House. But it seems doubtful whether, as Paddy would say, anybody could get there before he would be ordered away. Yet, if *any*thing be to be done with the Russians—who are not wiser now than they were five or six years ago—Constantinople would be a very likely channel.

I have not yet seen Lord Wellesley. He never goes to the Office, and is visible nowhere but in his harem. Anybody going to Turkey might have a good chance with him by sending him over a couple of Georgians or Circassians. But I shall see him at the Prince's levée on Tuesday, if it is not again put off. A fine squeeze it will be. How we are to get there, and when there get away, I know not. If it were put off altogether I should not be sorry — except that I want to see Carlton House. I expect nothing from either the Prince or the Marquis, and in the present state of things hardly wish for employment, yet should take it if it came in my way.

23*rd*.—I have just come in from the Office. Nothing new. The King is as yesterday. He said the other day, "It is true I have had a hard shake—

a very hard shake; but I am now going on well, and the Prince's conduct will give me time to recover quite, before I take to business again." This is certain.

Since writing the above, Burghersh has called and told me that his father had applied for employment for him in Austria, when Lord Wellesley said, "there is no opening there, but Constantinople is vacant." Burghersh came to consult me about it, and I have advised him, if he can, to get a special mission, as they would hardly name him ambassador. He told me to ask you if you would like, in case he succeeded in this, to go with him. I don't suppose, as you may see above, that he would do much; but it might be a pleasant trip for both of you, and give you a sight of the Levant. Burghersh, as you know, is a very good-humoured and good-hearted fellow.

I hear that you are still going on with your romances. I must therefore repeat my recommendation to you to look out for something better than penniless charms. The axiom you lay down on the subject of matrimonials seems to me not unlike one of Sir John Sinclair's on coin and on longevity, and to bear some resemblance, too, to the oath administered at Highgate—"That you will not travel by water when you can travel by land, unless you like best travelling by water," *cum multis aliis.*

Undoubtedly, a man with an independent fortune of his own would be a fool, or worse, if, for the sake of a little more money, he were to sacrifice his taste or his feelings in the choice of a wife. But I conceive that it may be perfectly sensible and proper in

every way, to marry a woman with a fortune whom he would not marry without—because, *cæteris paribus*, the fortune to a poor man should be the very consideration that should decide him. I know you say, "supposing he had the means to justify his marrying at all;" but, as in your case this is the very supposition that fails, it has nothing at all to do with the matter, and must be laid out of sight.

You have now, I think—indeed, I know that you have—some tolerably fair chances; and matches are much more easily and, in general, better made out of London than in it. As the blubber-casks of Hull are not to your fancy, you may look about you at Beverley, York, or any of the neighbouring districts. Your regiment will probably move in the summer, or, if not, you will make an excursion to Manchester and Liverpool—in short, before the close of the campaign of 1811 you must have a wife with a good fortune. If with good connections that will push you on in the world, so much the better; for I don't want you to be so rich as to make it immaterial whether you are idle or not. You are just so far on in the line that, with the reputation you have made for yourself of being both able and active, a *little* influence would be most beneficially employed in your favour, and would suffice to obtain everything you want. Without it, the best abilities, the most zealous services, are too often set aside or overlooked, whilst important posts are given to men whose only qualification for them is, that they com-

mand sufficient interest to obtain them. Of course the public service suffers; but ministers must provide for their friends. It always has been so, and probably always will; for it is one of the defects inherent in our system of government.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Exmouth, February 23rd, 1811.

Your letters from York, my dear George, have been nearly long enough on the road to allow for their passage across the Atlantic; and I should have been anxious lest a return of your fever was the cause of your silence, had I not heard of you in the interval from your brother and your aunt. The latter appears to have seen you, though she does not say where, as she talks of your "athletic form and florid countenance." From this I infer that you are well, and *toujours gai*, and that your Yorkshire dinners and dances agree with you.

Your father was frequently at Beverley and York, and, except that I do not find it to be the way of the world in general to remember favours and friendly attentions, I should not be surprised to hear of the reception you have met with from some families I could name there. It was truly said of your good father that, his greatest failing was the habit he had of making people ungrateful; but it was by going out of his way to do them kindnesses and service.

I dare say you have been not only interested in, but surprised at the turn things have taken in town. I was inclined to hope that every right thing that was done, was done on a right principle, but the Prince's letter to Mr. Perceval staggers me. It is plain by the appointments in your line how things are likely to go on; still if that were all, I should say it is natural enough that any man should choose to benefit his own or his friend's friend. I wish you may come in for anything by any means, but blessed are those who expect nothing.

Our old friend Cumberland is in town, I hear, and about to publish his life in verse, where I suppose we shall find something that is not in his life in prose. We thought at first it was a joke, but I find that the intention is real. He has quarrelled with his co-partner in poetry, Sir J. B. Burges. One of his daughters has made a runaway match with a poor, but very respectable officer of a regiment in quarters at Hastings.

Your sister writes me word that she was with Francis and his wife at the first representation of the revival of Bluebeard, one of the finest spectacles that has come out for years. It has quite taken the fancy of the town; being, by the use of a troop of real horses, about twenty in number, truly *unique*. They fight, she says, a deadly fight and *die to the very life*—the stage covered with dead men and horses, being very curious to see. The only mistake she observed was, that on a pistol accidentally going off, one of the horses wanted to die before his time;

but on the whole the piece was perfectly got up and got through, and its success promises to be very great.

C. J.

Diaries—Hull, Feb. 28th.—There is a strong notion afloat of something good rising in the North; but although I keep my eyes steadily fixed on that point, hoping to discover some symptom favourable to that notion, I perceive nothing to give countenance to it except that the King of Sweden is going to Russia to join his wife, who is in future to reside in that country. On the other hand, I see that a new ambassador is named in the place of Caulaincourt. The merchants of this place are all very desirous of a war with America, which from Pinkney's departure they consider as likely. Letters and papers from America show that Morier is as deep in the mire as Francis was. The Yankees say "he out Jacksons Jackson." He himself has written in good spirits, wishing only, he says, to come away. Foster, I hear, has been ordered to hasten his preparations for departure.

Since Pinkney left, he has been more than ever abused, here, as elsewhere; so that I dare say there will be little hesitation in believing what he asserts in his correspondence, that Lord Wellesley has committed himself to terms of accommodation as regards the "Chesapeake," absolutely contradictory to my brother's instructions.

March 2nd.—I am inclined to think that Burg-

hersh's views, from a letter I received from him to-day, are too much *en l'air* to promise any favourable result. He has not seen Lord Wellesley, who is not, as Burghersh says, and as everybody knows, "extremely accessible to anybody, though very smooth-tongued when you do see him."

Many extraordinary things to be sure do happen now-a-days, and Foster's appointment is not one of the least so, yet I should not be surprised if Burghersh failed in this after all. He knows, as yet, nothing about it but from his father's information, and he, when a friend of mine recently mentioned it to him, fought very shy of the subject, and said "the appointment might probably be offered to Sir Robert Wilson again"—this would be more extraordinary still. Sir Robert is a very gallant fellow, and a very pleasant one too; but he is too harum scarum for a diplomatist, and does not shine as an author. His recent book on Russia is a very poor affair. I do not know what success it has, but a more practical proof of the wisdom of the precept "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*" I have not met with for a long time.

3rd.—There is some talk of the English and Irish militia regiments changing quarters, and as an order is just received from London relative to the effective strength of the West Kents, it is clear that Government have an eye to our regiment, and I should not be at all surprised if we were soon to receive a *route*.

What interests me more, is Mr. Leach's intended

motion. If he succeeds in it, the younger branches of diplomacy ought certainly to vote him a piece of plate—Bartle Frere at their head.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Bulstrode Street, March 5th, 1811.

The levée last Tuesday at Carlton House went off very well. The Prince very gracious; the arrangements and the attendance of the household excellent; the apartments magnificent. All was over at a quarter past four. On Thursday I attended by command to have an audience, but there were so many people to be hanged—the recorder had no less than thirty-two cases to bring forward—that the Prince sent out to desire that I would come again the next Council day, the 14th. I therefore do not mean to go to the levée on Tuesday. It will be discreet to stay away, there will be so many there. As to any favour I may expect, the King must resume the reins of government first; for even if the Prince were disposed to confer any upon me—which, from consideration to Erskine he probably would not be—he has determined not to do anything that is not absolutely necessary to carry on the government. No Privy Councillors are to be made, no ribands given away.

Lord Wellesley has been extremely civil; says he "admires my principles, which accord perfectly with his own," &c., &c., &c. I wish he may act up to them. But, as every one knows, he is extremely

idle; and the Administration, as a whole, is not very energetic. The King has a cold, which produces irritation, and has given rise to the report of a relapse. He certainly was not so well, but seems to be coming round again. The better he is, the more he wishes to get to business, which, at first, must always expose him to some danger. He sees the Regent and the rest of his family frequently, and they seem to be all harmony amongst themselves.

We were at the Spanish Chapel on Saturday to attend the funeral service of Alburquerque, who has fallen a victim to the intrigues of the Spanish Junta and his own weak head. It was rather an interesting sight, and a lounge for the idlers who came there —most of the Ministers being of the number. The procession to Westminster Abbey was handsome too; a hearse, and twelve mourning coaches and six, with their usual funeral paraphernalia. The hackneymen say they have not had so good a black job for a long while. Minute guns were fired for three hours. All this is very liberal and very proper; but, by way of contrast, if I had died when I was minister at Madrid, I must have been put into a corner of my own garden, secretly, and in the dead of the night; for the people would not have allowed a heretic to have Christian burial. This is literal, if not liberal. I suppose they are improved in that way, though the heretics that die there now have not far to go for a grave—six feet by two and a half and their own great-coats are all they require.

9*th*.—We were much entertained the other day by

a visit to Lancaster's school, of which you have heard, no doubt. There were eight hundred boys in one room, and two hundred and fifty girls in another. He instructs them all, with an order and method I never before witnessed, in reading, writing and arithmetic at the rate of two shillings each per annum. The children pay nothing. It is a free school supported by voluntary contributions, and the King and the whole of the Royal Family patronize it. Lancaster himself is a Quaker, and a very intelligent man. We were a large party, and were much pleased with both him and his system, which he was most willing to explain, and did so very clearly. The same plan is followed by Dr. Bell, who first practised it at Madras. In consequence, a contest has arisen between the two teachers, and is fomented by a whole library of pamphlets. I shall go in a day or two to see the Military Asylum, where Bell's method is in vogue.

We dined yesterday at the Blackburns. Sir Robert Peel and his daughter—neighbours of my uncle Henry—were there. The Blackburns seemed quite surprised that we did not know anything of them. Sir Robert seems to be a sensible, well-informed man, and what is perhaps a more general recommendation, a very wealthy one; being a highly successful cotton manufacturer, and also member for Tamworth.

I gave a return dinner on Wednesday to the Canadians, and the next day had a few of another set—Lord Teignmouth, Sir J. Pulteney, Merry, Foster, &c., Countess Bentinck, the Grattans and a couple of

Yankees in the evening. Foster is off very soon, he says; but, for any good he can do, he may as well stay where he is—indeed, it will be fortunate if he does no harm.

I have been sitting for my picture to Pym. If you come up this season you may see it at the Exhibition. It was to be in crayons, but Charlotte, to whom it is a present from Pym, preferred water colours. I am represented sitting in an arm-chair, surrounded by the paraphernalia of diplomacy—a view of the Capitol of Washington in the background.

F. J. J.

Diaries—Bulstrode Street, March 19th.—I returned to town yesterday, having taken York on my way and passed a few days there. It was the assize week, when there is always a sort of a *réunion* of all the best families in the county. The meeting this year was particularly numerous and good, and I met with the same hospitality and attention as before. There were numberless dinners and entertainments, besides a variety of public amusements. And the weather smiled upon all this gaiety; for it was fair and bright and with almost the warmth of summer; quite an exceptional assize week, in fact—frost and snow or heavy rains being its usual accompaniments. I have had a pleasant drive to London, averaging forty miles per day.

At York, I spent my mornings in attending the trials; but there were none of any special interest. If all barristers succeeded as well as Garrow the Bar

might be said to be a most profitable and enticing profession. He went into Court one morning, made a speech of about twenty minutes, then doffed his wig and gown, pocketed 400*l.* besides 100*l.* for his expenses, and drove off again to London.

Town is in a great bustle on account of the ensuing election at Cambridge. Summonses to voters had already reached York, and the Cambridge men seemed to think that, putting ministerial influence out of the question, the Duke of Richmond has so much independent private patronage and interest that he will eventually be successful. Had I a vote, and were obliged to give it to one or other of the candidates, it should be the Duke of Gloucester's as the less exceptionable of the two. But the contest is a warm one. Francis has been employed the whole day in canvassing for His Royal Highness, and it is supposed that he will carry it. The Prince Regent favours him.

I saw the Prince last night at Lady Salisbury's. He appeared in public for the first time, and really looked remarkably well. Francis had a long audience on Thursday. It was very satisfactory, he says, and the Prince certainly much more gracious than before he was Regent.

The King has retrograded of late, notwithstanding the statement of some of the papers to the contrary, and his anxiety to return to business is considered to be both a symptom of relapse, and a means of preventing his recovery.

20*th.*—The two candidates set forth their several

pretensions to the Chancellorship in this morning's papers. I should not be tempted to vote for either—at least on the ground of those letters.

21*st*.—Francis is so much taken up with the canvass for the Duke of Gloucester that I have had but little conversation with him. At his audience it seems he was *tête-à-tête* with the Prince for a quarter of an hour. His Royal Highness, he says, talked very much to the purpose, and both in form and substance very satisfactorily. It is believed that he will ere long have all the power of government; for the King is relapsing, and in a manner that weakens the hope of his recovery. However, hope is not yet given up. Men I have talked with to-day are persuaded that this will be the last session of the present ministry. There will not be a great many to regret them.

22*nd*.—I have learnt at the Office that Constantinople is at last given to Liston. He owes it to a friend, General Keppel, who has much the Prince's ear, and who has obtained a command for himself. In point of seniority nobody can object, as Liston is in his seventy-third year, and the only cause of surprise is that he should wish for the thing. But they say, ambition is one of the last passions that leaves us; and then, his wife is not quite so old. Bartle Frere's appointment as secretary is proper enough. However, there is a doubt whether any of them will ever reach their destination.

Lord Burghersh has looked in and tells me that he still hopes to go upon a mission—*soi-disant*—to

Vienna; that is, to loiter about the Greek Islands and see if he can find his way to that capital.

Abstractedly taken, I should like such a jaunt very well, but I fear the getting to Vienna would be an affair of some difficulty. There is *un bruit sourd*, and it is becoming every day more general, that an opposition to Boney is organizing in the North, the effects of which would be felt elsewhere. But if it were organized, we have no reason to believe that the organization would be better than it was formerly.

The "Times" of the 14th contains a letter from Pinkney, and that of the 16th, Foster's answer!!—Foster will probably go next week, and come back—next year.

Letters—March 25th.—I sent you the telegraphic account on Saturday, my dear mother. As yet no despatches are come from Lord Wellington, but Captain Hope, General Graham's aide-de-camp, has brought accounts of a very brilliant victory obtained over Marshal Victor. The British behaved, as usual, most gallantly, and, they say, the Spaniards most dastardly. We must make the best of this; but the siege of Cadiz is not raised, and if the Spanish Generals are not more active, never will be. There are no further accounts of Massena's retreat, and it may be only a hearsay report.

26th.—I wrote to you yesterday in a hurry and in somewhat of a rage withal. The guns fired early, but the post coming in afterwards calmed my curiosity sufficiently to let me take a tour I had projected

for the morning. I called afterwards at the Office, where I found Francis, and got a Gazette and this frank—the former I sent you yesterday. It contains glorious though bloody news, but there is a tale to it which puts one almost in despair.

There was a fair opportunity of discomfiting the whole corps of Victor, and we surely did our part; but the Spanish General—the superannuated old imbecile, La Pena—remained with his troops, I believe near 12,000 in number, at about three or four miles distance, and could not be prevailed upon to come into action. The probability is that La Pena is a traitor as well as a coward. Still, I think I perceive grounds for his defence in Graham's despatch; for our General vindicates himself by anticipation from the charge of rashness, and as far as his representation goes he does it successfully; as he certainly seems to have had no alternative but that of retiring upon the Spaniards, which, as he says, would undoubtedly have led to a general rout. But no doubt the charge of rashness had already been made by La Pena, who will thereby endeavour to justify his not coming to General Graham's support; after having, himself, ordered him into action.

I hope that Blake and Zayas will be able to retrieve the character of the poor Spaniards, who are more to be pitied than blamed I think for having such a broken-down imbecile as La Pena for their head, to hold them back, rather than to lead them on. But I trust he will soon be shorter by the head, and go to the devils, who are no doubt waiting for him.

Our corps has really suffered an inconvenient loss, especially as some regiments that were to have come from Sicily had not arrived. More than a fifth, *I* would even venture to say a fourth, of the combatants are *hors de combat*. Still it must have a good moral effect, and the victory is probably worth the loss. There is an idea—I know not how far matured—of letting some officers and non-commissioned officers from our militia regiments volunteer into the Spanish service; as it is believed that the troops want only leaders. Thus, two captains, two subs and four non-commissioned from every militia regiment would be an immense acquisition to the Dons, and could, it is asserted, be easily spared. This formed part of my brother's plan three years ago; but we are generally three years too late, and every new General or minister has to learn his lesson *ab ovo*. You may notice that Graham has not even a secretary who can write the names of towns and rivers aright. He seems to think he is in Italy all the time.

If Lord Wellington, of whom little seems to be known, should gain a complete victory, there may then be something good for all of us; at present the loaves and fishes do not suffice. Burghersh, perhaps, may get something; but for him, as for everybody else, the difficulty is, to get a sight of Lord Wellesley.

27*th*.—We only now know that Massena's retreat—which is believed, but not on direct authority—is *not* occasioned by Graham's success, as was at first hoped.

30*th*.—I have been to Downing Street this morning with Francis. There is no other news than that

a despatch has been received from Admiral Berkeley, dated the 8th, which mentions, officially, the circumstance of Massena's retreat.

I wanted much to see the eagle that was taken during the fight with Victor, and that Captain Hope has brought home to lay at his Majesty's feet. But it is not to be shown publicly till it is presented to the Prince Regent, which will be at his next levée; for which purpose it is now kept at Lord Liverpool's house.

The Portuguese troops who formed part of General Graham's detachment are reported, officially, as having behaved admirably. I heard by accident, yesterday, that your Portuguese friends, the Bezeiros, were in town. He is going to St. Petersburg, as minister, and is to have an *English frigate* for his and his family's conveyance.

The Prince Regent, at a public dinner the other day, gave as a toast, "The Duke of York and the army." After it he gave "Sir David Dundas and the staff;" from which, and what passed on Thursday in the House of Commons, it is plainly to be inferred that the Duke of York will shortly be restored to the command of the army. I believe it would give general satisfaction.

By-the-by, it has been thought singular that the Prince, now that he is so nearly King, should preside at any public dinner, and on Sunday too! What think you of that, dear mother? They say he is like Charles the Second, &c., &c.

G. J.

Diaries—Foreign Office, April 7th.—Finding that some news was afloat, I posted down here with all haste, hoping that something was come from Lord Wellington more worthy of the guns being fired than the accounts I have just heard. They go down only to the 16th of March, and are brought by Captain Camac, who went out with Henry Wellesley. I was about to transcribe the *War* Office bulletin, which I have just read, but they tell me it will be in the "Courier." Should it not, I note down that it consists of the proceedings of our army from the morning of the 6th, when they set out in pursuit of Massena, who had begun his retreat in the night of the 5th; of the dislodgment of the enemy from the castle of Pombal, of which possession had been taken, by a battalion of Portuguese Caçadores, who seem to have distinguished themselves greatly; of an attack by Generals Erskine and Picton on Massena, in the wood and on the heights between Pombal and Redinha, and in which they were successful, compelling him to abandon all the positions he successively took up in that mountainous part of the country—of the advantages of which for a retreating army the French seem to have very skilfully availed themselves. The result appears to be that Coimbra and the Upper Beira are protected, and that the enemy is retreating by a less secure road. They have, however, revenged themselves by committing unheard-of barbarities, plundering and destroying to an extent seldom equalled, in every town and village they passed through. By orders from head-quarters

the convent of Alcobaça was burnt; the Bishop's palace and the whole town of Leyria, which had been Drouet's head-quarters, shared the same fate. They have left misery and wretchedness behind them on their whole line of march. However, Badajoz surrendered to them on the 11th. On the morning of the 16th, they were retreating from Ceira, a strong position from which they had been driven by General Picton's detachment and other troops.

By Massena's order, baggage, ammunition, and whatever encumbers the movements of his troops, is destroyed, and the wounded are abandoned. They have no provisions, except what they can plunder on the spot, or the soldiers can carry away on their backs, and live cattle, when they do not impede their retreat. Many prisoners have been taken, and in all the different skirmishes and actions that took place, though our loss in killed and wounded has been great, we are considered to have had always the best of it.

11*th*.—There is a general belief gaining ground that Russia will avail herself of our successes to throw off the yoke she has of late so patiently worn. But it is a very delicate question to decide whether we ought to wish it or not, as there is no security that things will be better conducted now than they were four years ago; and the failure of a sixth coalition would only serve Bonaparte as a set-off against his failures in the Peninsula. But as all opinions tend to the opening in the North, I, of

course, look that way for Lord Wellesley's "opportunity" to occur, if he should remain in office long enough. His Lordship, whom I have twice met by accident, though I cannot otherwise get a sight of him, still holds the same language on the subject of an appointment as when I returned first from Spain, "he is waiting only an opportunity of employing me, pleasantly to myself as well as advantageously to the public service."

12*th*.—An arrival from America brings news that is not very favourable to a good understanding with that country. The Yankees must be brought to their senses; in the meantime Foster's departure is delayed.

Letters—1, *Bulstrode Street, April* 15*th*.—Nothing material has happened, dear mother, since I wrote to you last; but on the chance of an M.P. dropping in, I take up my pen to tell you that the Home Department is going on extremely well; and that Francis has determined on giving up this house on the 1st of May, when it will let for twenty-five guineas per week, and pitching his tent for the summer on the classic ground of Tunbridge Wells. He had at first thought of Brighton, and we went down together on Saturday, returning home through the Wells. The country and roads about there looked so beautiful, notwithstanding the heavy fall of snow that had happened in the night, that he decided on engaging Mount Pleasant House. It is the one that belonged to the old Duke of Leeds, or rather the half of it; for it has been divided, and patched up so as to last

thus long, and serve as a summer residence for two families; the rent eight guineas per week each. It will but just hold his party. I intend to stay in town at my old quarters during my two months' leave.

The King is so much recovered, that it is a question of declaring him well, if no relapse happens before the end of the month. He is himself extremely anxious for it, which places his Council in a delicate situation; for it would be treason to keep him under restraint an hour after he is well. Many people, however, wish that he would remain quiet and let things go on as they do, at least until Parliament is up.

I do not remember Lady Boringdon being introduced to Bonaparte at Paris; but my brother remembers her and her mother and brother being recommended to him by a gentleman in Norfolk. He introduced them at several places, and probably, he says, to Bonaparte also. *I* saw her ladyship the other night in company for the first time, and I dare say she likes her present abode better than her father's shop. But I understand they speak very well of her in Devonshire, and, despite the foolish sneers of the women, here, too, amongst her husband's friends; while he, like some other people, thinks he fares better with a wife of *no* fashion than with a fashionable wife.

Francis, and a party of old Felstedians—Bramston, Hughes, Kynaston, Bartle Frere, and a few others—have been getting their former head-master, old

Trivett, up to town, and giving him a round of dinners. Wednesday will be our turn. I say *our*, because, though not of Felsted, I shall dine with the Felsted party. The old boy looks remarkably well; Francis says, full as well as when he first saw him thirty years ago. He is about to get possession of a third living, adjoining the two he now holds in addition to Malden; so that I think he is pretty well off. His son stays in the country to take care of the duty. He, too, has done pretty well, for in one month he had the offer of a living in Sussex, of 330*l.* per annum; of two in Suffolk, one above 500*l.* with residence, and another of 150*l.* without.

From the favour of old pupils and of patrons, they are always, it seems, in a similar puzzle; it is with them a continual *embarras de richesses.* It is no bad thing to be a popular head-master.

17*th.*—Hughes has just written a cover for this. It enables me to tell you that your friends the Bezeiros dined here yesterday. Francis wished thus to acknowledge the attentions you received from them in Lisbon. He gave them good fare and good company, so that if they were not pleased the fault was their own, not his. We had Lady Hood—Sir Samuel's wife—Mr. Grattan, the Irish patriot, and one of his daughters, Baron and Baroness de Rolle, Lord Brooke, Colonel Capel, Messrs. Trevor, Hailes, &c., &c. Your friend seems an ordinary sort of Portuguese; the *senhora Viscondessa,* an ordinary sort of Englishwoman. But she had a good deal to say for herself, if it was not very brilliant or witty.

Grattan flashed and sparkled like a true son of Erin, and a lover of good champagne.

I hear the bellman, dear mother. Adieu.

G. J.

Diaries—May 3rd.—I dined at Holland House yesterday. The whole affair passed off much as I expected it would. His Lordship, as he always is, friendly and good-humoured. Her Ladyship, as *she* always is, capricious both in speech and manner—now merely civil and polite, then, unexpectedly confidential, and her conversation tinged with a warmth that exceeds mere friendly interest. Anon, she is distant and cold, or assumes a kind of patronizing dignified air; in short, very chameleon-like. I take her in the mood it suits her purpose best to assume, without any marked surprise or pleasure when it changes; as I don't choose to be one of her play-things. Last night she affected to show me much cordiality, and was pleasant enough, talking a good deal; and as she says, or pretends she says, everything that drops into her head at the moment, she often says very foolish things, which, being laughed at, of course pass for witty ones—at Holland House. What they pass for beyond that charmed circle it is not worth while—for her Ladyship, at least—to inquire.

Our party was Lord G. L. Gower and his wife; Lord and Lady Morpeth; Lord Boringdon; Adair, and some other men. There was nothing new in the way of politics, but numerous *indirectas* to prove that the King could never so far recover as to

resume his functions again, enforced by various examples of people suffering under that calamity being subject to as violent relapses as ever, after very long intervals of apparent freedom from it.

It is now said that the King is not so well in his general health.

5*th*.—Robert Fägel, whom I met in Piccadilly, tells me that his letters from Berlin speak in general terms of the probability of a war between Russia and France; but their latest date is the 14th of March.

6*th*.—I have been down to the Office, and, in the absence of all news, joked with Rolleston about a copy of a letter from the King to the Emperor of Russia, dated 1799, and which was lying on his table with other papers that were intended to be despatched when they find time to put them up. He laughed, and said he believed *that* really had been sent off. Afterwards he told me, he had been looking over a box of old despatches and letters, and that the one in question had fallen out, but that he was going to replace it.

The rumours of the day—called at the Office "authentic rumours"—are, first, that there had been a *sortie* from Badajoz on the 24th, in which the French were repulsed with very considerable loss by the 13th Regiment; who had themselves suffered greatly—secondly, that Massena had been manœuvring on the side of Ciudad Rodrigo in such a way as to induce Lord Wellington, who had got as far as Portalegre, where he had an interview with Beresford, immediately to return. This I think very

likely; and at the same time it shows what quick and accurate intelligence the enemy have of what is passing at our head-quarters—particularly as, they say, Lord Wellington took no part of his army with him.

These "authentic rumours," though believed, are not avowed at the Office; but I believe the papers of to-morrow will state how much of them is true, and that something will appear in to-morrow night's Gazette. Some consequence has been attached to the circumstance of Colonel Reynell being the bearer of despatches; but there is really nothing in it, he being a friend of Sir John Craddock, and having returned for the purpose of accompanying him to the Cape.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Tunbridge Wells, May 3rd, 1811.

I know you will be glad to hear, my dear mother, that we are safely perched on Mount Pleasant. We reached it without any mishap, except that, in dragging down Madam's Court Hill, the iron of one of the wheels was worn quite through; and the blacksmith at Sevenoaks made so bad a job in mending it that the whole tire came off about a mile from this, and obliged us to proceed at a foot-pace. We dined at the "Royal Oak" at Sevenoaks, which you will do well to remember when you journey this way in the summer, for the house on Sevenoaks Common is now reduced to a mere tap-house.

We find our house just what it appeared to me

when I looked it over—very much like a barn. But, like all old houses, it has some advantages to compensate for that infirmity; and having been new-sashed to the south-west, and had a few superfluous windows bricked up, it is perfectly wind and water tight; and on such a day as this, which is perfect summer, it is very delightful. The situation is beautiful, and the fragrance of the lilacs, sweetbriars, and other odorous shrubs and plants is quite a treat to our unsophisticated noses.

The country is lovely, and in so promising a state that the farmers begin to look forward with chagrin at the low prices, though they now sell hay at 8*l.* per load. About two thirds of the houses are already taken, and the people are in expectation of a good season. The only families I know, are the Lovaines, Fitzharrises, and Lord F. Osbornes. Of the old set of your time very few remain.

I called on General Murray. He was much depressed, and had just heard of old Cumberland having been taken ill in town—probably for the last time. He has the hiccough very bad.

5*th.*—Your letter of the 2nd arrived to-day. Three days, I believe, is the usual time for the journey. The Dr. Neale you inquire about, who has lately published his letters written to his wife while he was with the army in Spain, was, I believe, an assistant surgeon in Sir John Moore's regiment. But all I know of him personally is, that when I saw him in Berlin he was the most consummate puppy I ever met with in my life. He used to amuse *us*,

and greatly annoy Arbuthnot—whom he accompanied on his embassy to Constantinople as *physician* to Mrs. Arbuthnot, whose death was, at the time, attributed to his professional ignorance—by finding fault with everything in Berlin, and turning up his nose at the buildings, the cookery, and, amongst other things, I remember, at the chimes of the country. Arbuthnot and his party dined with us several times, and this jackanapes of a doctor, of course, with the rest. As nothing seemed to approach his ideal of perfection except his own precious self, I can imagine no book of his writing that would be of general interest, or would afford any amusement—unless it were a laugh at the hero of the tale; who, whatever the subject, could assuredly be no other than the "admirable" Neale himself.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Tunbridge Wells, May 8th, 1811.

If I had heard so soon from the quarter you suppose, you would also have heard from me; but all people are not so alert as our wishes would make them. I am, however, persuaded that my *correspondent* in the North is anxiously wishing for an opportunity of writing to me, but delays doing so in hopes of sending some good news from thence. It looks as if Sir James Saumarez' sailing were deferred to see if Alexander will come to, without any appearance of threat or compulsion. And this strengthens the belief that they are already in *pourparler*—and

yet I doubt their being advanced so far. That Bonaparte is brewing there is no doubt; and I imagine it must be mischief. I don't like his silence. Nothing, or a short Bulletin in the "Moniteur" always portends mischief. I like his long, angry paragraphs.

As you choose to stay in town, keep your eyes and your ears well open; but neither your balls, nor your routs, nor anything I hear of in London can be compared to the sort of tranquil life we live here. On Monday, a light coach begins running from this at 6 A.M., and from the Golden Cross at 6 P.M. It goes in five hours, and returns in six. I mention this, that if a revolution should happen in Paris, you may let us know it before we go to bed.

I have no M.P.s here. But I dislike Rolleston's new system. It is like the corruption of old times—as he *might* sell dozens of franks. But that bad practice has long prevailed at the Admiralty—I do not exactly mean selling—and it creeps from one Office to another. I often think there is room for some reform in our postal arrangements generally, and that it might combine greater convenience to the public with some advantages also to the Government.

Foster will have been comfortably tossed about in the Channel with these gales we have had for the last two or three days from the S.W. They should bring us something from the Peninsula.

F. J. J.

Diaries—May 9th.—I went on Tuesday to Lady Clonmell's and Lady Rowley's routs, and looked in at another house or two, where something was going on. At none of them did I meet young Wellesley Pole, of whom I was in pursuit, and who himself is in close pursuit of the little lady with the many thousand charms; of whom 'tis said, by way of parody,

> "Man wants but little here below;
> *But* wants that *little Long.*"

Whether Pole will be the successful competitor remains to be seen. She flouts him now; and as he has a real *longing* for her large dowry, he has, at least, to undergo many an uneasy quarter of an hour when she bestows smiles elsewhere. Such an one I intended he should undergo on Tuesday. It amuses *her*. But it puts *him* in an agony—lest the gold should escape his grasp—when he spies signs of friendliness between her and any one of the crowd who seek her hand in the dance, if they do not aspire to it in marriage.

Last night's ball at Lady Hyde Parker's was a bad concern. Her ladyship is getting out of date, and, I fear, out at elbows; for she gave us no supper! But at three o'clock we were all squeezed into one room to scramble for a few sandwiches, &c., which were very soon devoured, and, unlike the Hydra's head, were not succeeded by others. The discontent and quizzing was loud and general. "If for this," said one of the party, who had not succeeded in picking up even a few crumbs, but held aloft an

empty plate, "If for this we are asked to turn night into day, I, for one, decline, and return to the natural order of things."—"And I, for another," answered two or three voices. For myself, I decamped; but some inveterate dancers returned to the ball-room. Poor Lady Hyde Parker! If she repeats this sort of thing, she will be eternally disgraced—altogether tabooed—if she is not so already.

10*th*.—Our poor old friend, Cumberland, is gone at last. He is to be buried, I hear, in Westminster Abbey.

11*th*.—I have been trying to discover whether there was any, and what authority for the account from Colberg. But all I have heard tends rather to invalidate than confirm it. A man about the Duke of Cumberland says nothing is known beyond what we see in the papers, and they tell the same story at the different Offices; but I believe, notwithstanding, that it is a well-founded account.

A Russian courier arrived in Downing Street to-day. This is denied; nevertheless it is true.

12*th*.—The affair of Colberg, as far as regards the demand and refusal of a passage for the French troops, is confirmed; and a further communication of some kind or other was certainly received from Russia yesterday. Both subjects were openly talked of at a grand dinner last evening. Publicly, however, nothing seems to be known, nor have I heard, as I expected, anything further from my brother of the secret commission—similar to that Mr. Fox intrusted to me in 1806—with which Lord Wellesley

half promised him I should be charged—if the Prince approved of the plan—and for which, he said, he was satisfied that my general knowledge of business, of the languages, and the *carte du pays*, especially qualified me. More than a week has elapsed since his Lordship had his audience at Carlton House; and although I would fain put a good construction upon his silence, yet my own experience, as well as observation in the case of others, forbids me to hope that the *promesses et belles paroles* of the smooth-tongued noble marquis will, in this instance, have any more favourable suite than in those he has so profusely bestowed on me at other times, and induced me to build vain hopes upon.

But, that an explosion will take place in the North I have no doubt. And I consider the secrecy of the departure of Sir James Saumarez' fleet—which was never noticed in the papers—and the mystery of its arrival from St. Petersburg, as decisive proofs that things are *en train*; whether in a good *train* I of course cannot know. But the way in which business is generally conducted does not inspire much confidence on that head.

There is nothing new from Portugal; but it begins to be very generally asserted that Lord Wellington is much dissatisfied with General Beresford.

14*th*.—A speech in to-day's "Times," attributed to Bonaparte, is not believed to be genuine. One has, I think, but to read it carefully to come to that conclusion.

Letters—8, *Grosvenor Street*, *May* 17*th*.—I wish

I could do as you suggest, my dear mother, and run down to Exmouth before you leave the place that seems to have supplanted "dear Bath" in your affections. Your lovely prospects from the Crescent, your charming walks and drives, and the exquisite beauty of the country around, which you describe so glowingly that it must be truly *con amore*, I should of all things like to enjoy with you. But, you know that "the fountain head," as you call it, is a spot that I also love to frequent, and that the unromantic pathway of Downing Street, that leads to it, has strong attractions for me. It is better, then, that I should wait your arrival in town. For town is just now very full, and I am in a round of *fêtes*, of one sort or other, that I should find it difficult to get away from, unless I left altogether; for if you go to one, you must necessarily go to all.

There is to be a very grand *fête* at Carlton House on the 5th of June, and it is to be a ball. Some persons, however, doubt that it will take place; but I heard yesterday, directly from one of the household, that it certainly will, though there are many *contres* to be placed against the one *pour;* which is that of gaining popularity in the country by the encouragement to be afforded by it to the numerous manufactures.

The chief objection to it at this moment, and it is one strongly urged in some quarters, is the state the King is in. Though not now so violent, it is by one party asserted to be settling into a more confirmed yet tranquil "aberration of intellect," accompanied

by a very extraordinary cunning and shrewdness, not easily to be reconciled, I should think, with such a term. To this may be added, a very high degree of impatience to resume his functions. Talking last week on this subject to the Chancellor, who had been preaching patience, &c. to him, he said, "Aye, aye, my Lord Chancellor, it's all very pretty talking, but if you had been kept out of your place for six months you would have been glad enough to get into it again."

Again, there are people who maintain that he is quite well, and that he ought to be forthwith declared so. Lord Ellenborough is full of admiration at the manner in which he talked to him last week, when he saw him for the first time alone; and more particularly at the perspicuity with which he conversed with him on the question of the Banbury peerage, which his lordship thought no one had sifted to the bottom but himself, but on which he, to "his utter astonishment," as he expresses it, found His Majesty quite *au fait.* From these various opinions you must draw your own conclusions.

This much talked of *fête* at Carlton House has given Elizabeth *la puce á l'oreille*; and I have accordingly, been inquiring in well-informed quarters, who is to be asked, and whether she, who has not yet been introduced *to the Regent*, would be admitted on so grand an occasion?

At first I was told that no ladies under the rank of peers' daughters would be invited. Of gentlemen, all members of parliament and all who have been at

the *Regent's* levée; but I believe some further concession will be made in the case of the ladies, the line of distinction it was proposed to draw having already given offence—as excluding so many who might be said to have a right to be present. Francis will probably come up in a day or two.

You see Cumberland is buried, according to his wish, in Poet's Corner. His last poem, "Retrospection," was just ready to come from the press when he died. I am told by his friend Gordon, that it contains a great many very beautiful passages, but that he tried to coax him to leave out some lines about his daughter, by telling him that Mrs. Jansen deserved a poem to herself. There had been a deadly quarrel between him and his *Exordium* partner; the baronet and poet.

Mrs. Jansen went down to Tunbridge Wells on her father's death, and I believe she is still there; but the house, Francis says, is to let. Cumberland left everything he had to his daughter, though he probably possessed little or nothing valuable besides his manuscript plays. He had a plan, which she most likely will carry out, of publishing by subscription a certain number of those plays. A better thing, however, is a note she received immediately after Cumberland's death from Mr. Perceval, announcing a pension of £150 a year; she already had one of £30, as a lieutenant's widow.

It is strange there should yet be no official account of Captain Hoste's capture of the French and Italian frigates. It seems to have been a very gallant affair, and resistance to have been long and desperate.

13*th*.—I am obliged to reply in the negative to your question, "Have you read the Bishop of Lincoln on Calvinism?" and I think it more than doubtful, my dear mother, whether I shall ever be able to reply in the affirmative. Yet I really have heard of the work from my friend and oracle, Mr. Hodgson, and am reminded by it to ask if you have read "Hodgson's Life of Porteus;" if not, you had better get it at once from your library, as to read it is a duty you owe to your late friend Porteus as well as to Hodgson. At the same time, you may ask Langford to get you "Jacob's Travels in the South of Spain," to amuse a leisure hour; as well as "Self-Control," for my sister Clara. These books I am told are, in their several ways, the best that have lately appeared in the literary world.

G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Tunbridge Wells, May 19th, 1811.

I intend to be in town for some days towards the end of the month; and if the Carlton *fête* invitations extend to us, Elizabeth will accompany me. As town must be full, and will be fuller, you had better secure rooms for us, for I understand that even now, in most houses, they lie, as Fox said, three in a bed.

There must be fine cutting and jostling amongst the fine ladies to be in at the *fête*. I know that the Prince has said he would invite fifteen hundred persons, which I think must include more than the class mentioned; but until the invitations are really

out, there will be changes in plenty I dare say. It may be difficult for him to know what to do, for whatever is done there will always be lots of grumblers. To avoid this, the only way would be to hold an open court or drawing room, and to confine the invitations to the ball, if there must be one, to those whose rank entitles them, according to Court etiquette, to be asked.

There used to be at Buckingham House no one under the rank of Earls' sons and daughters; but of late this rule has been relaxed. You may let us know, without delay, anything you hear on the subject; for one of the advantages of this place is, that we have now three conveyances daily from London—the post, and coaches at six and eight.

Lord Camden is here, exercising his regiment of locals. They enliven the common, and give one a pretty good notion of our safety from all invasion. The possibility of their being called upon to resist an attempt of that kind is, no doubt, the cause of much of the spirit and ardour that generally animate them.

Boney's troubles thicken upon him. The news from Catalonia is very cheering; for had not the half-starved Italian garrison left in Figueras opened the gates to the Spaniards, it would have taken two months at least to have obtained it by force. People in general will not know the value of it. With ten thousand men and a good commander, we might do anything and everything. I wish all the troops in Sicily were now employed in that quarter.

I learn, from New York papers I have just received,

that Madison and *my friend* Robert Smith are at war, and that the latter is removed. A pretty set these Yankees are!

22*nd*.—I hope it was not in Lord Wellington's power to bring on a general engagement; for these partial fights are by no means satisfactory. It would seem from his accounts that it was and is his game to fight it out whenever an opportunity offers. Till Massena's army is either destroyed or disabled—which it can only be by our bayonets, not by their empty stomachs—I shall never think our business done, or Portugal secure. The strong north-east winds of the last two days must be against arrivals; besides Lord Wellington does not manage his writing as well as his fighting concerns.

F. J. J.

Diaries—May 20*th*.—The Catalonian news is indeed good news, yet I hardly know what to make of Captain Bullen's report; as far as regards Hostalrich and Gerona. Their recapture is in every respect so important, with reference both to what has happened and what may hereafter happen, that his mentioning such an event merely casually and incidentally, is difficult to understand. One would have expected to find him dancing, as it were, for joy, and his account leaping in exultation on the paper as he wrote it. Oh, that Sir J. Stuart could take Catalonia on his way home!

To-day's report from Spain is, that a despatch has been intercepted, ordering Massena to attack, *coûte*

que coûte. An action was generally expected. Oxala!

22*nd.*—5.30 P.M.—I was just setting off to dine at Edmonton, when a second edition of the "Times" announced the following, as posted at Lloyd's:—"Bristol, 20th May, arrived the 'Sarah' from Oporto, whence she sailed on the 12th inst. Her captain states that, on the evening before he sailed, an express reached the governor from Lord Wellington, giving an account of his having defeated the French army under Massena, in an action fought near Almeida on the 4th, 5th, and 6th inst., in which the French lost four thousand men killed, and seven hundred prisoners. The Allies had twelve hundred killed—Lord Wellington was pursuing them towards Salamanca."

On reading this I immediately set off to ascertain the truth of it; and find that Government has received no official confirmation of the report; but that from the statement of the captain, whom they have examined, and from some antecedent *dota*, they have no doubt of the fact. Indeed, so much do they give credit to it that Lord Liverpool has announced it in a letter to Lady Wellington; and most of the Cabinet—and *nommement* Perceval and Lord Camden—have, *I know*, expressed their belief of it.

The transport board at Liverpool has received an account to the same effect, with some few additional particulars, such as that "the brunt of the action fell upon the Guards and 71st regiment."

The evidence of the captain of the "Sarah," as

taken before the Cabinet, is, that he himself heard Lord Wellington's letter read the day before he sailed from Oporto. But it naturally strikes one as singular that Trant, who is, I believe, the governor, should not, himself, have sent home some account of an event of so much importance.

I have also seen Freeling, who gives me precisely the same intelligence.

The accounts from the North are very contradictory, but since the arrival of the last Anhalt mail, the most prevalent opinion is, that the differences are, for the time, settled.

23*rd*.—No confirmation of the news of Massena's defeat is come in. But nobody now doubts that the main account of it is true, though details vary considerably.

Irish Office—7 o'clock.—I have ascertained some further particulars, and one circumstance especially, which obviates the difficulty I felt in believing the accounts by the "Sarah," namely, that Trant was not at Oporto, and that the governor, as they call him, was a Portuguese officer, acting *ad interim*. The days were the 3rd, 4th, and 5th—the first two partial, the last more general and very severe. Our loss has been great. The 71st have suffered severely, and the 52nd have come in for their usual share of hard blows and glory. The whole thing seems to have been brought on by Massena's attempt to relieve Almeida. It has not yet fallen it seems, but if this tale be true, that devoutly-wished-for consummation cannot be far distant.

24*th*.—The invitations to the Carlton *fête* were sent to Bulstrode Street last night, for my brother, his wife, and myself. But there is a rumour that it will not take place; at all events, not on the 5th.

It seems settled that the Duke of York will return to office, though it was suggested to the Prince that it would be expedient to wait the prorogation of Parliament. However, the public voice is rather for than against the Duke.

25*th*.—Sylvester, who came in the regular packet to Falmouth, has brought the account of the action that will appear in the Gazette of to-night, or be issued early in the morning.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Exmouth, May 27th, 1811.

If I hear *from* you but seldom, my dear George, I hear *of* you often, from your sister and others; if I did not I should be alarmed lest the gay life you are leading should not agree so well with your health as it seems to do with your inclination. It is fortunate that there are places and amusements suited to all tastes and all ages; for I know not what would now become of me were I compelled to live in so dissipated a scene as that which proves so attractive to you. However, I shall not be sorry if you spin out your furlough till I bring your sisters to Edmonton, about the middle of next month.

Pray tell me, in the meantime, if the account I see in the Bath paper of the Dean's speech over Cumberland's grave is correct. If it is, I think it a very

extraordinary one. He might *there* have passed over the faults which every one must condemn in his plays and novels, and have buried his errors in his grave. Poor Cumberland! I do not think he has left many men behind him of talent equal to his own. If you happen to have the paper, cut out for me the account of his death and funeral, and anything besides you may now and then see that is worth keeping, as I shall finish the last volume of scrapiana I began here, when I am quietly seated again at Bellevue.

30*th*.—The flag is flying, and all are exulting and full of joy at the confirmation of the news that adds fresh leaves to Lord Wellington's laurels. The news came from Plymouth in the Truro paper. But amidst all this rejoicing, it is sad to reflect how many hearts must ache for the thousands who have fallen. We have the names of several officers killed, but we must feel for the bereavements of all.

Such a variety of cheering news, as it is called—though to read it only, turns me sick, it is too terrible and bloody to be cheering—makes London, no doubt, very gay. Yet it does not appear that the King is to be visible on his birthday, or that it is to be kept at St. James's.

June 1*st*.—I had got thus far when one of our friends came in and begged us to take advantage of a beautiful day to visit Powderham, which we had often talked of doing; but constant rains had put an end to all plans made beforehand. We agreed, then, to seize the favourable moment, and set out at once. Wind and tide were propitious, and as we were a pleasant

party and all in good spirits, we enjoyed the sail greatly. The gardens at Powderham, which I had not seen before, are beautiful, affording every luxury both nature and art can collect to gratify every sense. When weary with rambling in those lovely grounds we rested in one of the pavilions, where the dinner our maids had brought was spread upon a rustic table. It consisted only of such odds and ends as could be quickly scrambled into a basket; but the sea air, and the walk had given us appetites to relish the humblest meal. Had we, after another stroll, been able to take to our boat again at the same spot at which we landed, we should have done well; but unluckily the water was too low, and as there was no conveyance to be had we were obliged to walk to Star Cross, near two miles. This feat I accomplished as bravely as the younger members of the party, though I was exceedingly glad to be once more seated in the boat. But the wind had risen considerably, and for the return voyage was not in our favour, so that the sail could not be used, and only after two hours of great exertion, the tide also being against us, did the boatmen succeed in getting us in. However, the evening was fine, and we were all seated round my tea-table by eight o'clock. You may be sure we much enjoyed our dish of tea, nor less our beds at an early hour; so early that you, my dear, were perhaps scarcely yet thinking of dressing for your half-dozen balls and routs. I felt the full effects yesterday of my pedestrian exertions, and had it even been a post day, I could not have written a line.

2*nd*.—We all here partake of the general anxiety and impatience for particulars from General Beresford; many persons in this place are particularly interested in the fate of his army. General Houghton's father and mother I knew well, but they have been long dead. I have often nursed him on my knee; he was your brother's junior by a year.

For Mrs. Duckworth, the colonel's wife, every one feels much; she was weeping over the corpse of their only son when the news of her husband's death came. The admiral is at sea, and his infant son by his second wife, Miss Butler, will now be heir to the title and estate. Such are the changes and chances of this life.

I hope the King will not become worse, and oblige the Prince to put off this grand *fête* to which so many are anxiously looking forward; but from the accounts of his state I read in the "Courier" it seems doubtful that it can, with propriety, take place on the 5th.

An extraordinary thing happened here on Friday —the sea rose suddenly, and with great violence. One or two machines were destroyed by the force with which the waves rushed against them, and all seemed likely to be carried away. A lady who had just got into one had a very narrow escape; for the sands were covered rapidly, and the sea in three minutes had actually risen eight feet. The fishermen left their nets in terror, and the whole town was much alarmed, when, as the climax, as it happily turned out, to this phenomenon, there rose across the bay a

mighty wave, perpendicularly, as it seemed, to the height of many feet, and standing for a moment erect to collect, as it were, all its giant strength, came on like a moving wall and broke with violence upon the shore; scattering machines and boats and doing much damage to everything within reach of its destructive power. It is supposed we shall soon hear of some great earthquake.

I remember having often heard my father speak of the large pond near Tunbridge Wells, called then the Brewer's pond, and which was close to the turnpike, being one morning so violently agitated that a person passing by was so much struck by the unusual circumstance that he came to our house, which was at no great distance, to report that the pond had waves like the sea, and to inquire if my father could account for it. Of course he could not; the morning was a still one, hardly wind enough, he said, to rustle the autumn leaves, much less to turn the Brewer's pond into a foaming sea, but he made a note of it; and this strange agitation of the water proved to have taken place at the exact time that the dreadful earthquake of 1755 occurred at Lisbon.

This is all the news this part of the world affords. I don't know whether you have been to the *Regent's* levées; if you have, I suppose you will get a card for the *fête*, and I shall get from you some description of it.

C. J.

P. S.—I was closing my letter when one arrived from the Wells. It is not from your brother, but

from little Arthur, and is really a surprising production for a child of five years. The writing is excellent, and he tells me of the capture of a frigate in the Straits of Bonifacio; narrating in childlike, but in a clear and really clever manner, the prowess of the gallant Captain Hoste against a superior force. His capacity is good, it is evident; but the children of this age have great advantages over those even of your brother's time. In my days we never heard of things which now they have by heart before they are out of the nursery. Whether by this forcing of the youthful intellect they will develop into wiser and better men than their fathers and grandfathers I shall, probably, not live to see. I trust that they may; yet my old-fashioned tastes and notions lead me to think that, though fruit out of season may surprise us and give momentary pleasure, the finest flavoured will be that which, by proper care and not forcing, has been gradually brought at its proper time to maturity. C. J.

Letters—Grosvenor Street, May 31*st.*—Nothing new is come from Portugal, and the one subject of conversation is the *fête.* That it will not take place on the 5th is certain, some persons think, not at all; but the expense, said to be £10,000, having been incurred, it is likely that the Prince will not give it up; though *pour un heureux il fera cent ingrats* with his invitations. Those who are invited, and still more those who are not, are making an outrageous fuss. Though somewhat tiresome, it is still amusing to hear the lamentations and

complaints of people who are not asked—many being purposely, many accidentally omitted. Husbands invited without their wives; mothers without their daughters; in some instances daughters who are not out; in others, people who are dead and buried. As the complainants must be the more numerous and vociferous party, a good deal is made of all this and much more invented.

None of the household interfere in the arrangements. The Duke of Cumberland and Lord Yarmouth are said to be the principal advisers.

The King is certainly worse, and they now say he has the dropsy. This I disbelieve, as those better acquainted with the circumstances are of opinion that he may live, and be in general health much better than he *has been*. Should there next week appear to be any hope of this, the *fête* will take place. However, I shall not let my coat be made until after Monday's bulletin. Heavy bets are pending on the "to be or not to be."

June 1*st*.—Francis is still at Edmonton. His wife is better, and will no doubt be well in time for Carlton House. Perhaps they have not told you that I was dressed for the Prince's last levée, and waiting for Elizabeth to call, and drop me on her way to the City, when her carriage came without her, and the footman brought a message to Francis to go immediately to Mrs. Fitzherbert's; but not a word was said of her being ill. Francis was out, and, not knowing what to do about the carriage, I drove to Tilney Street myself. On arriving there,

I was hurrying upstairs, somewhat alarmed by the expressive looks of the silent servants, when Mrs. Fitz., in a great flurry, met me on the landing, and, thrusting a note into my hand, desired me to go with all speed for Croft. Into the carriage I jumped, and, as fast as the horses could gallop, made for the doctor's house. He had been out near an hour, but had left a list of the houses he was to call at.

I left the note with his servant; then, striking off at once to the middle of his list, I commenced my chase—armed *cap-a-pie* with bag and sword—to the no small astonishment of the coachman, who thought he had to take a fine gentleman to court, and not to drive about an *accoucheur* hunter. No less surprised, but apparently more amused, were the servants who opened the doors at the various houses I stopped at to inquire for my man. Many were the loud, hurried knocks that were given in vain; but, at last, after a very hard run of two hours, I shot my game flying, popped him into the carriage, and galloped off with him to Tilney Street. There I left him; and, as it was too late to think of pursuing my original intention, I returned home, changed my dress, dined in Wimpole Street, and afterwards looked in at the Opera and elsewhere. On the same evening, Elizabeth was able to go to Edmonton, and her most anxious thought is now, I believe, the preparation of her *toilette* for the much-looked-for Carlton *fête*.

2*nd*.—The King is said to be better to-day. There was a report a few days ago that he was dead, and,

as in the case of the Princess Amelia, for a short time it was believed. It was probably a trick of the shopkeepers; for every bit of black was immediately bought up.

Foreign Office.—I have come here to read the Gazette, which will be out to-night. If in time for the post, Mr. Rolleston has promised to send you one down, as this evening's papers will not give it. This victory of Marshal Beresford has made everybody wild with delight, for it is most glorious and most complete. And although it is, indeed, also a most bloody one, and has cost very dear, it is worth what it cost. A few such battles as that of Albuera will go further than anything else towards shortening the war.

From what I have read, and from conversations on the subject with military men, I do not think that any of *our* battles in the Seven Years' War were so murderous, and I believe that there has not been such a loss of men in any in which we have been engaged since the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns. Out of 30,000 men of which the hostile armies consisted, 15,000 appear to have been killed or disabled. What a proud consideration! that 8,000 only of British troops should have stood the brunt of such a day against so superior a force. Every individual, as the report says, must have nobly done his duty. It was observed that our dead, and particularly the 57th Regiment, were lying as they had fought, in ranks, and that every wound was in front. How happy it would have made the

poor old King, had he been able to hear of and to reward such gallant deeds! Colonel Arbuthnot, who brought the despatches, says that, after Marshal Beresford's letter was written, 2,500 of the enemy were counted on the field of battle. Three hundred of our people, who had been taken prisoners, had escaped and rejoined our army, and others were daily coming in.

Soult, before leaving Seville, harangued his troops, and told them they were going to meet the British leopards, and to defeat them. But we taught those who returned a very different tale to carry back with them.

Great reinforcements are going—particularly the fine brigade of Hussars—the 10th, 15th, and 18th—directly after Friday's review.

7th.—One line, my dear mother, to say that the *fête* is again postponed to the 19th, as it is now *said*, on account of the *necessary preparations* for it not being finished. Francis and Elizabeth, therefore, returned to Mount Pleasant yesterday, and will come up again on the 16th, if in the interval the *fête* should not be put off altogether.

G. J.

Diaries—Foreign Office, June 7th.—There is nothing new here, but a letter from Lord Wellington, dated Elvas, 24th May, by which it appears that Massena, with Junot and Loison, is gone to France, leaving the command of his army to Marmont. I think we shall hear of more fighting ere long.

Badajoz was to be completely invested on the 25th, and, I doubt not, soon taken.

The King, from what I can learn, will probably never be king again; and there are strong symptoms that, as soon as the restrictions cease, a change of ministry will take place.

10*th.*—I have been ordered to join my regiment by the 25th, and, as it is probable that an extension of leave will not be granted, I have come to the determination to resign my commission.

15*th.*—General Calvert has been good enough very readily to spare me the alternative of joining immediately or taking a step contrary to my brother's advice, and has himself written to Colonel Shawe that the Commander-in-chief has no objection to my leave being extended to the 25th of July. This, I hope, will prevent any further difficulty being raised by the commanding officer at Hull—at all events, the General undertakes to cover me from appearing at head-quarters this 25th, and I have a strong fancy never to appear there again.

The hopes and fears of the *beau monde* rise and fall with the more or less favourable reports of the bulletins; but I believe the *fête* is really destined to take place. Some persons, who are still without invitations but who are resolved to have them if "by hook or by crook" they can, even at the last moment, be obtained, are scheming and intriguing with a perseverance and earnestness that is really amusing, though somewhat surprising, considering the end they have in view. Three or four cards,

I know, have been sent, through influence that in some way must have been well paid for. It may be truly said of these, that *le gibier ne vaut pas la poudre.* I saw several disappointed persons when I called on Mrs. Fitzherbert this morning; for she had promised much more than she has been able to perform.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Grosvenor Street, 19th June, 1811.

My dear Mother,—As we have reached the 19th without any further *contetremps*, I suppose we may rely upon the *fête* taking place. 'Tis well there is an end of postponements. Jekyl said last week, or somebody said for him, that the phrase, "fixed as fate" (fête), must be quite exploded. As this has circulated as a *mot* worth repeating, I repeat it to you, though I think it a very poor one.

We came to town yesterday, and as my *toilette* does not require so much preparation as Elizabeth's I employ a leisure half hour in chatting with you. She is now busy and will continue so till the moment of going to Carlton House, which we shall do about ten o'clock, as everybody will be so anxious to be in time that the grand crowd will be in the early part of the evening. The whole town is in commotion, or rather the spirits of its inhabitants—many with joy at going and the preparation for it, and almost as many with rage and disappointment at not being invited.

The only gleam of pleasure that I have felt on the occasion, was yesterday on hearing that Louis XVIII.

and, more particularly, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, are to be at Carlton House. I have long wished to see the latter, but did not care to go down to Hertfordshire for a presentation. This satisfaction was, however, soon dashed by learning that I should also meet Mr. Waithman, the linen draper and city orator. Sir Francis Burdett I had before heard of, and I believe many more are invited quite as improper. But some such invitations, as well as some omissions, have been rectified.

It is said that none below the marquisate rank are to sit at the Prince's table. The Duchess of Argyll on his right, and the Duchess of York on his left. The Queen and Princesses do not come, and it is evident that *all Windsor* is highly displeased on the occasion.

To-morrow, if possible, but at latest the following morning, we shall return to the Mount—a far pleasanter scene, to my taste, than that which awaits us to-night.

F. J. J.

Letters—Grosvenor Street, June 22st.—Francis and Elizabeth have just set off for Mount Pleasant, the latter quite recovered from her fatigue at the *fête*, and I, my dear mother, by way of performing my promise, take the first opportunity I have to give you a few particulars of that, in some respects, interesting event. The *fête*, then, as a whole was the handsomest thing I have ever seen in this country, or, of its kind, in any other. There was greater brilliancy and richness of dress amongst the

women, though not so much taste as elsewhere. The supper surpassed anything I ever saw, or ever heard of at other Courts. The value of the diamonds I have no doubt greatly exceeded what was ever before seen in any assembly. But as you will see a great deal of nonsense about this in the papers, I will chiefly confine myself to what has not hitherto appeared there.

We found everybody "fearing to be late," and determined to set out an hour before the gates of Carlton House were opened. Accordingly, at eight o'clock there was a string of carriages that reached to the top of St. James's Street, and by nine to the top of Bond Street. I went out for a walk amongst the crowd at the latter hour. The jostling and pushing to get a sight of the women, especially when accompanied by a star or a riband, was something extraordinary; and the remarks of the people on the occupants of the carriages, as the latter crawled or jolted on at a snail's pace, were sometimes very droll and apt, though not always complimentary. By eleven we were dressed, and reached Carlton House without a single stoppage. Elizabeth's dress was, I think, one of the handsomest in the room, and seemed to be greatly admired. You know, my dear mother, that I am not equal to describing a lady's dress; Elizabeth's, I believe, was of some sort of satin and gauze, or lace, but it is the *tout ensemble*, the general harmony of effect, that I look at, and if that satisfies my eye, I do not inquire of what materials it is composed.

The apartment consisted of a suite of twelve rooms, besides the grand entrance hall, which was constantly full. There was a ball-room, but little or no dancing, so that until half past two the *fête* consisted of an assemblage of grandly dressed persons promenading from one room to another; and you will allow that those who arrived at nine had enough of it.

The ball room was hot in the extreme, and wherever the Prince and his party—the royal family of France and the Duchess of York—were, was crowded to excess for the time. But, with this exception, there was no inconvenient press, and most ladies could, in turn, get a chair in the course of the evening.

Supper was announced at half past two, and as soon as the royal party were seated, the music struck up, and the doors were opened for the general company. It is said that near two thousand persons supped; but the extraordinary part of it was, that so large a number should have been served in such a style; tureens, dishes, plates, even soup plates, were everywhere of silver, with as many changes of everything as were wanted. There were hot soups, and roasts, all besides cold, but of excellent and fresh cookery. Peaches, grapes, pine apples, and every other minor fruit in and out of season were in profusion. Iced champagne at every three or four persons, all the other wines also excellent. There was no crowding, hurry or bustle in waiting; everything was done as in a private house.

The ropes that, in various directions, supported

the tent were all gilded, and were ornamented with wreaths, and festoons of flowers without end. The lustres were large, and very handsome, and of the finest glass, and were so numerous that every part of the tent was not only well but brilliantly lighted.

After supper, the general company walked round those parts of the tent where they had not supped, and to the apartments *de plein pied*, which are the Prince's private rooms, but formed on this occasion ante-rooms to the tent, where also tables were laid. In this way we were led on to the Conservatory, where the Prince's party supped, consisting of all the royalties, dukes and marquises with their wives, and as many earls and countesses as could be stowed in.

The Conservatory was really like what one would imagine a fairy hall to be. It is a building of the lightest Gothic, resembling the choir of a cathedral. Its defects, if it has any, were concealed, and its beauties revealed by innumerable small coloured lamps placed all round the little cornices, and in the niches of the gothic work. In the centre were lustres of the finest and most brilliant glass that can be made. The table was served with gold and silver gilt; the Prince's own state service, and which I had before seen at the silversmith's. Where china and glass were used, they were of the most magnificent kind, and at the top of the room was a sort of *buffet*, on which each piece of the massive sideboard *vermeille* was separately placed.

The serpentine river, you hear so much of, was on

the *plateau*; a paltry thing of bad taste, but which amused the *badeaux*, especially as it was full of *real* fish! roach, dace, and gudgeons—the dying and the dead.

Day broke while we were at supper, and soon after five we got away without any difficulty.

Of personages, there were none very remarkable but the royal family of France; and to them every refinement of attention was shown. The Prince wrote to Louis XVIII. with his own hand, and sent the letter of invitation by a General officer. The letter was addressed "*à Monsieur Le Comte de Lisle;*" but *Sire*, and *Votre Majesté* were used in the letter itself. Louis slept at *Monsieur's* house in South Audley Street. Going to and returning from Carlton House, he was escorted by an officer's detachment of Hussars. The party consisted of the King, Monsieur, the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême, the Prince de Condé, Duc de Bourbon, and Duc de Berri. The Prince, who wore a very rich scarlet uniform, of not very good taste or very well made, but with a most magnificent star, badge, aigrette and sabre, received them in an apartment fitted up for the occasion with rich blue silk, *parsemé* with *fleurs de lis* in gold.

The King, for a time, declined sitting, saying he was only Comte de Lisle. The Prince, placing a chair for him, replied, "*Ici Votre Majesté est Roi de France.*" Amongst the pictures that ornamented the reception room was a Rembrandt, for which, a few days before, the Prince gave five thousand guineas.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême looked interesting, and something like the best portraits of her mother, therefore, not very pretty; but she was, evidently, embarrassed, and her dress and demeanour were those of a person who had not been much in the world. In fact, she may be said to have stepped from a prison—and what a prison—to Carlton House; for she was never before in a company of a hundred persons. I know, from a perfectly trustworthy source, that for some time she was in agony at the idea of going to this *fête*, and that it was only at the most pressing entreaties of her family that she consented. Both she and the Duke, who is a mean-looking little man, are of a very retiring disposition, and devote almost the whole of their time to works of piety and charity. The Duchess of York sat with her a good deal, and looked very well; her "*sposo fido*" *as* easy in his manners and *as* much like a gentleman as usual.

Amidst the blaze of diamonds, those of the Queen were wanting; and though all there—*en masse*—are said to have exceeded in value anything ever before assembled, yet there was no one set that equalled in splendour those I have seen worn by the Queen of Prussia; or those, Francis says—speaking of twenty years ago—of the Queen of Spain, or of the Empress of Russia.

As the Queen did not come to the *fête*, of course the Princesses were absent, and by the conversation of everybody from Windsor, it was easy to collect that *there* people thought the *fête* ill-timed. This,

however, may be remedied by giving another *when* the King recovers. The Princess was not asked. She says she is like an archbishop's wife, who does not partake in her husband's honours. All her household were invited, and her royal highness replied, that they should certainly obey the Regent's commands. And that they might not disgrace the occasion she made presents to them of handsome new suits, as well as new dresses to her ladies, whom she sent in her own carriage.

Mrs. Fitzherbert sent an excuse when she found that she was not to have the same place at the Prince's table which he had before always given her. This *may* lead to other curious disclosures in these days of curiosity. The two wives sat at home by themselves, and they have certainly pretensions of all sorts, quite equal to those of the present favourite.

All the royal brothers were present, as was Sir Francis Burdett, and two or three of the democratic aldermen; but I could not discover that Waithman was.

There is no further news, except a little event in the fashionable world, viz., the elopement of Lady M. Beauclerck with Lord Deerhurst—not yet out of mourning for his first wife, a daughter of Lord Beauchamp.

Good-bye, dear mother. I am going to dine in Wimpole Street. And as you have made a move to Dorchester, I hope soon to see you and my sisters in these parts.

G. J.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Edmonton, August 1st, 1811.

We were very glad, my dear George, to hear of your safe arrival at Hull, and I hope you have experienced no inconvenience from the great expedition with which you performed your long journey. Your military duties will probably be less severe than those exacted from a votary of pleasure, so that you may now get to bed before daylight, or even, as your friend Wellesley Pole says, by 12 P.M. But I do beg of you, my dear, to have some care for your health, and not to begin a new season of minor dissipation in the equally gay, if less aristocratic circles, of Hull, Beverley, and York.

I have had offered to me, and have taken it for a few weeks, a very delightful house at Egham: for the dilatoriness of the work-people, and the smell of the paint still keep me away from Bellevue; to which I begin to have a longing to return.

I find Edmonton, though so near London, out of the world compared with Tunbridge Wells; the difference being, that your brother was so well-informed of all that was going forward, while here nothing is known beyond what is in the paper, which Dawson receives only every other day. *A propos* of papers, I intend, when I get back to Bath, to have the "Times" once more, in addition to your "Morning Post." Francis has made arrangements for sending it to me daily. He says, it is the

paper he recommends above all others, as being *in general*, the fairest and most impartial; *always* the best informed, and exceedingly well written.

We heard, yesterday, that the King could not possibly last long, from the violence of the paroxysms; but I question if anything of his real state is known amongst the public.

Ludgate Hill, 3*rd*.—I have brought my letter to town with me, and here, at my first stoppage—the mercer's—I learn that the reports speak most favourably of the King, his disorder having passed its crisis; so that we shall not yet buy our black.

Egham, 8*th*.—We stayed two nights in town, and are now pretty well settled here. The house and gardens are charming, and I believe there are many pleasant walks and drives in the neighbourhood. Though so near Windsor, the news of the place comes from London, ours, chiefly from the Wells. Francis says the King's life is in no immediate danger, but that his head is quite gone. The Prince drove down our road this morning, whether or not for Bath, as some people said, I cannot tell. It appears that he is bent upon a divorce, and will make any man minister who will assist him. I have heard that he proposes bringing the Princess to trial as soon as his father and her mother are gone; and that then, though her life, as she knows, would be forfeited, he should *only* confine her in Holyrood House—*for ever!*

Yesterday we drove over to Frogmore, which I was curious to see; but I had heard so exaggerated

a description of it, that it did not at all approach my expectations.

C. J.

P.S.—I see in the papers, the list of regiments ordered for Ireland, of which only three are for immediate service: If you should be sent on detachment duty, I think it might afford you an excellent opportunity of pursuing any hitherto neglected studies you might have in view. I know from a relative of Sir R. Keith, that when in garrison at Helvoetsluys, he read "Bayle's Dictionary" from beginning to end, notes and all. If he had only a fair memory, it must have been of no small use to him, and I think that some such occupation might pleasantly and profitably occupy your leisure. It seems quite clear that you will never have any pleasure in the militia service, though *that*, as clearly, need not be prevented by the want of sufficient leave of absence. I have sometimes thought since you have belonged to the West Kents, that promotion in that regiment, must go by "the rule of contraries," and he acquire most merit who does the least duty.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Tunbridge Wells, August 8th, 1811.

You will see by the direction of this, that Hamilton is down here. I spoke to him of your recent application to Lord Wellesley, and he gave me the same answer as his lordship gave you, "that he was most

desirous of employing you as soon as opportunity offered; otherwise, for the good service you had already done, he would have desired to give you a pension." An answer, or rather an opinion, as little satisfactory, I have had about the money concerns of my American mission; but I have plainly said that I do not wish them to stand over till Lord Wellesley is out of office.

I imagine that neither the King nor his sister will last long. The state of the former seems to vary only in its continued progress towards dissolution, and, at all events February will be the period of this ministry's existence. Every now and then, however, somebody ventures upon a contrary opinion, though I cannot find upon what ground.

So far, I believe, that the Prince will not long have changed his ministry before he will repent of it. He will have enough of more important matter also to occupy his mind without making such a stir about his wife's follies. She has committed them without number, and has disgusted all her friends; but still, I greatly doubt her having done anything criminal.

The society of this place is somewhat changed. The Fitzharris and Grantham families are gone; the Pembrokes, Woronzow, Dungannons, and others, arrived. Dungannon's boys are going to Westminster; his lordship is as disagreeable as ever. Lord Harrowby is still here, and I was delighted to hear him the other day give Aberdeen a good lesson on his Yankeeism. You see Cadore's memorial. It is a good mystification, though I don't say so, of course.

I cut Patriot Waithman's letter out of the newspaper for my mother to put away with her collection of *state papers*.

16*th*.—We have made a pleasant excursion of five days' duration, visiting Hastings, Battle, Winchelsea, Eastbourne, and last, though not least beautiful, old Trivett's vicarage at Ashburnham. It commands a delightful view of Lord Ashburnham's house, park, and pleasure-grounds on one side, and of Pevensey, Eastbourne, and the martello tower, and a good distance out to sea on the other. We left at three on Sunday, reaching the Wells, afterwards, through a very fine country, and over some tremendous hills in three hours and a half.

18*th*.—I was a moment at the Office yesterday. Lord Wellesley is at Ramsgate, and Hamilton is going down to him. His lordship, besides his *other* occupations, has taken with him all the papers relative to the outstanding business of his office to look over. I shall give him a flapper in a few days.

The King lingers on, now better, now worse; but nobody looks forward to his recovery.

T. J. J.

Letters—Hull, Aug. 15*th*.—I have not taken, as you suggested, dearest mother, to the study of "Bayle's Dictionary," or, indeed, to study of any kind for the beguilement of leisure time; but I have been for a few days to Bridlington and Scarborough with a very pleasant party. The first of these places is a most miserable, dirty hole, with but one pleasant

house in it, now occupied by the Duke of Leeds, who at all times lives chiefly by himself, but at the present moment in perfect seclusion, in consequence of the death of Lord Townshend. The place is, however, quite full, and lodgings let at as extravagant rents as at any watering place in the South; in fact, at much more, considering the inferiority of the accommodation offered. Half a day more than satisfied us at Bridlington, which is resorted to only by families from Hull, and other towns in the county; and we proceeded on to Scarborough, well prepared to be pleased with it, were it only for the contrast it could not but afford to the wretched place we had just left. But it wanted no such foil. For I do not know that I ever saw anything of the kind finer than the beautiful drive along the cliff, and the majestic appearance which the castle presents as you approach it. The town itself has nothing to recommend it, and, with the exception of what are called the Cliff Houses, contains no good lodgings. The sands, as far as they extend, are very firm and hard, but they will not bear comparison with those of Worthing. We stayed there three days, and on one of them paid a visit to Harkness, the seat of Lady Johnstone, with whom I became acquainted last winter at York.

Harkness Hall is a very charming place, and might tempt many a man to make up to its fair owner; but, unfortunately, the old baronet foreseeing this, decreed by his will that his poor young widow should lose this seat, as well as the half of the rest

of the property, which is very considerable, if she married again. Whether these conditions more influence the lady, or the men who might become *prétendants* for her hand, I know not; but she is a very pleasant woman, and still remains a widow.

On the old story of the red-coat, I can say nothing new. That I am not very fond of it is certain, but on the other hand, I do not find it very uncomfortable; while, as to the several duties attached to the wearing of it, you mistake greatly, dear mother, if you fancy that I have neglected them. So far from it, you may feel perfectly assured that in any duties I may be called upon to discharge I shall not allow myself to be found incapable or deficient.

From what is now going on in Ireland, it is not unlikely that we may be ordered there, and even have some fighting; though it is not a field on which we could gather any laurels. With the exception of one captain and fifteen men, the whole of us have volunteered for that service; and yesterday a letter was read at the head of the regiment expressive of "the high sense the Prince Regent entertained of the alacrity, &c., &c., of the West Kents on this occasion." All this is very well; still I shall not be the less rejoiced when Lord Wellesley's long talked of "opportunity," arrives. Perhaps I may once more jog his memory before he goes out of office.

That there is nothing like perseverance no one can doubt, if it be true—as a gentleman just imported from Bond Street affirms—that Miss Long has at

last surrendered, and that marshal Pole is forthwith to be put in possession of the citadel and all its stores. This is difficult to believe, for those who have seen how she treated him up to the end of the season. But I fear that Pole has been thus persevering, more for the sake of the wealth than for little Catherine herself. Yet I hope he will make her a good husband. She and I were always such excellent friends, that if I had tried, as I was strongly advised to do, I might possibly have carried off the prize myself. I can fancy how she would have laughed at taking a trip to Gretna Green, and leaving poor Pole in the lurch. However, I hope that things are better for *her* as they are.

I suppose, from a paragraph I have read in an American paper, that Foster has suspended his negotiation, and that Morier had been presented as Secretary of Legation. I have also read Smith's Manifesto, which will interest Francis, and all who are not yet weary of the American business. Adieu, dearest mother. I am leading a life that accords with our motto, a "steady" one. Beyond a few dinners in the country, I have not slept out of quarters above once or twice since my return.

G. J.

Diaries—Hull, Aug. 30th.—We have given up all idea of Ireland, and seem likely to remain stationary for some time. We are in expectation of five regiments of the line—*skeletons* from the Peninsula—the first marches in on Wednesday; but as their

united force will not exceed five hundred men, there is more than room for them in these barracks, therefore, our stay will not be affected by their coming.

Sept. 1*st.*—In the absence of any regular public amusement, the last week has been taken up by the boxing exhibitions of Molyneux, Belcher, and Richmond, who, after reaping a very plentiful harvest at York, took this place on their return to London, and have picked up some very pretty gleanings. Belcher's performance, for science and dexterity, is astonishing; it would be impossible to exceed them. And when he stripped, his small, slight, but nicely proportioned figure formed so curious a contrast with the huge form of the black, that even I, who must confess to not being over fond of such sights, could not but admire. His blows, comparatively speaking, were as the blows of an infant on an immense bull; but then they never missed, and were directed with a quickness and precision that made the proportion as of two, or even three to one. Molyneux is a native of Baltimore, twenty-seven years of age; to feel his arm is like handling a solid mass of iron. If he were tall in proportion—he is only five feet eight inches—to the size of his limbs, he could be compared only to the figure of Hercules at Somerset House.

Belcher is training him, and the odds are seven to four in his favour. The battle is to take place somewhere between this and Doncaster, on the 28th, and it is thought will be a severer business than has often been known. When he fought last, Cribb was on

the point of yielding when Molyneux gave in; and at that time—to use the cant term—he was not half the man he now is, having little or no science. But his great dependence is on his enormous strength, which is such that no parry can stand. Belcher told me himself that his arm was so beaten by merely sparring with him that he could scarcely bear his finger to rest on it.

But I should not, from Belcher's information, bet upon the black. In town, I see, the odds are two to one against him. Yet, of its sort, I dare say nothing so well worth seeing as this fight has occurred, or is likely soon to occur again. Francis, who is fonder of this sort of thing than I am, may perhaps be tempted by it to come as far as Doncaster.

5th.—So Figueras has fallen again into the enemy's hands; and that without any attempt to relieve it. I think we have much to answer for, with regard to poor Spain, and that if we do not change our plans, Bonaparte will, after all, get possession of the country, and of some of her colonies too.

6th.—Sir R. K. Porter, who has a company in the Westminster regiment, has just got leave of absence, and is going to St. Petersburg to bring home a Russian wife. She is the Princess Scherbatoff, and is of great family and fortune. Porter says they have been betrothed for some time. Her brother commanded the Russians at Dantzig, and refused to be personally included in the capitulation. By some means, in the confusion that ensued, he got possession of a carriage, which, with several other things, I had

left in that city, and which he made use of, to get off some valuable property belonging to himself. Some letters or papers he discovered in it, made known to him to whom the carriage belonged, and he in consequence, took the first opportunity of forwarding to me, at Königsberg, fifty five ducats as the price of it. At the time, I knew not from whom the money came, as it was delivered privately by an unknown hand, but I afterwards ascertained that the servants of the prince were less scrupulously honest than their master, as they disposed of and appropriated to their own use the whole of my wardrobe, with which the boxes of the carriage were packed. The loss of it put me to extreme inconvenience at the time, for at Königsberg nothing was to be had for either love or money. The fifty-five ducats would not have enabled me to replace either wardrobe or carriage; still, as I had not looked for anything, I received them as a windfall, and the difference was made up to me in the satisfaction I felt that my belongings had not fallen into the hands of the French.

Porter tells us all, too, *in confidence*, that he is to have a sort of a commission from Government to enter into *pourparlers* with the Imperial Cabinet; but I think, though such a course may have been suggested to ministers by some one of Porter's friends, that they will not avail themselves of his matrimonial journey for diplomatic purposes. Porter is also too much inclined to make confidants, an amiable failing that might lead to much mischief.

The Baltic trade with this place seems for the

present to be entirely put an end to; many of the ships hitherto employed in it being converted into Greenlanders.

7*th*.—Confidential letters from a friend at Berlin state positively, that if Russia would declare war against France, and would engage to advance her armies beyond her own territory, Prussia would declare conjointly with her. If the king has plucked up spirit enough to say this, or to consent that it should be said for him, it must be Hardenberg's doing, and we may yet look hopefully towards Prussia, in the event of a Russian war.

The communication with St. Petersburg is now quite regular, and some of the people here get letters in that way from Germany. It seems there has been the devil to pay in Berlin. Masson dismissed, and Finkinstein, Marwitz, and others sent to a fortress for memorializing the king against Hardenberg and his measures.

9*th*.—The merchants of this place are much concerned at the late failures, and are in dread of many more. Between this and Christmas, they say, half "Lloyds" will be in the "Gazette," owing to the losses last year on insurance to the Baltic.

11*th*.—"Sir Robert of St. Joachim," as the Westminsters call Porter—in ridicule of his assumption of that title from his foreign order—has set off to join his *fiancée*. Report, that at first endowed her with large estates of immense value, and with money and diamonds to correspond, now says there is much honour for the worthy knight, but little pelf

in store for him; her rank and her beauty forming the chief part of her dowry. It is, however, pretty certain that he has no commission of any sort from Government. Mackenzie, who wrote to me from the Wells, seems to ask, "how could you suppose that *he* has a commission when you know that *I* have none?" How, indeed! And really the success Mackenzie meets with would induce one to think that a good stock of assurance would supersede the necessity for any other stock. 'Tis true that our good Sir Knight is not altogether wanting in that apparently desirable article; but with him it is coupled with the manners of a gentleman, and though I should be sorry to see any very weighty commission entrusted to either, upon the whole, I think we might expect it to be conducted with more sense and judgment by Porter than Mackenzie, whose talent has been chiefly displayed in the skill with which, from long practice, he shoots with the long bow.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Tunbridge Wells, Sept. 15th, 1811.

I got back to this fresh and pleasant place on Wednesday evening from Brighton, where I went to take possession of a house I have permanently agreed for. It is No. 3, Pavilion Parade. Its last owner bought out the blacksmith from his too near situation, at an expense of £1700. So I think he removed his smithy to an advantage. We do not leave the Wells till the end of next month, this place being for that

time incomparably prettier and pleasanter than Brighton, which I found as disagreeable as when I first went there fourteen years ago. It is crowded, dusty and burnt up, not a green blade to be seen. Our house makes up thirteen beds, and I can let it easily until we want it at fifteen guineas per week, without plate or linen.

Just now, we know little or nothing here of public affairs. There are many guessers, but none of the initiated. Your friends, the Tierneys, and Ords, are lately come amongst us. Tierney says that Lord Wellesley has some new plan for Spanish affairs, and that if it is not adopted he will resign. Others assert that he is intriguing against his colleagues. I dare say he has some plan for remaining in under the new Administration; but if a change does take place, which some yet doubt, there will be, as before, more pigs than teats.

Liston was here the other day, and I saw him also in town. Notwithstanding that the importance of Constantinople at this moment, as the place where our best interests and diplomatic relations are all centred, has been much expatiated upon, and made the theme of various articles in the "Courier" and other papers; yet so little are they anxious for Liston's departure, that his baggage, &c., after many delays being at last put on board, has been ordered to be unshipped, and the frigate that was to take him out is to be sent on another service. But this is our usual way of managing things, and it is only by the favour, I suppose, of that special providence that is

said to protect drunkards and idiots that our blunders do not lead to worse results.

Liston, too, is in every sense old for his work, and clings to a system and policy that are out of date. He is annoyed at the prospect of having a smaller vessel for his voyage. They already, he said, stowed pretty thick; as he counted eight or nine masters, besides Mrs. Liston and her two maids, and all the servants.

We are going to dine to-day at the Ellises of Mamhead, where Mackenzie is staying. I doubt not that I shall hear from him much that is *authentic* and "from authority." In the evening we go to a musical party at the Chinnereys'—people who ask much after you—and as if they knew you well; yet in a way that makes me think there is some mistake. Our mother, who has been spending a few days here, wishes to have this point cleared up; for they speak of you as if there was something more than you have made known to us in your acquaintance with their family. Chinnerey is a chief clerk in the Treasury. I beg you to notice that our mother does not much admire their daughter.

19*th*.—I do not believe the story that is afloat of Ciudad Rodrigo, nor *much* that of Bonaparte having demanded Graudentz, Colberg, &c. I imagine that he will be too happy to remain quiet with his nursery concerns, unnecessarily to bring a fresh Russian war upon himself, however little he may have to apprehend the issue of a battle.

A commission is on the *tapis* for mediating between

Spain and her colonies; how to be disposed of I do not yet know. But this I know, that if they are to undertake to keep the colonies dependent upon Spain they might as well attempt to make Molyneux give Cribb a thrashing.

It will be much, if they can order things so that we preserve any influence in the colonies and obtain a fair share of the advantage of their commerce, and if they can prevent the most important of them from being split into factions and becoming a prey to civil war.

Why a commission should be preferred to a single mission I do not know, but suppose, upon the precedent of Lord Carlisle's commission in the American war, and for the eventual benefit of ubiquity. I should think Stuart would not be edified by the change. I shall be in town next week and may learn something more about it; but the whole system of Government is so precarious that I expect little of a decisive nature to be done for some time. A battle in Portugal is the only thing I look to. The new reign will begin, at latest, in February; for Dr. Willis has declared his opinion that the King will not recover. I cannot help thinking but that the Prince will, after all, change his ministers, and we shall then see what his new ones will do. A stormy session there will be, at all events; for if the Opposition are now disappointed they will not wait for the King's death to abjure their neutrality.

It seems that Bonaparte is assembling an army on the coast. Some say, to march it to the North, where

he will himself go before he returns to Paris; his purpose being to settle, or rather annihilate the Prussian monarchy and establish, perhaps, Murat on the Baltic—possibly, in Denmark as a balance to Bernadotte; Naples to belong to the kingdom of Italy—more likely, however, for the present, in Poland; taking from Prussia what may be necessary to make a Polish monarchy. This would either co-operate with Bernadotte to check Russia, or, if necessary, oppose him in conjunction with Denmark, and what would remain—if anything—of Prussia. But, in fact, I dare say that nothing is known here of these plans.

If Bonaparte has thirty thousand men opposite Jersey, which I very much doubt, they are destined for Ireland, and you may then prepare your canteens. It is said that the late vigorous measures of that Government have had a very good effect.

It is now intended to convert Sicily into a British vice-royalty, and to appoint Lord William Bentinck to it,—the Prince, as it is given out, being so well pleased with what he has done there.

Foreign Office, Oct. 3rd.—Being in town for a day or two, I have looked in here to learn something more of this South American Commission. Hamilton assures me that Lord Wellesley has by no means forgotten you, and that he knows he waits only a favourable occasion to employ you. It must be owned that the actual state of Europe affords but few occasions, and none of them very desirable, the present commission as little so as any; for if it

ever sets out, it will arrive, as is too frequently the case with us, a day after the fair.

I suppose you will spend some little time with us this winter. About December and the new year the *agrémens* of Brighton will be at their height.

F. J. J.

Letters—Hull, Sept. 27th.—My time, my dear mother, has been most unpleasantly taken up during the last week or ten days by Courts-martial and by an unfortunate affair which will probably find its way into the papers, if it has not already done so,—namely, the murder of one of our corporals by another, who for misconduct was ordered into confinement, and who upon his comrade laying his hand on him to take him away snatched his knife and plunged it into his heart. Such a deed would anywhere have occasioned considerable sensation, but in this place, where the mob are a worse set than usual, and where they are so ready to lay hold of anything unfavourable to the military, it produced extraordinary excitement, which it was feared would end in scenes of tumult and riot. The coroner's inquest sat for a very long time, and at last decided on a verdict of wilful murder. The next morning the man was sent off to York.

Of late, the populace have been more riotous and troublesome than ever, and twice within the last week the guard has been called out. It was again applied for yesterday; I was on duty, and the officer on guard referred them to me. But before I could be sent for—for when on duty the captain for the day cannot leave the town—the mob became so violent

that it was found necessary to apply to the commanding officer for assistance. Of course, this was immediately granted, and the rioters, seeing a few of their party handed off to prison, for the most part, took to their heels. By the time I got home all was again pretty quiet.

It must, however, be admitted that this state of commotion is in a great measure owing to the inactivity of commerce, and especially the Baltic trade. There is not nearly employment enough for the number of hands formerly engaged in it. Distress therefore is great amongst them; discontent, as is not unnatural, is general, and want makes many reckless and desperate. I saw some days ago in the papers a pompous account of arrivals without end from the Baltic at this place. In spite of that, what I tell you is true; and even a worse state of things is apprehended by the merchants.

28*th*.—Still greater discouragement has spread among the people by the failure of a house in this town for £60,000; very much on account of Baltic speculations. It is reported that they will not be able to pay five shillings in the pound.

To turn to another subject which will perhaps interest you more; I would ask, my dear mother, what fancy have you taken into your head about the Chinnery family? I was not aware that they took so much interest in me, as to talk of me in a way that excited your suspicions. I have never mentioned them, as they were strangers to you, and are not in any way more remarkable than many others I meet

with. But to enter upon the explanation which I understand from Francis you expect from me, know then, *chére maman*, that I first met those people at a dinner in Wimpole street and afterwards saw a good deal of them at Oxford. Chinnery himself is a perfect cipher; a more complete Jerry Sneak than I ever before saw. Madame is rather clever, but vain and vulgar, thinking herself still what she, at least, certainly *has* been—very pretty. The daughter is looked upon as a prodigy; not of beauty, as you will have quickly discovered, but of talent. And really, considering the fuss made about her by her parents and friends, she is not unpleasing or immoderately affected. But the best of the bunch, is the son, who to great cleverness adds very pleasing and gentleman-like manners. At the Installation, though very young, he decidedly bore away the palm. One of his compositions on that occasion, "The Gladiator," was the prize poem.

The Chinnerys live in very comfortable style a few miles beyond Edmonton, on the North road. They pressed me much to go there; but this year the daughter was confined to the house by the whooping cough, and I have never yet availed myself of their invitation. *L'ami de la maison*—passing by an old Frenchman—is William Spencer. I used to be not a little amused to hear him say pretty things alternately, though with little or no respite, to the mother and daughter. The lord and master was either absent, or looking on; apparently, thinking it a very good joke.

This is my explanation—full, true, and particular;

it will convince you that there is nothing *suspicious* in my acquaintance with the Chinnerys. Miss C. is, on the whole, a rather nice girl; I doubt her having much fortune, but have never inquired.

29*th.*—I suppose you read the account the other day of the action between the "Melampus" and the "President." I do not give much credit to the intelligence; but if any encounter has taken place, I doubt not that the result is as stated. The *tirade* against Foster diverted me greatly. I think it speaks well for him. I wonder what is thought of his conduct in Downing Street.

Oct. 2*nd.*—We still hear nothing of moving from hence, and if this month should pass over without our receiving a *route*, we shall probably be fixtures till the spring. Still, if the army of thirty thousand men, that Bonaparte is reported to have at Cherbourg really does exist, to anything like the number stated, doubtless it is destined for the sister island; and we, with the rest, shall receive an order to welcome him on his arrival. I should like no better fun than to give Boney a warm reception. But I am in my own mind convinced, he not only will never have to boast, as the song says, that he "landed on our coast," but that he never will seriously attempt it; for by this time he must know, as well as we do, that we never mean to let him. Captain Carteret in the "Naiad," and the little squadron that mustered on the second day to assist him in repelling the attack of the French flotilla which Bonaparte himself had ordered to be made upon him, gave the Great Man a

fair specimen, I think, of the reception that awaited him, should he be rash enough to venture nearer to our shores.

I like the captain's style of telling his story, and the way in which he speaks of the "well known customs of *that personage*." He is the same Captain Carteret of whom, when my brother was at Berlin, the Prussian Government complained that he had infringed the neutrality of the Ems by boarding American vessels in that river, in search of deserters from his own ship. He wrote some very discourteous letters on the subject to my brother; but he has proved that, if unskilful in diplomatic correspondence, he, at all events, well understands the proper mode of dealing with the foe.

If you returned as you proposed, you must have had fine weather for your *entrée* into the fair city of Bath. When quite re-established at Bellevue, should you be in quest of new books, I recommend your reading "Eugénie et Mathilde," a novel by Madame de Souza. It is much talked of, and is highly interesting. If you cannot get it, I shall soon be steering south and will bring it down with me, as well as any others you may want that your library does not supply.

G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Tunbridge Wells, October 18th, 1811.

My dear George,

The date of this refreshens my otherwise treacherous memory, and tells me that I am to congratulate

you upon the completion of your twenty-sixth year. Before another year elapses I hope I shall have some other subject of congratulation to dwell upon.

I had little doubt of seeing you when I was in town, and none at all of hearing from you; what is the cause of my disappointment will hereafter appear. Hamilton again assured me of Lord Wellesley's excellent intentions towards you, and of the real interest he takes in your welfare, and his desire to further your wishes. I could not forbear smiling at this, and you will receive it for what you think it is worth. His lordship had heard, through Hamilton I suppose, for I do not learn that you have written to him, of your having had a fancy for Hoppner's appointment in the South American Commission, and was surprised that you had any wish for, or idea of it.

I am convinced that nothing will ever be done by that Commission. They are to assemble at Jamaica, and thence to coast it till they can gain admittance *somewhere* in South America, either on the Atlantic or Pacific shores!!

Sooner or later, I believe it will come to blows in the North. Prussia has avowed her armament to France, and Bonaparte is so furious against Russia that he made a violent attack on Kurakin at a public levée, the conclusion of which was "*votre Empereur est comme un lièvre qui court à droite et à gauche, et finit par donner la tête contre un arbre.*" Since that, a courier has been sent to St. Petersburg which may smooth matters a little; and this agrees with the notions in to-day's "Morning Chronicle."

I fear, however, the principal consideration in town is, what shall happen in February next. The prevalent opinion seems to be that, at most, there will be but a partial change; but probably, not one man *or woman* in the kingdom knows for certain. It will be a very eventful session, and I should not be surprised if something of a peace came out of it.

20*th*—I have nothing to add to my letter of the 18th, unless it be my increased surprise at not hearing from you, which I can only attribute to some very extraordinary exigency of service, or "the horrid din of war." You must have had some fighting, and have shot at least half a dozen cotton-weavers or whale fishers.

I begin to suspect that Bonaparte has accommodated matters in the North, for the present; though, having discovered on this occasion that Russia and Prussia together form a substantive power he will not rest till he has upset them. Of the pretended mission of Thornton in that quarter, I heard nothing at the Office. If one is really in contemplation, I do not think it probable, that amongst the many friends Lord Wellesley must now have to provide for, he would have selected Thornton for its head.

F. J. J.

Mrs. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Je comptais, mon cher George, vous écrire quelques lignes avant hier, pour vous féliciter du retour de votre jour de naissance; mais j'étais trop malade, et

hier il n'y avait pas de poste. Ainsi, j'ajoute aujourd'hui quelques mots à la lettre de mon mari. Mes vœux pour venir plus tard n'en sont pas moins sincères, et s'il vous arrive tout le bien que je vous souhaite vous pourrez être assez content de votre sort. J'ai été désappointée de ne point vous voir pendant que nous étions en ville. D'un jour à l'autre mon mari vous attendait de Hull. Il ne sait pas du tout ce que vous êtes devenu. J'espère que les loups ne vous ont pas mangé en chemin !

Le séjour ici a fini par être très agréable et nous avons eu et vu beaucoup de bonne compagnie—les Dungannons, les Lansdownes, Osbornes, Lovaines, Woronzow, &c., &c. Nous quittons les Wells le 29, et nous nous *établissons* à Brighton, et je suppose que l'hiver y sera très gai. Quand viendrez-vous nous y voir ?

Je ne suis pas tout à fait de votre avis sur la famille Chinnery. Monsieur C., il est vrai, n'est qu'un sot, un espèce de valet renforcé ; mais madame et fort supérieure à la généralité des femmes, et mademoiselle est précisément ce que je désire ma fille être à son âge. Une mère ne peut s'exprimer plus fortement. J'ai fait aussi la connoissance de vos amis Madame Tierney et sa fille. La première me plaît assez, mais la seconde se présente comme une soubrette de mauvais ton ; et sa conversation—je la trouve si déplacée dans la bouche d'une jeune personne de vingt ans que je rougis vraiment pour vous, si, comme on dit, elle est de votre goût. Ce goût doit avoir bien dégénéré depuis Berlin !

La charmante petite Sophie Löwenstern doit être effacée tout à fait de votre esprit!

Me voici à la fin de mon papier—ainsi adieu. Venez nous voir bientôt, et soyez sûr du plaisir que vous me ferez.

ELIZABETH.

Tunbridge Wells, le 19 octobre.

Letters—London, Oct. 24th.—I arrived here yesterday, dear mother, and my first visit was of course to the Office. I found there nearly as much disappointment as is felt by the public generally at the late news from Portugal. The sheet anchor of many persons' hopes was a victory. And the statements in some private letters that were made public, and the exaggerated tales of "the travellers;" so unduly raised expectation that anything short of a victory was sure to be regarded as a defeat. There was really no good foundation for the prevalent idea that "glorious news" was on its way to us; and as none particularly disastrous has been reported, I see no reason for disappointment because no decisive result is for the present obtained.

The simultaneous retreat of the French armies looks odd; but shows I think, at least, that although they have effected their purpose—the relief of Ciudad Rodrigo—they are unable to undertake any offensive measure against us.

I am just off to Tunbridge Wells. *My equipage* is not in town. Miss Sophy carries me, and we break our journey at Reigate and sleep there.

Nov. 2nd.—The Tunbridge party took flight for

Brighton on the 30th. I was engaged to spend that evening with Lady Rosebery and her daughters. They said I was to dine with them the next day, which of course I did, having had in the morning a very agreeable ride to the Rocks with Lady Charlotte. She will be at Brighton to-morrow; Lord Charles Somerset having engaged lodgings for her at Donaldson's Library. I met also at the Wells your friend Lady Dalrymple, who seemed quite pleased to talk with me over old times, when her sons—who are both in the army—used to join me at cricket. I was not a little surprised and amused when upon my saying —which was no compliment but the real truth—how popular Sir Hew had made himself at Gibraltar, she replied, "Ah, 'tis a pity he ever left it." I felt the truth of her remark, but was a good deal surprised that she should have so candidly expressed herself to me, or indeed to anyone. Beyond this sort of gossip, she did not seem to have much to say for herself. Sir Hew is better, but not yet quite well. I am glad you got so well over your journey, and I think you accomplished quite a feat in doing eighty miles of it in one day, especially if you had the same sort of weather that we have been favoured with until the last day or two. It was as hot as any we have had during the summer, owing to the comet, they tell us.

As to my journey Bath-ward, it depends upon regimental contingencies, of which I shall probably be informed next week by a letter from Hull. If favourable, I shall cross the country, viâ Southamp-

ton, and be with you early in December; if otherwise, I must, about the same time, turn my horse's head towards the Humber. Meanwhile, in a day or two I shall rejoin my brother, for I have *trotted* up to town, only to see what is going on until he and his family are a little settled at Brighton, where I expect we shall be very gay.

3*rd*.—I have a line to-day from Francis. He says, "Though the Regent is here, we hear nothing of state affairs; he has not even a secretary with him, and is not much annoyed by business. He intends to stay some days longer. Brighton is getting very full, and there is promise of a most agreeable winter."

G. J.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, November 5th, 1811.

I was glad to hear under your own hand, my dear, that you were not only in the land of the living but also a little nearer to us. "Regimental contingencies," I trust, will turn out in our favour; but I think it bad policy to pay your first visit to Brighton. The dulness of Bath might have been more bearable, had you come to us direct from Hull instead of from the dissipations of the gay town so favoured by royalty. Bath is certainly changed for the worse since I left it. So many of our old acquaintances dead *or* gone, that it appears to me like a new place. The hours, too, are changed, and society seems to be on a different footing. True, we have been much occupied in setting our house in order, but I think there is

little that will now tempt me to quit my own fireside after dark. I must amuse myself at home as well as I can, and I have already begun to do so, by undertaking Clarke's Travels, from which I promise myself much entertainment. If my eyes would but allow me to be as well employed as I used to be, I should not regret the Bath card-tables. You have not sent me "l'Ambigu" lately, or "Peltier's Journal." I hear that Peltier himself is playing at hide-and-seek in Brompton, and that his Journal has not appeared with much regularity latterly.

Bath must be very empty, for the chairmen complain greatly of having nothing to do. The sooner you come to enliven us the better. The only *important* event I have heard of, is, that Mr. King has undertaken the Rooms. This has made him so popular that it is difficult to get to the books to put down one's name, so great is the throng. This is fortunate for some persons. The Misses Rumbold and their mamma were terribly afraid of not having a proper show-room to exhibit in.

You tell me but little of what is going on in town. Often what the papers do not know, or do not notice, interests and amuses, though it be but gossip and trifles; and we stand in need of some such subjects, to divert attention from the horrid events that, both at home and abroad, too much occupy our minds. Our friend Mrs. Aldersey, writes me "'tis fortunate that speculators here have set such numbers of idlers just now at work. For not only are some kept out of mischief, but the desponding are exhilarated with the

idea of the prosperity of the country, when they contemplate such grand undertakings as the rebuilding of Drury Theatre; the setting up of a second Opera house; the making Portland Place extend to Pall Mall in nearly full spread; a park of five miles in extent—rivers, villas, etc. Churches also, which in *some* respects will be an advantage to the inhabitants of Wimpole Street, but will deprive us of our good milk and cream by sending a thousand cows to a great distance, and will also send *us* further from the cowslips."

No doubt these are great undertakings, and there seems to be a rage in these days for such. If they afford employment to some who would otherwise be idlers and disturbers of the public peace, it is well; but I fear that reckless speculations, in the end, will be productive of more distress than at present they confer benefit. Our metropolis can never be a beautiful one, nor do I consider that such a centre of commerce and business need be. Its climate, too, is against it, and the more you add to its already overgrown proportions the further must you journey from it for pure air, and pure morals.

I observe even in Bath a similar tendency to enlarge and to beautify. I wish I could have seen any signs of it at Ilfracombe, Exmouth, and such like pleasant places. I should look on anybody as a real benefactor who would give us a few more good houses there.

6*th*.—I intended to despatch this to Brighton yesterday, but kept it in hopes that another day

would bring me a frank. Not having obtained it—for my franker I find is gone to town—I must e'en send you under my own hand my good wishes, and assurances that I anxiously look for your arrival.

C. J.

Letters—Brighton, Nov. 11th.—I can truly say that I devote to you, my dear mother, the first half-hour I have had at my disposal at this place. I dare say Francis has told you that they are not yet settled in their house, their proceedings having been somewhat retarded by unforeseen civilities at the Pavilion. They had anticipated a perfectly quiet month, but its commencement has been quite otherwise, and after a pretty long interval of cold, in the quarter above mentioned, the climate has all of a sudden become much more genial. The Regent, in fact, has been very gracious, and we have been invited to all his evening receptions. On Sunday, just as he seemed ready to dismiss the party, he kept them waiting a full half-hour whilst he was in very animated and familiar conversation with my brother and Elizabeth.

He is now returned to London, highly pleased with his stay here, and regretting especially that he must go just as the weather is becoming fine, for it has rained hard part of every day he has been here. He had the Duke of Cumberland with him, Lord Yarmouth, and two or three gentlemen of his family, with only a small retinue of servants.

The evening's entertainment consists in hearing the Regent's private band play. The band is a part of

his establishment confined to this place. It is composed only of wind instruments. We heard some of the finest music, executed in the very finest manner; all the performers being musicians of the first talent. On one or two evenings, Miss Chinnery, who possesses great musical ability in addition to her many other accomplishments, was asked to play on the pianoforte. This was considered a very great compliment, and as you will readily understand was the cause of much envy and backbiting amongst the women. Many soft sleepy eyes opened, many arched brows were raised higher, and amongst the dowagers many significant glances were slyly exchanged. But Miss Chinnery performed splendidly, and without any of the airs and graces with which I have seen some girls prattle with the keys. She was complimented greatly, and particularly so by the Regent. On one occasion we heard Viotti, the celebrated performer on the violin. About twelve o'clock, sandwiches and some light refreshments are brought in, and the Prince retires; having made the tour of the room to speak to the company, both before and after the performance of the band. I think the company never exceeded a hundred, and sometimes not more than thirty persons were present.

16*th*.—Brighton is filling fast, and begins to be gay. There are many people of our acquaintance here, and the winter promises to be a pleasant one for Elizabeth and Francis, both at home and abroad. There have been two balls this week, and to-night we are going to a play commanded by Lord Eardley,

who is here with Lord and Lady Saye and Sele. The old boy wears well. He seems to be in good health, very comfortable in himself, and as pleasant and good-humoured as ever. I was not at home when he came to call on my brother, but one of his first inquiries was for "Young Westminster"—as you may remember he always called me—who used to visit him at Tring. He appeared to be quite delighted to see me when I afterwards called upon him, and reminded me of pranks *I* had forgotten of *my* young days, and told me with great glee many good stories of his own and my grandfather's youthful times. As usual, he is spending a great deal of money; patronizing everything in the town, and inviting large parties to witness whatever the entertainment may be. To night he has got the learned dogs, which are to exhibit their droll tricks at the Saye and Sele's, for the amusement of their children and my brother's, and as many more as he can assemble.

19*th*.—Where the people are to bestow themselves who are announced as coming here, I cannot conceive, as the place is already so full that not a good house is unlet. The only ones that still wait for tenants, they ask twelve and fourteen guineas a week for, until Christmas; after that, a slight deduction is made. But to my taste, the society is not of the pleasantest. Of course there are exceptions; the most prominent among them is Lady Charlotte Howard, wife of the major-general of that name now serving in the Peninsula, and a daughter of Lord Rosebery. She is a very charming woman, clever

and amiable, and sits her horse remarkably well. I felt proud of being her cavalier in a very long ride we took the other day on the Worthing road. The rain overtook us and came down pretty heavily; but her ladyship does not mind a sprinkling. However, we turned our horses' heads towards Brighton, and trotted back at a good brisk pace; Lady Charlotte riding her thorough-bred mare—if you will allow me so to speak of a lady's performance—in gallant style.

Last evening we took tea at ten, with old Lord Eardley, at Lady Saye and Sele's, where we heard a Mrs. Graham play on the harp—to my taste, the loveliest of all music—with greater ease and more perfect command of the instrument than I have before often observed. Lord E. was quite enchanted with her brilliant execution, and marked the time, more or less correctly, by the waving of his hand to and fro. He overwhelmed the lady with praises and compliments, and intends to present her with some handsome ornament, in the form of a harp. He is certainly a most kind-hearted, generous old fellow.

Another conspicuous character here, is one of your Bath set—Lady Aldborough. She has one of the best houses in Brighton, and gives us, very often, little merry parties and dances where you can enjoy yourself immensely, and also get a good supper.

24*th*.—The West Kent is again left the only regiment in garrison, and I have in consequence received a summons to join by the 9th of December. To another opportunity, then, I must defer my visit

to Bath, my dear mother. What you tell me of its dulness, *pour mon compte*, gives me little or no concern, as to see you and my sisters would be the object of my visit; not to join in parties which though I go to them all, I may truly say I take but a very slight interest in. I am very anxious to be more profitably employed. The next six months will, I think, produce great changes, and soon after the 18th of February we shall see who are to be the Prince's ministers.

Are the Drakes at Bath? They will be well pleased to hear of the brilliant success of General Hill. It is the completest thing of the kind we have had in all the last ten years' war.

A great and pleasant change is come over this scene. The north wind has blown and made everything quite dry; the sun on the western cliff is delightfully bright and exhilarating, and the atmosphere is so clear, that Flint, who came yesterday to Brighton, was astonished not to find a trace of the thick fog he had left London enveloped in. The cloudless blue sky, and the slight crispness in the air have made all the ladies beaming and blooming; even good fat Mrs. Coxe, whom you will recollect at the Wells years ago, with her nine or ten daughters, looks brisk and busy as an anxious old hen with her brood of chicks.

Yesterday we had a very attractive review of the 42nd regiment of Highlanders which brought out the ladies in full force. The Prince was to have reviewed the regiment, but was prevented from coming

down by his accident, I suppose. The accounts we have here of it, state that he has broken the tendon between the little toe and the next one—a very painful and perhaps tedious affair, but not very dangerous.

Mrs. Fitzherbert has been down, but has again left for a few days. Flint is staying at Lord Chichester's, where we dine on Sunday to meet him. Lord C. is just returned from Yorkshire, where the Duke of Leeds met him at an inn, not being able to receive him at Hornby on account of the repairs going on there.

I have not told you, I think, that our next door neighbour is pretty Mrs. Otway, a most captivating little flirt. She is a Wells beauty, and a daughter of the old admiral. I expect to meet her to-morrow night at a ball at Mrs. Byng's, the wife of the member for Middlesex. She is a very young-looking woman, and although she has been married these twenty years, you would scarcely suppose she was thirty.

I must close this budget of Brighton gossip, for which Byng has just written a cover. As I have not heard from you for ages, I infer that you have recommenced your usual dissipated career. And I trust I am right, my dear mother; for I am convinced that that sort of life agrees with both your health and your spirits. Never are your letters so pleasant as when you indulge in concerts and plays, scandal and cards; frequent political tea tables; show yourself at the rooms, and give an occasional

dance on your carpet. On the other hand, when in a fit of spleen you resolve to withdraw from the vain world, its pomps and its vanities, and its frivolous pastimes, to devote yourself to knitting, knotting, and reading Calvinistic books, your letters assume so gloomy an aspect that I see everything *en noir* for a week after reading them.

Hull, December 11th.—I tore myself from Brighton and its many attractions on the 6th inst. My stay in London was necessarily very short, but I went to the Office on the 7th to ascertain the correctness of a statement in the "Times," relative to the restoration of Swedish property to the claimants, and found that it was perfectly true, and was also connected with the mission of Thornton to Sweden, in which country he has been for some time.

In the City there was a report to which some credit was given, though the truth of it was not vouched for, namely, that Murat is also disposed to throw off his *creator's* yoke.

On the Sunday evening I got into the mail and reached this on Tuesday to dinner. The first intelligence I received this morning from the commanding officer, was, that he hoped I might yet spend Christmas with my friends, and that he had expected to have saved me the journey altogether. The moment that the new captain—whose commission is actually waiting for him here, and who is looked for from day to day—makes his appearance, I am at liberty.

19th.—I cannot yet say, "On such a day I start

for Bath." This long-expected captain has not yet appeared, and his name is an ominous one—Long.

I have to thank you for your *double* letter of the 9th, an unfranked one. I mention this, not on account of the postage—for you know how willingly I incur *any* letter expense, and especially when the letter is from you—but that you may know whether it was *en règle* or, as I suspect, that it was caused by the inattention or mistake of our Office friends.

Congratulate Mrs. Agnew for me. Our loss has been considerable certainly, but I do not know that I ever read anything bearing stronger marks of gallantry and true British spirit than the account of the taking of Java, &c. I know also of the death of Captain Baines, and lament it as I should the departure of any other gallant spirit; but I am not one of those who think the mere fortuitous circumstance of being related by blood constitutes any very strong tie, where that of friendship and genial intercourse has been disregarded and lost sight of.

22*nd*.—I remain in *statu quo;* but Long is expected every hour, and I probably shall hear something of him, one way or the other, by the 25th. The General is absent at present, and the garrison is commanded by a Colonel Locke, a very gentlemanlike man, and married to a sister of Lady Charles Somerset. She is so like her in face, figure, and manners, that the first time I met her, not at all knowing who she was or had been, I was really quite startled, and a good deal puzzled to understand how or why her ladyship had contrived to take flight

from Brighton and get here before me. Colonel Locke, on his part, could not make out why the sight of his wife caused me so much surprise, but when we were introduced and an explanation was given they were both much amused, and the circumstance afforded us all a good laugh, and was the means of making us at once well acquainted.

The Hullites are looking forward to their annual gaieties. How glad I shall be to escape from them!

Matthews and Incledon have been playing here during the last week, to comparatively empty benches. We mustered strong to patronize them one night, but good as their entertainment is, the people of Hull have not taken to it. They go to-morrow, and preparations will then be made for the balls, which with other festive doings begin after Christmas day.

The *débutantes* of the season, novelties at all events of this place, are two sisters, the Misses Chaloner. They are related, I believe, to Lord Harewood, at one of whose seats they usually live but are to pass this winter with a wealthy old widow who has one of the best and richest "establishments" of this town. She gave us a grand dinner the other day. I was invited, in her name, by a third person, a common acquaintance, whom she requested to say "she could not, herself, make visits to gentlemen." The old lady is near eighty, but sprightly and chatty, and very hospitable. She gave us as handsome a dinner as I have seen anywhere, and did the honours wonderfully well. There is a sort of joviality about

her, which is perhaps not very refined; but on the whole, she is as good a specimen of a warm-hearted fine old lady of the provincial type as could well be met with, and I am glad to have made her acquaintance. Whether the young ladies are to come in for any of her leavings I know not—*au reste*—they do not seem to be very pre-eminent in other charms, either of mind or person. "*Mais, dans le royaume des aveugles,*" &c., &c.

23*rd.*—A pretty mess in America! It is with sentiments of real pain that I learn that we should have so knuckled down to the Yankees; yet I exult in the thought that my brother was not the instrument of such humiliation.

That Foster could have received such a note—almost as bad in spirit as that of Madison to Erskine—and above all with such impressions on his mind relative to the affairs of the Little Belt, even after the inquiry, and then proceed to carry into effect the instructions which those very impressions had induced him in the first instance to suspend, is, at least, a most mortifying reflection. And his conduct is unintelligible, unless we suppose positive orders from home, in which case, it would surely have been better to have swallowed the pill with a good grace and abstained altogether from the expression of his sentiments. To see how this will be treated, and taken in Parliament, is another motive to me for looking with an anxious eye to its meeting.

Do you ever hear anything from your friend in town of the Prince? A strange idea is current here

—and, indeed, I heard the same thing in London, though I did not pay it sufficient attention even to mention it—that His Royal Highness has been mentally affected. It would not be very surprising if such were actually the case. Though, as far as I know or can learn, there has been nothing in his conduct during the last few weeks or months that should countenance such a suspicion, more than has been observed in it for the last few years. I believe it is the Princess's friends who have put the story about. The opposite party might very well, *en revanche*, whisper the same thing of her, only that some of them would think that too charitable.

G. J.

1812.

Letters—Hull, Jan. 13th.—All the shears in the town have been in requisition to clip off our skirts, in consequence of the new order, and any number of cocked hats may be had here at a nominal price. This change puts officers to so much expense, that it is to be hoped that Government will, with the skirts, cut off the income tax they so ingeniously tacked on to us some time ago.

According to the new regulations, too, the Brighton garrison may now go without powder, in spite of Lord Charles, or anybody else.

Our Long captain is not yet come in, but a Captain Croft joins us to-morrow, which answers my purpose as well. I go over to Beverley to-day to pay a farewell visit to General Vyse, whose promotion takes

him off the staff—a circumstance I much regret, whoever may be the successor of this genial, hearty old officer.

To-morrow I attend, for the last time, the court-martial, which latterly has sat almost *en permanence*; owing to the quarrelsome, mutinous state of the soldiery. They are really provoked into squabbling, and brawling, and acts of violence, by the excited populace, who seem in some way to connect them with the causes of the present too-prevalent distress in these parts. In the evening I shall set off for Bath. G. J.

Diaries — Grosvenor Street, Jan. 18th.—I went down to the Office to speak to Hamilton about my brother's American expenses, which still remain unsettled. Hamilton has apparently as much goodwill as ever, but he was obliged to confess that Lord Wellesley had not yet found the moment when he was at leisure to look into that business, as well as into many other matters that had long been waiting for his decision.

On taking up a chance paper when I arrived in town, almost the first paragraph that met my eye was an account of the melancholy fate of poor Cavendish.* It has greatly shocked and affected me; for both my brother and myself have to lament in his untimely death the loss of a much esteemed friend, with whom

* The eldest son of Lord George Cavendish, and father of the present Duke of Devonshire. He was thrown out of his gig, and killed on the spot, while driving with his brother in the neighbourhood of his father's seat, Holker Hall, Lancashire.

we have lived on terms of very pleasant intimacy. Though considered by some persons of his acquaintance as being of a too phlegmatic disposition, I ever found him a kind and genial, and thoroughly good-hearted man. One must feel much sympathy for his poor wife and mother, thus prematurely bereaved; the latter having for the second time to mourn the loss of a son by a violent death.

19*th*.—I have been endeavouring to-day to find out, as far as possible, how things are going on in town. The report is again very generally revived that Lord Wellesley returns to India; and Holme Sumner, who is a great Percevalite, and whom I met last night just hot from the Premier's dinner—at which, he said, Sturges Bourne and N. Vansittart were present—was not sparing of his abuse of his lordship. He spoke of his irregularity and inattention to business, with many other things to his disparagement, and of his unfitness for the office he holds. On the other hand, Sir G. Dallas, to whom in conversation to-day I mentioned *en passant* the above report, caught at it immediately, and said, "No, no, he is playing a much higher game, and is all in all with the Prince. Be assured there will be no change, because Lord Grey will not separate from Lord Grenville; and the Prince has told the former that, though he would gladly take in him and half-a-dozen of *his* party, he will not consent to be shackled by his confederate." I wrote this down in Dallas's own words; for the sort of soreness that begins to make its appearance amongst some of the Opposition

party would seem to give countenance and weight to his information.

Vaughan is about to return to Cadiz. I saw a Spanish friend of mine, Izuardi, who came over with him, and who has promised me some interesting details on Spanish affairs. He is a clever, well-informed man; but as we met but for a moment, he was able only, in general terms, to say that everything was going on at Cadiz in as bad a way as possible.

I happened to see Thornton at the Office, but had no conversation with him. He evidently did not wish it, and avoided being alone with me. I, of course, did not choose to ask him any question, or to show the least curiosity as to where he had been, or what he was doing.

Bath, 23*rd*.—I arrived here last night at ten, and as I had not announced my arrival, found my mother and sisters from home. I hastened to get to bed, and on their return from a dancing party, at about midnight, I amused myself, when they all broke in to see me, by reading them a lecture on dissipation, which sent them off laughing to roost.

This morning, the first acquaintance I met was Merry, whose wife, being bored by the dulness of Herringfleet Hall, notwithstanding the increase of importance she has acquired at Yarmouth by her husband being now a justice of the peace and quorum, has fancied that a course of Bath waters would raise her spirits, aided by the gaieties of the town. I knew, by Merry's meaning glances, that he had

something to tell, and while Mrs. M. was taking her dose in the little pump-room, he whispered in my ear—for he is a most cautious man—"Thornton," and bade me wait for him until he had escorted his wife back to their lodgings.

As soon as he rejoined me, and we were securely closeted in my mother's morning room, he told me that he had obtained positive information, on the subject of Thornton's secret mission to Sweden, from a person who was to be nameless. But I was to identify him, which was certainly not very difficult, by his description of him as "*an intelligent person*, who had himself been sent by our Government, in the course of the summer, to communicate with an Admiral, and other Russian officers, at Revel." This person dined several times in Thornton's company, on board the "Victory," in Wingo Sound, during the three weeks that the latter remained in that ship, shut up in Sir James Saumarez' cabin. He was known to carry on from thence a frequent correspondence with the shore, that is to say, with the Swedish Government, and which was also known to have been successful in procuring the restoration of a large quantity of British property lying at Carlscrona, against which a sentence of confiscation had been pronounced.

But Thornton's mission extended to more important objects than these, in Sweden, and, it was believed, even so far beyond it as Russia; but the *informant* was of opinion that the overtures Thornton was charged to make in that quarter will be but little attended to, unless Bonaparte should strike the first

blow. Merry repeated to me the lamentable yet ridiculous account of the misunderstandings and mismanagement throughout, of the affair of the transmission of some ordnance stores, part of which went, and the rest were going, to Russia; and of which we have read something in the papers.

Our prospects, however, are certainly much more favourable with respect to Sweden than Russia; Bernadotte having given the most unequivocal proofs of his not acting, scarcely in any matter, under the influence of France, and manifesting a most friendly disposition towards us. This was also evident, from our officers and seamen having the same unrestricted communication with the shore — the wearing their uniforms excepted—as during the time of the alliance, and from our whole fleet being more regularly supplied than ever with fresh provisions and vegetables. The *informant* penetrated even as far as Stockholm, where he stayed nearly a fortnight, conversing with some of the principal people. He had had, thereby, an opportunity of ascertaining the sentiments of the Government; and, above all, one fact—that of Bernadotte having offered himself to the diet as a candidate for the crown without Bonaparte's knowledge, and of his having been elected, not only without a particle of his influence, but, on the contrary, on the principle Bernadotte asserted, and the pledge he gave, of entire independence. . . .

The great secrecy observed by our Government with reference to Thornton's mission, had, it appears,

nearly been fatal to him and the sloop of war that conveyed him. For the commander, who was not at first made acquainted with his destination, had not taken a North Sea pilot, and for want of such an assistant would certainly have been lost, just at the end of his voyage, but for the timely aid sent from the "Victory," and other ships, when the signals of distress were heard.

Before Thornton went on board, all strangers were ordered to leave the "Victory," and the boats to quit the ship's side, and whilst he remained there, no one was invited to the admiral's table, except confidential officers, and the consul from Gothenburg. He left the "Victory" just before she sailed for England, and his departure was so secretly contrived, that the *informant* only *believes* that he landed at Gothenburg. Merry is the more gratified by this confidential communication, because, when in town, he, who contrives by some means or other to ferret out most things and sift them to the bottom, could not, he says, get any direct answers to his enquiries on this subject; and all his indirect attempts to gain enlightenment from unwary juniors at the Office proved equally fruitless. He perceived, however, that they really had nothing to conceal, for that, in fact, they knew nothing, and that the whole affair was intended by Government to be kept profoundly secret. Merry attributes Thornton's appointment to such a mission, to the suggestions of Liston and the influential friend who obtained for the latter his Turkish embassy.

I begin to suspect that the account I heard in the city at Dorrien's, of the state of affairs between the Russians and Turks, is correct; namely, that no peace had actually been signed, but that the Turks were reduced to such straits that they had no alternative left them—if they would not see the utter destruction of their whole force—but to subscribe to whatever terms might be dictated to them.

29*th*.—The last two fine mornings my mother has called for my arm pretty early, to make a round of visits to some of her old friends. Bath is very full, not many lodgings to be had, and pretty high prices asked for them. Merry says, he pays seven guineas a week, and has little comfort for it. If his wife would but let him, how glad he would be to get back to his own fireside, his papers, and political pamphlets.

There is no end to the parties of all sorts and kinds that are going on here. Old Parish takes the lead. His daughter, Mrs. Hamilton, does the honours; and, on Friday night, I almost fancied myself transported to a large German card-party. There were twenty or more tables in double line down the room; and regularly every half-hour, a great variety and profusion of refreshments, cakes, pastry, coffee, tea, wines, &c., were brought in, and seemed to be liberally partaken of in the intervals of the games. To-morrow we go to Lady Napier. Yesterday we dined at Mr. Barclay's; and I was not over pleased with his language respecting America. While affecting to approve of the principle of our

Orders in Council, he should be glad, he said, to see them rescinded; because they were nugatory, and without being of any benefit to us, were a constant source of irritation to the Yankees, who, if that point were conceded, would have no pretext or colour of complaint left; and that, if they were then infatuated enough to go to war with us, they would be deserted by many of their present partisans, in both countries.

Barclay is a very good sort of a man; but is certainly mistaken in supposing that the Americans would be so satisfied with the removal of the Orders in Council, that they would find no further cause for complaint.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, January 26th, 1812.

I have just returned from Gosport and Portsmouth, having left James with Dr. Burney. I was very much pleased with what I saw of him and his academy, and have heard an excellent account of both, from officers who had taken boys that had been instructed by him.

General Howard has written to his wife, under date of 30th December, from Merida, that they were to march the next day, 12,000 strong, to make a trip into Estremadura, and to be on the 31st at Almendralejo. This diversion is intended to relieve Ballasteros, who is close pressed under the guns of Gibraltar. But if we go on towards Seville, it may answer both for that purpose, and to raise the siege of Cadiz. Lord Wellington must keep a sharp look-

out upon Marmont. But for an accidental meeting of two companies, Hill would again have surprised the French at Merida; for they were ignorant of his movements, and scampered away, leaving magazines, &c., for him to take possession of.

As to politics, it seems even yet not to be quite certainly known whether the Prince will change his ministers or not; but the odds are in favour of the present occupiers. I, nevertheless, am rather of opinion—though I do not promulgate it—that if the Opposition stick together and conduct themselves well, they will ultimately prevail—I mean, before the end of the session.

We are still very full here, and I daresay shall remain so till April—fresh families coming every day, and houses letting very high, though this is not exactly the season. There are balls, suppers, and musical parties without end, for those who like them. I have supped only at Mrs. Fitzherbert's. I like the dinners better, which we have frequently at Tighe's, Trevor's, and with Mrs. Fitz. The Tighes have improved very much upon acquaintance; that is, she has, he is as "sick and silent" as ever. The rage for waltzing is at least suspended, or rather gives way, in some measure, to Montalembert's *Proverbes*; which he, Grammont, Montgomery, and Lloyd, have performed with great success. This is a more rational amusement, and most likely will prosper. Whether the baroness, who was to have performed but for her fears, will improve the matter at the next representation, is doubtful, though we hope that the gentlemen

will have quite overcome their nervousness, which at the outset was near spoiling the whole thing. However, they rallied, took courage, and finally came off with *éclat.*

28*th.*—I cannot help inclining to the idea that the Prince will ere long employ the Talents. At present, however, there are certainly strong appearances of Perceval remaining in, and he bears himself towards them all very triumphantly. If Lord Wellesley could do without him, I daresay he would, and would form an Administration of his own; or if some of the Prince's friends would agree to join an Administration so formed, Perceval might have but a bad chance. But he is riveting himself more and more every day in the confidence of the country, and in the management of the House of Commons. And it seems as if the Opposition, by their conduct, meant to assist him. But, there will not be wanting, throughout the spring, matter to occupy politicians of all classes and denominations.

Feb. 7*th.*—What a brilliant affair at Ciudad Rodrigo! But we have to lament the sad death of our friend McKinnon.* His wife was the sister of Miss Call, whom Bathurst married—both now widows, by the premature death of their husbands.

There will, no doubt, be more fighting. Hill's corps will join Lord Wellington's. Lady Charlotte

* Major-General McKinnon was unfortunately killed by the accidental explosion of one of the enemy's magazines, close to the breach, after he had gallantly and successfully led the troops under his command to the attack.

Howard is preparing herself for the event by giving a waltzing party to-morrow.

It is well you should know that you are succeeded in your functions of *cicisbeo* in that quarter, by all the captains—militia, regular and naval—that have been in this neighbourhood.

Mrs. Fitzherbert has given us a very good ball, and an excellent supper. Waltzing was kept up till between four and five. I hear some of the ladies were very much fagged, and looked so, after the long night's exertion. I never stay out these things to the fag end, but leave when supper and champagne have raised their spirits to the highest. One carries away a more pleasant impression. But as our winter set leave, we shall not be so gay, though more comfortable and select. One recent departure we much regret, that of Lord and Lady Charlemont, whom we liked very much, but they were unexpectedly obliged to shorten their stay. His father's memoirs, lately published, are extremely entertaining. She was the beautiful Miss Birmingham, and still justly retains that appellation, after ten years of married life, as Lady Charlemont. The Tighes, too, are gone; he was anxious, though still unwell, to vote on the Catholic Question.

The debates of last week have confirmed me in my opinion that we shall have a change of ministry. That opinion also seems to gain ground, although the Regent observes an impenetrable silence on the subject. The question is, to whom will the formation of the new ministry be entrusted? It certainly

looks as if Lord Wellesley had been trying to cut out that employment for himself—he and Canning taking the same line in favour of the Catholics. Probably they have discovered that the Prince leans that way. Perceval appears as stout on the other side, and will doubtless have the support of a large portion of the country, but the point will be carried against him in another parliament; in the present one I should doubt of the Catholics getting a majority.

12*th*.—I have been amused with looking over the return made to the House of Commons, of the different sums paid to foreign ministers for extra disbursements. Arbuthnot's and Paget's are the two most prominent items. You will have seen Arbuthnot's speech; from which it appears that he has received 3000*l*. more since the date of the returns, making on the whole 5000*l*. for extras, in the space, as he says, of three years, but not more than two that he was actually at Constantinople. It is a good thing to have an uncle at Court, and to be in an office so near the purse-strings. This was doing, at the time when Lord Harrowby wanted to withhold payment of the few hundreds that I had actually paid out of my own pocket for the postage of his office!

Paget got 2300*l*.; for what, as he is not in parliament, the public are not told. It is curious to observe the difference between Lord Harrowby's own charge for the mission to Berlin, 2491*l*. 12*s*.—which, I daresay, is penny for penny what it cost him—and stupid old Lord Harrington's miserable establishment, 4959*l*. At least, John Bull might

have been allowed the satisfaction of knowing, that, in the former case, and for the smaller sum, his minister's servants always drank champagne; in the latter, and for the greater disbursement, that his minister and his minister's secretary together could not put into cipher "Your most obedient, humble servant." I suppose, after this, there will be no difficulty about my pitiful American claim, and that it has not hitherto been paid not to swell the account which it was foreseen would be called for.

The Yankees you see are giving in, amidst all their bluster and outcry, and cannot do without some of our manufactures. If the bill, which appears to have been brought into Congress but which I do not observe has yet become law, should so pass, as much goods will be taken up as, during the fall in them, would be required. Jonathan will swear to their having been contracted for at the period named, and if necessary, will produce the orders and swear to their dates being so many months old, though the ink shall be scarce dry in the pen that wrote them. The wish for the removal of the Orders in Council is become general in America, and I have had several letters from federal friends to that effect—men who are amongst the most sensible politicians of that country. But the fact is, they can support no principle against the operation of their own interest and the prospect of that interest being much more materially affected. I do not say they are wrong, as merchants; but their credit, as politicians, suffers not a little by their conduct.

16*th*.—We have several versions of the Prince's letter to his brother; all, however, tending to the same thing. He desires "a vigorous and united Administration, formed on the most liberal basis," and expresses or implies his approbation of the leading measures of ministers; from which I infer that Lords Grey and Grenville will refuse to come in, and that Lord Wellesley will have the formation of the new ministry. But we shall see in a day or two what this communication is that has been made to them; if for a coalition, as is probable, they will most likely decline it. My consolation, amidst all this doubt, is that the country is strong enough to support itself, let who will be minister, and that the machine is so well mounted that it will require a more than ordinarily clumsy hand to prevent its going on well.

I know not what are your present plans, or what you are all doing at Bath; not having received a line from that quarter from any of you for a long time. Perhaps the waltzomania prevails there as it does here, where, for a time, when the Somersets left, it suffered a partial decline, but has since broken out again with redoubled virulence, and its paroxysms may be witnessed in one house or other three or four times a week. On Friday we shall take *our* turn at it; so that if, in the glorious uncertainty of a fine gentleman's life, you should then happen to be this way, and, moreover, be inclined to look with ineffable delight out of the upper corners of your eyes as you twirl round and round, you will know where the

fiddles are playing. Grammont, and Arthur Hill, will come over for the occasion from Porchester, where they have been stationed for some time with a squadron of the 10th to replace the 7th Dragoon Guards. The Houstons are expected next week, and will be a valuable acquisition to what is left of the reasonable part of our society.

F. J. J.

P.S.—I was about to send this off when the inclosed letter came for you under Rolleston's cover, and at the same time repeated, and apparently authentic, reports of a pacific overture from Sweden. I have been for some hours struggling with my wish to know the contents of your letter—for I recognized Löwenstern's hand—and the feeling which forbade me to open it. After so long an interval, it was hardly probable it should contain any great secret; and in the importance of the hints it might contain I thought you would see an excuse for breaking the seal. If I have not got all I wanted, I have read, at least, a very sensible and interesting letter, and many details that have much amused us. I do not know Löwenstern well enough to appreciate what he says of a probability of a war with France. Though a man wishing to communicate such intelligence might safely have expressed himself with less obscurity, yet, allowing for an extremely cautious and reserved character, what is said may be enough to mean all that we wish; supposing always, that we *ought* to wish for a war between Russia and

France. It is not improbable that Bernadotte may be charged to make proposals of peace, in order, amongst other things, to engage him on the side of France if they fail. I am so much of opinion that the present is a good moment for negotiation with France, that I want to know what objections can be started against it, other than those general onēs about any peace with Bonaparte.

F. J. J.

Extract of Letter from Count Otto Löwenstern to George Jackson.

St.-Pétersbourg, le { 29 décembre, 1811. / 10 janvier, 1810.

Il est si rare, mon cher ami, de trouver des occasions sûres pour votre pays, que je profite avec le plus grand empressement de celle qui se présente aujourd'hui. Mais cette lettre vous parviendra-t-elle? Êtes-vous en Europe, ou en Amérique? Voilà qui est un peu décourageant; mais il est si long tems que je n'ai point de vos nouvelles qu'il m'est bien permis d'ignorer si nous nous trouvons sur la même hémisphére. . . . Depuis deux mois nous sommes tous de nouveau réunis à St.-Pétersbourg, et le genre de vie que nous menons depuis quelques années est délicieux. Je voudrais que cela peut toujours durer. Pendant l'hiver nous demeurons tous dans la vaste et belle maison de mon beau-frère, le Chevalier de Bray, ministre de la Bavière, et en revanche, lui et sa femme passent l'été chez nous à la campagne. Nos campagnes en Livonie, sans les comparer à vos

campagnes, sont cependant bien jolies. Celle surtout qui actuellement m'appartient se trouve dans un pays charmant, riche, fertile et même pittoresque; car sur les bords de la Duna nous ne manquons ni de châteaux en ruines, ni de vallons frais, ornés de torrens, de cascades et de la plus riche végétation. C'est là que nous menons pendant la courte durée de la belle saison une véritable vie de château—sans gêne, sans chagrins. Nos amis viennent souvent nous voir de bien loin, et passent des semaines et des mois avec nous; plusieurs sont venus de St.-Pétersbourg, quoiqu'à une distance de quatre-vingt-douze milles d'Allemagne.

Ce train de vie était interrompu par un voyage que j'ai fait l'année dernière avec le chevalier et Sophie. Le chevalier avait des affaires en Allemagne; pour moi, qui dans l'intervalle avait été fait gentilhomme de la chambre de l'Empereur—ce qui me donne le grade de conseiller d'état—et qui avait passé du département des affaires étrangères à celui des forêts et domaines, l'on m'avait chargé de recueillir des notices sur l'administration des forêts. Nous partîmes donc d'ici au mois de juillet, 1810, et ce n'est que depuis trois à quatre mois que nous sommes de retour. Nous restâmes six mois en Italie, et des circonstances fort heureuses permirent que ma sœur Lieven pût faire cette tournée avec nous. J'ai trouvé surtout le séjour de Naples enchanteur; mais, sous tous les rapports, il est impossible de faire un voyage plus agréable.

J'aime beaucoup le séjour de Pétersbourg; à présent

que je connais à peu près toutes les capitales de l'Europe, je puis bien dire que nulle part la société est aussi agréable et variée, et l'hospitalité aussi grande qu'ici. Il est vrai que les fortunes ont beaucoup diminuée depuis quelques années, et plusieurs maisons ouvertes autrefois sont fermées actuellement, et que cela n'ira qu'en empirant si cet état des choses dure ; mais j'espère que cela ne durera pas éternellement. Je ne sais que désirer, et en général je n'aime pas m'occuper de l'avenir, qui ne peut qu'être noir pour nous.

Si vous arrivez, le chevalier part—vous comprenez ce que cela veut dire—et quelle séparation alors!—quelle autre triste perspective pour nous qui avons la plus grande partie de nos biens sur la frontière! Enfin, je suis préparé à tous les évènemens et assez patriote pour désirer ce que je redoute le plus—singulière contradiction!

Mon emploi pour le moment me fixe à St. Pétersbourg, mais je ne suis point ambitieux, et il se pourrait bien que dans quelque tems d'ici je recommence à mener cette vie errante que vous me connoissez depuis si long tems. Ma mère désire beaucoup s'établir dans un climat plus doux. Dans les circonstances actuelles cela est impossible; car toutes les fortunes souffrent, et tout le monde en Russie est obligé de calculer un peu plus qu'autrefois.

En revenant de France, j'ai passé trois semaines fort agréablement à Carlsbad, avec les Alopeus, Arnim, Reuss, et d'autres que vous et moi nous connoissons. Cela m'a bien rappelé les heureuses

années que nous avons passées ensemble à Berlin. A Dresde j'ai revu notre charmant Breisnitz, qui, quoique habité, m'a paru désert et triste. Le jardin n'est plus aussi soigné, les arbres dépérissent; c'est comme si ce lieu enchanteur était destiné à ne donner toutes ses jouissances qu'à nous.

Pour les Hatzfeld, j'ai revu le Prince à Paris. Il y était alors, envoyé par le roi de Prusse pour complimenter le *roi de Rome*. Il m'a juré qu'il ne retournerait jamais à Berlin après les mauvais traitemens qu'il a essuyés; et malgré cela, j'apprends qu'il y est de nouveau avec sa famille. Mais il est toujours bien aimable, et il a beaucoup contribué à l'agrément de notre séjour de Paris. Du reste, Berlin m'a paru excessivement triste. Je me suis promené à Charlottenburg, dans ce beau jardin que nous avons parcouru si souvent ensemble, et j'y ai rencontré le roi, qui ne cesse de pleurer près de la tombe de cette charmante reine. Comme tout est changé à Berlin! et pour lui quel changement! même depuis le séjour de Memel, où la douce présence de la reine Louise fut comme un rayon de bonheur et d'espérance qui brillait au milieu de tant de malheurs.

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O. L.

Letters—Foreign Office, Feb. 27th.—I fully intended writing as you requested, my dear mother, after arriving in town yesterday; but when I tell you that I was out with Rumbold and his sister all the morning, and was afterwards kept by Lady R. till

the post was gone, I know you will excuse me. They were to have left town to-day, but have been detained, and I am going with them to the opera this evening.

The only certain information I have been able to get of what is passing is, that Lord Castlereagh receives the seals of *this* Office to-morrow. The reason of his not having done so sooner was, that his vote might not be lost this evening. A bad omen! that one voice should be so essential. But I understand that Opposition are making every exertion to appear formidable on this question; which, so moved, would, but for their success the other night, and the peculiar state of affairs at this moment, have excited little interest.

29*th*.—To-day it is reported that Lord Moira is going to Ireland, Lord Holland to Spain, and that Sheridan also will have some situation found for him. This is a most interesting moment to be in town; but you must be sure, my dear mother, that the Prince and his ministers, and public affairs altogether, are as nothing to me compared with Lady Rumbold's decision in the matter nearest my heart. I own, it vexes me beyond measure to know that you have said anything in disparagement of the only Englishwoman I ever saw whom I would wish to call my wife. It is a singular coincidence that Löwenstern's letter should have arrived at this moment. It brought, as you may suppose, vividly before me the image of his amiable and beautiful sister; whom, as my dearest mother—who was my sole *confidante*

and consoler at that time—knows well, I once so deeply loved. When Otto mentioned her name, it seemed to put my present feelings to the test; and I asked myself seriously whether I did, or ever could, love any other woman.

Perhaps, a freshness and enthusiasm of feeling pervades one's first glowing dream of young love, that is never awakened by any second object; but, having survived and surmounted a first hopeless passion, so far as to feel one's heart stirred again by tender emotions, I am of opinion that although I shall not break my heart should the lady prove cruel, yet, succeeding in winning her, I shall love no less truly and warmly, if not more so, than at first.

All that I say to you on this subject I must beg you to keep a profound secret. I do not doubt my sisters' affection, but frankly own that I have little faith in their discretion.

G. J.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, March 8th, 1812.

I am writing to you, my dear George, when I ought to be better employed, but Captain Stevens, who goes off by the early mail to-day, has promised to look in after church for this letter, and the packet of lace for your ruffles; which, I presume, you will want for the next levée. The surprise here, at your sudden disappearance, and the conjectures as to the cause of it, have much amused me. "Oh!" said one, "of course, he cannot stay after his favourites are

gone." Another, more matter-of-fact, said, "Perhaps he is gone abroad or is summoned to join his regiment." Mrs. Mills—who, by the way, is not likely to break her heart for you, as your place is already supplied by a young French count, who is recently arrived here—asked "if anything *serious* was to result from the fuss you made about the Rumbolds and they about you. It made her *sick*," she said, "to see it." I hardly understand what you mean by disparagement; I wished only that you should not rush into explanations before you saw the probability of success; that you should, in short, leave all to time and future opportunity. "This," I am sure you will say, "is the *cool* reasoning of an old woman by her fireside, which is not bright enough to warm her imagination." But old as I am, my dear, I have still, at sixty-three, enough warmth of heart left to feel for the young, though not so near and dear to me as you are; and as sitters-by are allowed to know most of the game, so I would have availed myself of that advantage to assist you in playing your cards. However, as I know that advice in such cases is of little avail, I shall only say what you must already well know, that you have my sincerest good wishes, for your success in every pursuit that will contribute to your happiness.

The family appear to be amiable and such as it would be pleasant to be connected with; the brother —a generous, open-hearted youth—entering warmly into your interests; and what you tell me of your short visit to him at Watton, your hunting-party and

all that overflowed at that full-hearted meeting, is pleasing enough. But what puzzles me is the great encouragement they all give to a young man who has his way to make in the world, and whom I should have thought they would have considered too poor for a girl that is very far from rich.

I *know*, my dear George, for I have it on your brother's testimony, that you have not been, as I feared, so much taken up with the frivolities of fashionable life as to have given no part of your time to profitable reading and study. He says, "George has not been fairly dealt with by the marquis; nevertheless, he has qualified himself for any higher situation in diplomacy that he may have interest or good fortune enough to obtain. He is an excellent secretary, and would not be inefficient as minister." But all the world thinks more of money than of anything else, even where there is no especial need of it; and I know, my dear, that you fancy I am one of that number. But I deny it, for, if I know myself, I hate the idea of it beyond what *prudence and necessity* dictate. Generally speaking, even as regards fortune, equal matches are perhaps the happiest; yet I believe there are many exceptions, and if there is enough of fortune on one side, it may be immaterial on which. But it is essential to happiness that there should, at least, be a *competency*; and the habits and dispositions of the parties must determine what in each case a competency is, because, what would be *riches* for some, would be *poverty* for others. This is all I can now think of to say to you on the

subject which causes me so many anxious thoughts; and my thoughts need to be cheered rather than depressed.

In a letter received this morning, Mrs. Aldersey says you have not written to her for months. She enquires what has become of you, and if it is true that you are to marry the young widow or her sister. "The Rumbolds," she continues, "are a highly respectable family, but the daughters have *very little* fortune—perhaps 3000*l.*, with expectations from the mother. The Colonel Manners, who was the eldest daughter's husband, was a natural son of old Harvey Aston, and, of course, brother to the Harvey Aston who was a fashionable leader about twenty years ago. Why he took the name of Manners I do not know; but he and his wife lived with the old lady, who was very fond of him. The money that purchased his step in the army was taken from his wife's fortune; for Manners had nothing of his own but his commission and his good looks." Another unwise match; but let us turn to other subjects. Our friend was at the Wells last season, but rather late. "With the first fall of the leaves," she says, "the summer company, with which the place had overflowed, took flight. It was still full enough, but chiefly of *trash*, whom nobody knows. The Duke of Glo'ster, however, came down for a month's tippling at the fountain of health, and was at the Pigous' house. The Princess of Wales passed there also a couple of days with Lord and Lady Aberdeen, who took so little pains to entertain her properly, that it

was said she went off in disgust. If it should prevent her from making another excursion thither, *tant mieux*, for she created some fuss amongst the people, without affording anything to admire."

Mrs. A. greatly missed poor old Cumberland, though she speaks of him and his daughter as "stock or stone-hearted beings," for having so neglected poor Jansen, his son-in-law, in his last illness. Alas! both are now dead. These things seem to be more easily got over now than formerly; perhaps because the present age boasts of more stoicism or, what is the same thing, is more wanting in feeling.

General Murray seemed well in health, and sober-minded; he asserts that a violent knock which he received upon his pate last year, set something right within it, which, for some time, he had been conscious wanted reform. It is to be hoped he will avoid another blow, lest his head should go wrong again.

Mr. Creaser, our favourite Bath medical practitioner, gave a magnificent dinner last week. A gentleman, who partook of it, observed that he supposed Mr. Creaser must be very rich, for the dinner was such as he should have expected from a man of 7000*l.* or 8000*l.* a year—claret, champagne, &c., &c., &c. Mrs. C. had a large party in the evening, and it was really a good one—full of diamonds; but I fancy they were chiefly from the "dear country."

Parties and balls go on as usual, only a little more numerous, perhaps, every night. Last week, Lady

Leven gave a *young* ball, from eight till twelve; and somebody else took it up from twelve till eight. There was also a ball at the York House, where there was nothing but waltzing, and no one was allowed to leave before *ten in the morning;* and another, at which only *four chaperons* were admitted; so I suppose they will soon be excluded altogether. Alas! for the manners of the age! All this comes from the examples that are set in high places; a reflection that naturally leads me to speak of the activity with which the Prince is now distributing honours and favours. I wish he would give one to Francis; I quite begrudge the riband sent to Henry Wellesley, and am rather surprised at it too, Lord Wellesley having withdrawn.

And now adieu, my dear George. Pray take care of your health in the numerous mail coach and other journeys your present negotiation seems to occasion you; for the weather is unusually severe. It was fatal only a few nights ago to three men, who came from London on the outside of the coach. At Chippenham, two were quite dead, and the third lived only a few hours after. On these inclement nights, my thoughts turn to you who are so imprudent, and to your equally thoughtless, in that respect at least, Irish servant.

C. J.

Letters—Grosvenor Street, March 14th.—I hope Francis has kept you informed of my proceedings, dearest mother, for I have been too fully occupied myself to give you any account of them. On Sunday

the 8th I left London for Hull in the "Highflyer," wishing not only West Kent, but the whole county at the bottom of the sea for obliging me to leave town at the moment I so much desired to remain there, and with a full determination to resign, if I could not obtain an extension of leave. General Cheney was absent; but a message he had left with the commanding officer induced me, after a few hours stay, to return to London, where I arrived on Thursday, just in time to dress for the levée.

Town is not very full, except of politicians, and from them one hears fresh reports, one contradicting the other, every five minutes; indeed, there is more saying, if not doing, in Pall Mall and Piccadilly, than I ever before knew. Every man and woman one meets has some ridiculous tale to tell, of which a *very great man* is the object, or, I may say, rather the laughing-stock.

Unfortunately, too many of these stories are not unfounded, though a great number that are circulating are without any foundation. The Princess says, or it is said for her, "they should let out the old one, and shut up the young one." The "young one" I suppose he will remain to the end of the chapter, as he has passed middle age without arriving at years of discretion.

Charles Moore is said to be the author of a parody on the Prince's letter to the Duke of York, which has much amused the public, and, *on dit*, annoyed His Royal Highness. However, he looked well at the levée, and seemed in very good spirits. I met

there Francis and Merry. *I* had dressed at Rumbold's. The Prince was very gracious to Francis and enquired after Elizabeth. They say, but I did not see it, that he cut Lord Lauderdale—looked another way as he passed by—there was, however, almost a crowd, and in it many long faces; Lord Grenville looked something like the Newfoundland dog that killed Lady Lambert's spaniel. I cannot say that the new household is very brilliant—for the most part, the halt, the lame, and the blind.

The greatest novelty there, was Kemble! He came, I presume, to take leave on his departure for America, where he is to play twenty-two nights for six thousand pounds, and his expenses paid. I have heard that Necker said the French Revolution was decidedly begun, when one of the ministers of Louis XVI. went to an audience of His Majesty in shoe-strings. The appearance of an actor at Court is, I believe, quite as unprecedented.

All the new uniforms were there. That of the Duke of Clarence, as Admiral of the Fleet, was very handsome and in true British taste—the white lappels being restored. As for the Light Dragoons, they have improved very much upon the Austrian and Bavarian patterns, and the result is a very effective uniform—soldier-like and handsome.

The Prince some time ago designed a very handsome "*uniforme de Cour*," the colours, blue and buff, the old Fox colours, probably intending then to change his ministers; he now desires that nobody will wear it at the levées, as they used to do the

King's uniform. It was on that account that the etiquette respecting dress was announced in the Gazette in the particular manner, which perhaps you remarked.

I was with Rumbold last night, at the Pantheon opera; I think Hull could have produced a more respectable audience.

16*th*.—My brother has had an interview with Lord Castlereagh, which he considers so far satisfactory, that his lordship has promised to put his American money matters *en train* for settlement, and looks and speaks, he fancies, as though he really would expedite them as he promises. At all events, he was very civil, and civility adds some value to the man of business.

The parodied epistle, which has been attributed to Jekyl and others, is now said to be by Anacreon Moore; certainly not by Charles Moore. It was Mrs. Tighe who told me this, and by her manner I should not be much surprised if her husband had had a hand in it, only that I do not think his versification is so easy, or that he has so much fun in him. But it is altogether too cutting for the author to declare himself. The Prince they say is outrageous. Do not show about the copy I inclose you; it is enough to let people find it out for themselves.

I was to have dined with Burghersh on Saturday, but he either had forgotten, or did not know, that it was his wife's birthday. When he discovered that fact, he put off our engagement till yesterday, when I had a very pleasant dinner with them and came

away quite smitten with Lady B. Burghersh said he had heard that the Duke of York had received advice of the French having entered Berlin; but, although I have since made every inquiry, I can trace this report to no good source. It is, however, certain that the 'L'Orient' squadron has sailed and that some of our ships are after it, with the certainty, I trust, of having a very good account to give of it shortly.

You will be sorry to hear, for the sake of his family, that Chinnery has proved a defaulter in his account with the Treasury, to the tune of between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. Everybody now says, "I foresaw how it would end;" "Their style of living was quite inconsistent with the amount of his official income; and he was known to have little or nothing besides;" "so much pride and pretension based upon nothing must have a bad end;" and so forth. What a miserable situation for his wife and daughter. The latter I hear is very ill, dangerously so, it is said. What is become of Chinnery I know not, nor does it much matter; but I should have thought all who knew his family would have felt for them. But, on the contrary, all are busy in casting stones at them, and none so busy as their most intimate friends.

I dine with Rumbold this evening and afterwards, *s'il faire se peut*, go to Mrs. Pigou's and Lady Hyde Parker's, each of whom has a grand turn-out. I care little about either, but as I take her ladyship last, I do hope that she will retrieve her character

this year and give us a good supper—otherwise, I cut her for ever.

17*th*.—I find, my dear mother, that owing to an error in our commanding officer's information, I am again obliged to go northward; either to resign or to get further leave, I must be with the regiment. I shall, however, wait to hear Lord Wellesley let out the secrets of the prison house, which he is to do to-morrow, and is to tell more than was ever before heard. There never was such a demand for admission, which is not extraordinary when all the world is going; and perhaps his wife too, so that if I find any difficulty in getting in in the regular way, I may slip in clandestinely with her. In any case, I must be in the House of Lords by four, and shall afterwards be off by the mail or the Highflyer, according to the time that his lordship may hold forth. Adieu.

P.S. Francis has come up to hear Lord Wellesley's story. He has been told by "an authority" that the Sidmouths will certainly come in after Easter.

G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Brighton, April 8th, 1812.

You enquire, my dear mother, whether I know anything of George's recent proceedings. He came down here unexpectedly on Wednesday evening, under the idea—which I had given him in a letter of old date, and not afterwards contradicted—that the French play we were getting up, in which Montalembert and the Baroness, Grammont, Lloyd, Fanny

Montgomery, and Elizabeth, were to take the principal parts, would be acted on that night; but it has met with difficulties, and it is uncertain when it will take place. George returned to town the next day. His leave is extended to the 25th; but he is so much taken up with his new friends that I daresay he finds little leisure to employ his pen in your, or any other service than that of Cupid and Venus. I must, however, consider that all this effusive warmth of feeling which his three friends—the beloved one, her brother, and the young widowed sister—no less than George himself, so largely display, is doomed to end only in disappointment, and in some laceration of the heart, probably, on both sides.

While here, George fully confided to me his views and his wishes, and consulted me respecting them. I feel bound, therefore, not only as an elder brother, but from the difference in our ages almost as a father, to oppose the carrying-out of this matrimonial scheme, even though the lady herself may favour his suit. I am the more disposed to take a decided part in the matter because George really seems to have quite lost his head as well as his heart, and conducts himself more like a schoolboy than a young man of prudence and judgment; qualities for which on other and important occasions I have had reason to give him credit for possessing as large a share of as any young man I have known. Doubtless, *his* Elizabeth is a very pleasing, accomplished, and amiable girl, and if George had but five or six thousand a year he could not do better than make her

his wife. But as this is so far from being the case, that their united means would suffice to provide only a very meagre soup, that would be little palatable to persons used to luxuries and who indulge in expensive habits, my idea is, that the sooner the whole party are brought to see what a fool's paradise they are living in, the better it will be for them. I am going up to town in a day or two to see the brother, who has very warmly espoused George's cause, and shall place before him the view I take of the matter, financially; suggesting at the same time that the contemplated engagement be deferred, without its being in any way binding on his sister, until George's prospects are brighter than at present. It is an awkward business to undertake and George may say that I put him in an awkward position; but I am convinced that I serve both his and the girl's best interests by throwing a wet blanket on this brightly burning flame, and bringing the affair to a conclusion, while yet it can be done with propriety. I shall no doubt be looked upon as a cold-hearted calculating old curmudgeon, for my pains; but if I had stepped in before the mail-coach proprietors and others had reaped so good a harvest on the occasion, it would have been well, at least for poor George's purse.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, April 13th, 1812.

I returned here last night. Liston and the Com-

modore are gone at last. I suppose their departure may be considered as a symptom of doing something that Lord Wellesley did not do; for there can be little hope of success at Constantinople for either of them, less certainly for Liston than there might have been, had he gone to his post, as he ought to have done, twelve months ago. By Wilson not going with him, I daresay he looks to Russia, and he will probably be sent to the Russian head-quarters if the anticipated war breaks out. As a military agent he may do very well; but it would be madness to entrust to him any political business of consequence. Possibly, too, his not going now may be occasioned by Lord Castlereagh having found out that Wilson is, or would be, a spy of Opposition. As such, the intercourse he has had with the Office ought long since to have been forbidden. From all I hear, I should not be surprised if Lord Yarmouth, or some such person, were sent off in a hurry. I recommend you to look out for that, and through your friend Lady Hawarden, or otherwise, to get attached. In the present state of things in the North, I should hope Lord Wellington will lose no time in attacking the enemy; a victory now, would have probably more beneficial effects than had even the battle of the Nile, and if Bonaparte has hooked the Prussians to his car, they will, if I mistake not, give him the slip at the first good opportunity. It is hardly possible that they should have put themselves under Masséna's command; at all events we have a fine opportunity of regaining the Peninsula.

The wind came to the south yesterday, so we may expect news from Badajoz on Tuesday morning at latest. Generally, it arrives in town on Sunday, and this is a beautiful day to ride about the park or elsewhere in pursuit of it, and might help towards calming your perturbed spirit. Try what you can do, my good fellow.

14*th*.—Notwithstanding the story of a messenger having arrived from Austria, I am persuaded that we know very little of what is going on; and it is remarkable that the ministerial papers should be the least communicative on that subject. I think the Prussian Government would hardly have made the proclamations we see, if they had not been quite sure that there will be war. If the King retires into Silesia with the main body of his troops, and could have an understanding with Austria, they might yet play Boney a fatal trick.

The news from Badajoz to the 27th ult. is good, as far as it goes. I understand that the account was transmitted by Stuart, who had received it by telegraph. It states that we had taken a fort of great importance—La Picurina—within two hundred and fifty yards of the place, which it was not expected could hold out much longer. It was said we had lost only two hundred men and seven or eight officers; but the list shows that this fort has cost us above seven hundred men of various sorts. The French made a most vigorous *sortie*, it appears, and although they were gallantly repulsed, a good many of them, as well as some of our own troops,

owed their death to the overflowing of the river Rivellas.

Our friend Jack Ewart has again got a blow. He is lucky to be put *hors de combat* for the honour of the thing; but unlucky to be hit so often.

Opposition had a large majority upon McMahon's question; but Perceval had much the best of it in Whitbread's attack upon him. The weighty subject that oppresses you seems to leave you no time to attend to these things; but I hope, as Rumbold gives signs of waking up from the trance you seem all to have too long been in, that you will speedily be roused up from yours. R. appears to think, and very sensibly, that a subject that was entered upon with so much precipitancy might be as readily dropped. I fully agree with him; and the sooner all the parties concerned come to that wise determination the better; for with all the liberality and magnanimity that has been displayed, in the setting of the money question wholly aside, I must still think the whole affair as foolish and imprudent an one as I ever heard of. We have been moralizing on the death of poor Miss Chinnery. No doubt that event was accelerated by her father's conduct, and the disgrace he has brought on his family. A more accomplished and apparently amiable girl I have rarely met with. Her mother, who I believe has a good deal to answer for, has a severer punishment than falls to the lot of most persons. I hear the father is gone where he will find plenty of his like—to America. Young Chinnery, who is a twin brother of the poor girl, and a youth

of great talent, has been promised by Perceval some place that will afford him a subsistence. We had a farewell party at Lady Aldborough's; she goes on Monday, but *en revanche* the Duke and Duchess of Bedford arrived yesterday and will pass here the first period of their mourning.

Miss Johnson who, in writing to Elizabeth, says she saw you at the opera, regrets much that she left Brighton so soon, and is not a little annoyed at having done so for the sake of a *soi-disant ball*, announced three weeks beforehand, but where they had to dance on the carpet and were sent away without supper; but with this consolation—fine news for the Brightonians!—that Mrs. Popkins reserves all her suppers for this favoured town. You see the eldest Miss Graham is married at last. She has 10,000*l.*, and they say he *will* have a very large fortune; but the affair was so long going on, that it was thought it would end like yours, by going off. Miss Johnson says she met the Grattans at church on Sunday, with favours.

F. J. J.

Letters—Grosvenor Street, April 18th.—Many thanks, my dearest, mother for the sympathy you express, and the consolation it affords me under circumstances that cannot but be somewhat painful. Rumbold's letter has certainly grieved as well as a good deal annoyed me; *d'ailleurs*, it is very kind, and we are, and I trust shall continue, on the same friendly footing as before.

In a matter so nearly, and almost exclusively, concerning myself, I might have claimed at my age a right to exercise my own judgment; but the long habit of deferring to that of my brother, and the consciousness that he would take no step in reference to my concerns that had not my well-being for its object, besides the debt of gratitude I owe him, and the almost filial affection I bear him, have led me to yield on this occasion, as I have done on others, to his opinion and wishes. But I will dwell no longer on this subject, and I beg of you, dearest mother, no more to allude to it.

What is going on at Sheffield will I imagine make the return of all officers to their regiments more necessary than before. Indeed, I have received a letter from Shaw, written by order of General Cheney, to say that, in consequence of instructions from the commander of the district I must return to Hull on the 23rd, unless I should hear from him to the contrary. This I suppose to be owing to the disturbances gaining ground in Yorkshire. However, as long as I am allowed to stay in town I shall keep a sharp look-out. My name is already stuck in the frame of Hamilton's looking-glass with that of other *pretendientes* who have been anxiously waiting for peace or war to open the Continent, and afford opportunities to Lord Wellesley to realize the hopes his liberal promises have raised; but which are now left to Lord Castlereagh to fulfil. When I went to the Office I saw Smith, who told me Lord Wellesley had recommended me to Lord Castlereagh in very strong terms

for immediate employment. He read me what he had written, and said that his Lordship thought he was doing me a greater service by so recommending me than by suggesting, as he had at first thought of doing, that a pension should be granted me; because he knew there was always a strong objection to the granting of pensions, especially to the younger branches of the diplomatic corps.

If I had not learnt by experience the credit due *à de belles paroles*, I might feel perfectly satisfied with this; however, it was something to work upon, and, upon the strength of it, I wrote to Lord Castlereagh. Hamilton, to whom I showed my letter, highly approved of it; promised to do all in his power to back it, and, I must say, seems really to interest himself for me.

He says, that if they do not employ me, I shall have a very fair claim for a pension, and that he will mention it himself to Lord Castlereagh. Six hundred a year, dated back some years, has just been granted to Cockburn, of Hamburg—the Count, as they call him there—and, considering what his consulship was worth to him, it is as little as they could give him. But this pension is a new and important feature in the consular service, and, of course, strengthens the claims of those who are in the diplomatic line.

I mentioned, to Hamilton, the nature of my expedition to Poland, and that I should much like a similar commission now, a suggestion he seemed to receive with a more than common degree of attention, and evidently approved of it. Yesterday, he told me

he had *hinted* such a plan to Lord Castlereagh, but that he was not yet sufficiently acquainted with him to do more than hint. Rolleston, who was present, on hearing this, said, "Things are not yet ripe enough for direct means, indirect, there are already." If so, I should say, from the manner and tone of voice Rolleston jestingly assumed, that the Mackenzie long-bow is again in requisition.

I should not be surprised to hear of an offer of negotiation from Austria, in the first instance, through this Heylinger, who came from Vienna: and not St. Petersburg, as some of the papers report.

I have no news of fashionable doings that I think likely to interest you. I met Mrs. Robinson at the opera. Lady Malmesbury, she says, is coming to town, but his lordship and Fanny remain at Park Place, and have no thoughts of moving. Miss Graham has married a nephew of the baronet—a good-looking fellow, but a very disagreeable one. I dined on Monday with Charles Adams. He is to be one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

21*st*.—When I came home, last night, I found a letter from Hamilton, to say that Lord Castlereagh would be glad to see me this morning at eleven. Connecting this with the reports of overtures from France and offers of negotiation from Austria, which, I reasoned with myself, would not otherwise have allowed him time this morning to see me, I entered his lordship's room, flattering myself with some favourable result.

The little man received me very civilly, but, to

my astonishment, began by asking me "in what line I had served!" As if any other than the diplomatic could have given me a right to be where I was. Having satisfied him on this point, and answered his numerous and precise questions, as to how and where I had been employed, and especially as to the nature of the secret mission to Poland, he answered, "Well, that is all very satisfactory, but I need not tell you that diplomacy is now a very bad profession; the army a much better one."

I thought that if he had nothing more to say to me than that, it was hardly worth while to take up his time or mine by appointing an interview for the purpose. But I could not refrain from replying that, as diplomacy was so bad a profession, and that it, and not the army, was mine, I thought I had some claim upon Government for an allowance until they could employ me; which claim was strengthened by Lord Wellesley's repeated promise that he *would* employ me, and the recommendation to that effect he had forwarded to his lordship. He did not dissent from this, but said I might feel assured that he would send to me when any suitable opening occurred, and he desired that I would inform Hamilton if there should be any change in my address. I could hardly get less than this by an interview with a Secretary of State; and his promise to send to me when wanted, though positive, is yet tolerably vague and indefinite. However,—"Paciencia y barajar."

Lord Paget has done what is called "a very handsome thing" by his brother Sir Arthur. Lord

Uxbridge had ordered an instrument to be prepared, bequeathing property to the latter to the amount of forty or fifty thousand pounds, but died before it was signed. Of course, it fell to the elder son; but Lord Paget, when he became aware of his father's intentions in favour of his brother, immediately executed them. He could hardly have done otherwise, I imagine. Yet the laudation bestowed on this generous act would seem to say the contrary.

Another *on dit*, which I hope is not true, is that Burghersh has sunk a very considerable sum in the Pantheon Opera experiment.

G. J

Diaries—Foreign Office, April 21st.—It seems to be now generally understood that the supposed Austrian messenger, Heylinger, is really charged with some sort of a commission from the Austrian Government. I find that he is the son of a Dane who is married to an Englishwoman; that he has been in this country before, and that the professed object of his present journey is to see his mother's family. He left Vienna on the 12th of March, and gives out that he has only a six weeks' leave of absence. He says that Gentz is become the right hand of Metternich, and that the language he holds is, "I have by no means changed my former opinions and principles; but from the same means, or rather misapplication of them by the same men, what can be hoped for but such results as we now see? I am as much attached as ever *à la bonne cause*,

but I look upon it at present as a hopeless cause, and, *en attendant, il faut vivre.*" This seems to be all very likely, except what he says of Gentz being the right hand of Metternich; but if it really be so, I much prefer the hand to the body.

All here are as impatient for the news from Badajoz, as anxious about to-morrow's debate, and as the wind has been westerly for the last forty-eight hours, I hope something good may reach this Office before night.

I doubt much if the newspapers know anything of the overture from France, or of the answer that is to be returned to it. Perceval would not have the courage to refuse, *in limine*, every step towards an accommodation, even if he thought it expedient. All his boldness, or the greatest share of it, is kept for the House of Commons.

Grosvenor Street, 22*nd*.—Meditating on the present aspect of affairs in the solitude of my own quarters, and after having heard the various *pros* and *cons* which the arrival of the flag of truce has given rise to, discussed at the Office, the idea uppermost in my mind is, that we ought to take advantage of the present superiority of our arms, in order to negotiate for a peace with France. I have thought more seriously on this subject since the flag of truce came; but I rather mistrust my own opinions, and must find out from my brother, as I have often done before, whether my conclusions are right or wrong.

It seems to me to be in vain, in the present paucity of talent throughout Europe, to wait for the

period of Bonaparte's downfall, and I do not believe that we have ourselves the means of producing it without the assistance of the Continent. If, therefore, at any time short of that event it would be wise to make peace, it must be, I conceive, when to our acknowledged naval supremacy we can add the influence of unprecedented success on land; when, from our situation, we are entitled to hold a language in negotiation which, if supported, may lead to a real peace. The Peace of Amiens, although not a brilliant one as to terms, I have always heard principally objected to for the spirit of concession in which it was made.

Probably, the Spanish question would now form the main difficulty as to terms; and if Bonaparte should insist upon keeping Spain, we should not be likely to listen to him after having ascertained that point. But if, as is certain, he never conducted that war as he has done others, what has happened in the course of it must have indisposed him still more to the continuance of it. The operations of the present moment seem also to indicate that he is seeking only for an opportunity of withdrawing from it without dishonour. If I am right in that idea, I fancy it would be good policy to make "*un pont d'or pour l'ennemi qui se retire*," and if, for that purpose, he should insist upon the line of the Ebro, to give it him.

It would, indeed, be heart-breaking to sacrifice the Catalans; but they are already in his power, and, with an army paralysed in Sicily, we have but a

poor chance of extricating them. The rest of Spain, and all Spanish America, would afford us a powerful ally, and a good market for the future. I say this under the supposition that our scale of operations in the Peninsula is not or cannot be extended. For it is clear that, if Lord Wellington does not assume the offensive, the Spaniards cannot of themselves rescue their country, even from the precarious hold which the French now have upon it. And I very much fear that Bonaparte will be released from his northern warfare time enough to strengthen that hold, or even to regain it if we, by a temporary superiority, should be enabled to wrest it from him.

Judging from the past, we cannot have much confidence in the continued resistance of Russia, but must rather fear that Alexander, like the King of Prussia, will soon be willing to purchase tranquillity and ease at the expense of every other consideration. The Czartoriskis and Novossiltzows, if he would recall them to his service, might urge him perhaps to a different line of conduct; but even they, though possessing far more talent and ability than Romonzow, have no perseverance, no intensity of effort in the pursuit of their objects, as their conduct in 1805-6-7 fully showed.

Then, how do *we* stand in this respect? I venture to doubt whether we have now a ministry capable of doing greater things than heretofore. They are like a pretty-behaved young man, who seldom gets into scrapes, but whose genius will not carry him beyond the ordinary exertions of a quiet life; and

their weakness at home would prevent their doing anything great abroad.

I cannot help thinking that the powers of the Continent, or, as they may more properly be called, the provinces of France, would be more disposed to throw off their yoke, if the impending danger of immediate chastisement were removed. They would keep up nearly as much intercourse with us as they have done hitherto; and, politically, it is impossible that they should have any very cordial feeling towards Bonaparte.

But some people call out, "Consider the dangers of peace! Why, Bonaparte would build a navy, and, on a sudden, we should probably see a fleet sent out to sea." But he can build a fleet in time of war; and, although a peace would give him a supply of sailors, it would not give him, any more than us, the power of assembling them so suddenly that we should not be able to prepare for the emergency. However, the increased and increasing reputation of our army, and the establishment of the local militia, which at any time, and on very brief notice, would afford a supply of men to oppose an invasion, places this part of the subject upon altogether a different ground. In short, as far as I have been able to observe, or can learn, we are now able, as relates to our respective means of warfare, to meet the enemy upon equal terms, and should have a fair chance of recovering during a peace, some of our lost influence on the Continent.

The question then is, can this situation be improved

by delay? Upon this there is a diversity of opinion. Some persons say, if peace even be desirable with Bonaparte, it is not possible, and that "he must go on in his career of 'vaulting ambition,' until he overleaps himself, &c., which he seems in a fair way of doing." Others think that the continuance of the war will enable him to rivet the chains in which he has bound all Germany, Italy, and even Spain. But still much will depend upon the Russian war, should war really ensue. If Bonaparte should make a short campaign of it, as is expected—because he will have no more able opponents to meet than he had five years ago—he will then return to the Peninsula with such accumulated strength, both in men and reputation, as we shall be unable to resist, and will probably deprive us of Portugal as well as of Spain.

22*nd*.—Last night, Parish gave me, in a very hurried and confused manner, while jammed together in the Octagon, an account of the late overture from France, taken, as he said, from a paper he had seen, and which was shortly to be in circulation. The substance of it was, that Bonaparte had certainly made some sort of proposition, professedly for peace; but that so far from being characterized by a pacific spirit, it was accompanied by a threat of a still more rigid enforcement and extension of his maritime decrees, and the prospect of some delusive arrangement with the Americans. Though I would not vouch for the accuracy of the above, I yet remark that everybody seems to speak of this business as unlikely to lead to anything, and that the tone of

ministerial people as well as of the ministerial prints is, almost to affectation, of the same cast.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, April 21st, 1812.

I am at a standstill in all my speculations, public and private. The egg is ripening and will burst soon; whether an eagle or a dove will come out of it we shall then see. I lean very much to the idea of peace, because we can never think of it with so good grace and so much chance of success as when we are victorious. I own, however, that I have not much confidence in our rulers, either for making a good peace or a vigorous war. The chief fault I find with our operations in the Peninsula is, that they purport to be all we can do.

Can you find out nothing of this Mr. Heylinger, or have they locked him up? A quiet way of getting at him would be, through the little German doctor at Morin's, who brought me a letter of recommendation, and who must needs be anxious to hear of his papa and mamma. If you can make out that Heylinger is sent officially, I shall have little doubt of the object of his errand, or the cause of the shyness of the ministerial papers. Oudinot being at Berlin, and the march of the French troops, though a very substantial movement, is meant, in the first instance, only as a demonstration. I do not think that Bonaparte would desire a war with Russia. You know, I suppose, that Ompteda is at Berlin,

and I daresay sends his reports thence, as formerly, to our Government.

As these disturbances continue you will probably be joining your regiment in a day or two. If called upon service, be sparing of your powder and ball, keep your temper with the mob, and make your men stand a pelting, as their betters, the Light Horse Volunteers, did on a similar occasion—though I own, as far as I was concerned, with by no means a good grace. Edward Fisher, who was a lieutenant in the "Buckinghamshire," made his fortune by quelling a riot at Bristol with an admirable mixture of firmness and moderation. Your colonel, to be sure, is not so powerful an one as the Marquis of Buckingham.

F. J. J.

Diaries—London, April 22nd.—Another letter from Löwenstern, dated St. Petersburg, 24th March, states, that the different regiments of Guards were successively marching towards the frontier; that the Grand Duke Constantine was to have marched with his regiment on the 21st, but had been delayed, and the precise time of his departure was not yet announced; that the officers who were to accompany the emperor in the campaign had been appointed, and that the three principal ones were Baron Armfelt—who was very high in favour, and had just been promoted to be His Imperial Majesty's first aide-de-camp general, with the rank of *Général-en-chef*—Count Kotchoubey, who has twice been Vice-

Chancellor of the Empire, and lately Minister of the Interior; and Count Nesselrode, who was to be charged with the *portefeuille* of Foreign Affairs.

Count Romonzow had requested to be informed whether the Emperor did not wish *him* also to prepare to accompany him, but had been told that "being Chancellor he must remain at St. Petersburg." This had so greatly mortified him that he was employing every means to induce the Emperor to change his determination, and it was thought not improbable that he would, in the end, succeed.

The Emperor is represented as being very stout in his determination to *tenir à outrance*, and Bonaparte to be intriguing on all sides to cajole him, and to counteract the unexpected vigour of his measures. A messenger with despatches for Lauriston had just arrived, and it was immediately given out that Bonaparte by no means wished for war, "*qu'il ne demandait pas mieux que de s'entendre.*" Romonzow was using his utmost endeavours to give effect to these insinuations, and to prevail on Alexander to consent to an interview—as proposed by Bonaparte—saying that, "a few hours' conference between the Duke of Bassano and himself would no doubt suffice to establish a peace advantageous to both parties."

Hitherto, it did not appear that Romonzow's counsels had prevailed; but when the person to whom Löwenstern entrusted his letter left St. Petersburg—the 24th ult.—the order for entering Prussia had not been given; and L. adds, "*jusqu'à ce que le premier coup de canon soit tiré, il ne faut jurer de*

rien." Prussia, it appears, has engaged to furnish a contingent of 25,000 men to France.

I much doubt whether Parish had any other foundation for what he told me last night than the declaration which will appear in to-night's 'Courier;' though it is fair to suppose, that such a document would not have been issued at the very moment, and in the face of any *very pacific* overture.

If an interview should take place between Alexander and Boney, it can only lead, I feel persuaded, to a second edition, still closer pressed, of the work at Tilsit. The next arrivals, by deciding this question, will resolve every other.

I tried to get into the House of Commons yesterday, but the Speaker decided that the Catholic question was not connected with *foreign* politics; and on this ground he refused, though very civilly, to allow me and other *foreign* applicants the privilege of admission under the gallery; and it was in vain to attempt to get even a walking-cane in anywhere else. Several members have told me that they literally had not room themselves, and that a fuller House had seldom or ever before been seen. And, after all, I find I did not lose much. Grattan's was the only speech worth hearing; and even he—more perhaps from the failure of his physical powers than anything else—seems to have disappointed the expectations which had been raised. I saw Lord Grey and several of the Opposition peers, as well as some of the Irish bishops, go into the House. I am told that Lord Wellesley's speech on the same question was one

of the most brilliant and argumentative he ever made.

I have just got a reprieve from my colonel, with the information that the regiment will be quartered at Leeds, Huddersfield, and Wakefield.

24*th*.—I found them at the Office all fully engrossed by the news that arrived from Badajoz last night. Our loss has indeed been most fearful, and if we are to get nothing for it beyond "*une forteresse de plus*," much blood has been spilt to very little purpose. Though I have seen and conversed with some who ought to know, I cannot make out what Lord Wellington's movements after the fall of Badajoz were likely to be. It is thought that he hardly knew himself what would be his next step. Soult, who was advancing to the relief of Badajoz, on discovering that our people were in possession of it, retired towards Seville. The officer who brought the despatches thought that Soult was not equal to any offensive operations.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

MY DEAR GEORGE. Brighton, 23rd April, 1812.

I return you Löwenstern's letter. I cannot place much confidence in that *tableau*, supposing it to be correctly drawn, which I have indeed little doubt of; it resembles so much what I know of Alexander. Armfelt is worn out, as regards *la physique*; but the *morale politique*, at least, is good. Nesselrode I knew as a boy, the son of a very good staunch

old fellow; and Elizabeth, who has seen him grown up, says he has "*tout l'esprit du père;*" I hope he has also *plus de moyens.*

But in order to make the thing go on well, there should be others in the background—for instance, Panin, or Pahlen, or even both. But I believe that Alexander is as much afraid of them as he is of Bonaparte; besides, there must be a General, for Armfelt would never be able to command, and neither Bennigsen nor Kutusow is mentioned—they would, in any case, do much better to take a Prussian. What a catch it would have been for them to have engaged Moreau, before they went to war. I should not despair even yet of the possibility of getting him to accept the command.

It is hardly possible that something should not come of all this, and that our Government should not send out somebody *en droiture.* Mackenzie and King are at Vienna, or in the Mediterranean; and they are neither of them fit for the business—and, *entre nous*—nor is Thornton.

Our Declaration is very well, and I think, upon the whole, precludes at least the idea of any successful negotiation. Nevertheless, I am persuaded that Boney would like a peace; but whether he will give up Spain may be doubted.

27*th.*—Our loss at Badajoz is indeed heavy. Lord Wellington seems to have sacrificed very needlessly a large number of valuable lives, in exchange for which I would rather that the French should have kept Badajoz, with all its consequences, a

month longer. We cannot afford to carry on the war at such an expense, and gain so little by it.

I see no present inducement to adopt your suggestion, that I should come up to the levée. We are living now a very quiet life here—one day much resembling another. This is now become our country house, with the advantage of not being troubled with any of the drawbacks of a country life. Nobody breaks down our hedges, our sheep do not die of the rot, our cows do not lose their calves, &c., &c., and I can follow my indoor occupations without being often interrupted by visits. The weather is not so favourable, perhaps, to walkers as they tell us it is to the farmers; but we do not complain so much here of the east wind as people do in London, where it comes in eddies at every street corner, and brings a fog and a cloud of dust with it; so, unless you have some stronger attraction than the levée to offer as a set-off against this, I shall probably remain stationary a little longer. Meanwhile, keep your eye steadily fixed on the North.

Charles Warren wrote me the other day that, having in the course of conversation with Cooke, said, "I hope my cousin will be employed again if anything opens in the North," Cooke replied, "I think it more than probable that he will." I repeat this to you for what it may be worth—if worth anything. The North, you remember, is in Cooke's department; but I do not yet hear of any flight, or preparation for one, in that direction. Ministers were much disappointed in the division of the 24th.

They calculated on a majority of a hundred, at least.

By an express just received from the War Office, the North Yorks are ordered to leave in a few hours. Their *route* is for Nottingham. Waggons are prepared at Cuckfield, and they are to get as far as Croydon by to-morrow morning. The Bedfords also are to march from Littlehampton, but will not move quite so fast as the N. Ys. These are probably measures of precaution only. The 2nd Battalion of the 57th, from Steyning, will replace the North Yorks.

F. J. J.

Diaries—April 28th.—The American news, and the report of the fall of Almeida, have occasioned some little excitement amongst the public. What authority there is for the latter I know not, further than that I heard Frederick Robinson speaking of such an event as probable, and in a manner that seemed to say he knew more of it than he chose to acknowledge. With regard to the American news, I have just read in the "Dublin Post" the several documents on which it is grounded. I suppose the "Courier" will give a summary of them to-night.

I was last night at Mrs. Robinson's—only a small party—Lady Malmesbury was there, I met Accourt also. He is just going out on a mission from Lord Liverpool's office, accompanied by a Mr. Burrowes, a lawyer, "to look into affairs at Malta," as he termed it.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Brighton, May 8th, 1812.

I have had no letter from Bath during the last week, my dear mother, and but a very meagre epistle in the preceding one. The mission to Russia which you would like to see given to me, I have no wish for, especially whilst the war lasts. I have a strong impression that we shall have peace this year; for if Bonaparte does carry the war into Russia, he must either place an undue reliance on his Austrian connection, or that power must be bound to him by some stipulations at the last peace which are not known to us. And he must be aware that the Prussians would take advantage of any reverses to throw off a yoke which is so galling to the nation, even if it be not yet intolerable to the King.

What do you think of this Mr. Henry's treason? He has turned out a very pretty scoundrel. I had never much opinion of him. But at the same time Government is not to be pitied for any inconvenience they may suffer on the subject. It is only one of the various instances of their neglecting the people who have served them. I am very glad he has not introduced my name on the occasion, though I was always so short and so guarded in my communications with him, that I suppose he had nothing in them to answer his purpose. He is now at Paris, where I should not be surprised if he were soon thrown into prison; at all events, he will meet there

or elsewhere the reward of his treachery in the contempt of all mankind, for which, even to him, the money he has received at Washington will be but a sorry equivalent. And a very sorry story do Ministers make of his business. They could not, of course, agree to Lord Holland's motion, but I think one might have been shaped, so as to produce something that would have had a better effect than Lord Liverpool's speech. I have received a quantity of papers by the last American packet, and may even yet get some letters, but they have been so long on their voyage that they are not of much interest. Foster must really be now on a bed of roses—growing on a dunghill. I hear that he is to give in some memorial that will be published. People know nothing of America, or its government, who talk of what they might have expected from its *magnanimity*.

If you and my sisters have not yet read Lord Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," I recommend you to get it immediately. It is a remarkably fine poem that you cannot fail to be much pleased with. The lordly poet is the son of Byron who married Lady Conyers; his sister, who used to live with Lady Holdernesse, is married to General Lee, formerly Lieutenant-colonel of the 10th Hussars.

I was not aware of the circumstance you mentioned concerning your friend. Poor old Lord Bridport! He and his brother are extraordinary men. Lord Hood, I think, is generally at Bath in the winter. What a fine race of seamen! I am

sorry that Sir Samuel has not children, that it might be perpetuated in that line which is the best. I do not expect much from the Baron Hood and his son.

This place is now rather empty, and Lord Wellington, on whose supposed movements many bets are pending, supplies, conjointly with the flags of truce from the great Bonaparte, the chief subjects for speculation and conversation.

George is still in town, fighting shy of the campaign against the cotton weavers. A successful and bloodless one I should hope it would prove, though as he truly says, there is a good chance of getting a broken pate, but no chance whatever of gathering laurels to bind it with.

Adieu, my dear mother. I dine to-day with the 10th; and Colonel Stapylton who takes me has just come in to bring my letter to a close.

F. J. J.

Letters—Grosvenor Street, May 12th.—Your feelings will have been greatly shocked, dearest mother, on learning through your papers or letters of to-day, the sad news of Mr. Perceval's assassination by a man of the name of Bellingham. I know not that I can add anything to the lamentable story; and, indeed, from the sensation it has generally caused; the excitement produced by it amongst the lower and riotous class of people; the various and conflicting versions of the cause of the deed and the manner of executing it, it would be difficult for me to give you so clear an account of the whole matter as you will

find in the public prints. One thing, however, is certain—Mr. Perceval was the victim of an act of revenge for an imaginary wrong, at least as far as he was personally concerned. He was standing in the lobby with Lord Francis Osborne, and was speaking to an officer of the House, when the assassin approached him and, suddenly, with sure and fatal aim, pointed his pistol. The ball, which was a large one, passed through his heart. He staggered and fell; gasping faintly, as he died, a few words which were thought to be—"I am murdered." A surgeon was sent for from George Street, but Mr. Perceval never spoke or breathed again.

Many of the peers had assembled to hear the evidence on the petitions against the Orders in Council, and nearly all left their seats on hearing the report of the pistol, and the cry—"Mr. Perceval is shot!"—During the first moments of alarm, a suspicion arose that some conspiracy had been organized for the assassination of all the ministers, and it was suggested that, in order to prevent the perpetration of any similar deed, it was advisable that all strangers should be ordered to leave the house, and that they should be searched as they passed out. But this suggestion was not acted upon; for the assassin, who exulted in the success of his horrid deed, declared that he had neither confident nor associate, and that it was private and not political wrong that had impelled him to it.

"To his repeated applications to the Government," he said, "for the redress of the grievances he com-

plained of, he could obtain no satisfactory replies; and when he threatened exposure, he had been told to do his worst; he had done his worst, and he rejoiced in it." All this was soon known outside the House, and by the time Bellingham was about to be removed to Newgate, a most ruffianly mob had assembled. The utmost exertions of the police officers failed to quell the tumult they made, or to prevent them from surrounding the coach. By main force, only, could they be prevented from mounting the coach-box, clinging to the wheels, and even entering the coach to shake hands with and congratulate the murderer on his deed. They were whipped off; beaten off—there was no other course left—amidst the execrations of the mob on the police and the vociferated applause and hurrahs for Bellingham *and Burdett;* for it is a remarkable circumstance, that this man bears so strong a general resemblance to the demagogue Baronet that—as I was told by one who knows Sir Francis and has seen Bellingham—he might, at first sight, be taken for him.

While this disgraceful scene was going forward, the Horse Guards were called out and the disorderly mob partly dispersed. Not a few captures were made of the most active and daring, amongst whom were several notorious pickpockets—a race who are enthusiastic partizans of the Baronet, who has afforded them so many opportunities for the successful exercise of their calling.

The gates of St. James's were closed very early

and all is again pretty quiet; but the trial—which will take place this week—and the execution which will speedily follow, as a matter of course, will doubtless cause in some degree a renewal of the turbulent scene of yesterday.

Poor Perceval! poor in every sense, I believe; for he was too honest to enrich himself, however he may have helped to enrich others. He has left a widow and a family of twelve children; they say, most scantily provided for. The sympathy which his melancholy fate and the position of his bereaved family so largely excited yesterday, in all circles, is greatly abated to-day in political ones, by the question, "will Perceval's exit bring in Wellesley and Canning?"

15*th*.—Bellingham is sentenced to be hanged on Monday, and it is probable, though not yet quite decided, that the execution will take place in Palace Yard.

16*th*.—To-day the *on dits* are divided in opinion whether Bellingham will be executed in the usual place, or in Palace Yard. I would venture to bet upon the former, although I have just heard Lord Ellenborough's authority quoted for the latter.

18*th*.—The drop fell this morning, and the wretched tragedy of the past week was brought to a close. Information was given to the authorities, that a mob demonstration of approval of Bellingham's crime was being got up, and that it was intended to give him courage for the awful moment, by simultaneous and prolonged cheering and applause as soon as he ap-

peared on the scaffold. Precautions were taken for preventing a tumult, which, aided by the weather and the curtailing as much as possible of the preparations for the revolting spectacle, went far towards disappointing the intentions of the low rabble that had assembled; though not in such numbers as had been expected. I have heard that large sums were paid for places, by those persons whose strangely depraved tastes lead them to find some sort of gratification—for it can hardly be called pleasure—in these horrid scenes.

G. J.

Diaries—Grosvenor Street, May 19th.—Hart Davis, who is a pretty good authority I think, has just looked in to tell me that nothing is yet definitively settled with regard to the new Administration. Wellesley and Canning have created a demur by insisting on the Catholic claims being conceded. The Prince says he cannot consent to this point during his father's life.

20th.—The arrangements in agitation will be announced in the House to-night; but everybody seems to be agreed that such a ministry cannot stand a month. The Prince says he will sooner give up the Regency than admit Lords Grey and Grenville.

Foreign Office—22nd.—Nothing is known *here* of the consequence of last night's debate; but on my way down I was positively assured that they had all resigned, and that the Marquis had received commands to form a new Administration. I think

there could hardly be greater proof of the incompetency of my Lord Castlereagh, and Ryder, than their management of, and part in the debate. I should have liked better Canning's reply to Lord Liverpool if he had professed to act more on his own ground and brought the opinion of his friends in support of his own, rather than have made *that* appear a consequence of theirs.

23*rd*.—It is still said that Lord W. is to form a new ministry. Beyond this nothing seems to be known to any who are not actually behind the scenes, and very little I believe to those who are. But various rumours are afloat. The two that bear the greatest semblance of truth are, first, that the Marquis has applied to Lords Moira and Holland; but without success. In confirmation of this, Lord Holland told a person this day that "if it was so, he knew nothing of his being to come in." Nor, as many of the old Foxite country gentlemen declare, has any inquiry been made of them how far they would be disposed to support such an Administration. So much for the Foxite version; of the Grenvilles, nobody seems to think, but to exclude them.

That of the present people is, that Lord Wellesley had applied to them to come in on his terms; and that they had replied by expressions of the duty they owed to the Prince, of their gratitude to *him*, and their readiness to concur in any arrangement that might answer the end proposed—"except *under your lordship*." This is stated to have been an unanimous declaration. And the result of all this they would

make out to be, that Lord Wellesley's efforts will have no better success than Lord Liverpool's.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, May 23rd, 1812.

It is really quite distressing to think that we are to go on, for ever so short a time, under such a miserable medley, calling itself a Government. The only thing they could possibly do to support themselves would be to make peace; and that they would probably do ill. This may perhaps be an additional reason with Bonaparte for wishing just now a negotiation. You know that I also am of opinion that the present is a fit moment for it; but then, to be successful, it should be undertaken by men who are ready, if necessary, to carry on the war in the Peninsula upon a more extended scale; and not those who are, in a manner, pledged to the continuance of the present sort of war and no war, and who declare that the country can do no better.

Another messenger, I see, is gone to America, being the third within a very short time. This does not look well; because we ought to leave the Yankees to flounder about in their own toils. Any concession of ours, beyond the *last* Order in Council, would arrive just in time to relieve Madison from making that which, sooner or later, if we are firm, he must make. On the whole, however, I would advise you, whatever your feeling on the subject may be, to refrain from any open expression of it. Whatever

your friend may do, do not you go into Opposition. My opinion has ever been, that foreign ministers should abstain from taking any part in home parties or politics.

As you have resolved to terminate your military career, I should think it unnecessary to go down to Leeds to give in your resignation. Send it in writing, with some civil expressions of regret that circumstances render it impossible for you to leave London at present, as you would otherwise have wished to have done.

Wortley's motion was a pretty beginning of a ministry. His brother-in-law, Lord Lovaine, and others have declared off.

24*th*.—I see Albany Savile helped to kick down the feeble body, yclept a ministry. For a man who had stipulated for the lead in the House of Commons, Lord Castlereagh certainly managed the debate, and particularly the division, as stupidly as need be. One would almost suspect old Rose of having played them a trick, by remaining away. And there must have been, at all events, great neglect in the whipper, as the majority consists, for the most part, of regular Oppositionists; even amongst some of that party, there was considerable listlessness. Those who are now here, would not go up to the division, because they thought it would have no other effect than to bring in Wellesley and Canning. It is not unlikely that we shall have the Talents again, and even all the Grenvilles. If the Marquis does make up a Government without them, which I doubt, it won't stand,

and it ought not—for he is a shabby fellow. I am glad that there is, at least, spirit enough in the remnant of the old Pitt party to refuse to serve under him.

I like Canning's share in the correspondence much better than his lordship's. He has a difficult game, and much uphill work; but if he was not quite entire in his letter, he certainly made up for it in his speech; which is as cutting in its sarcasm as it is powerful in logic.

Lord Wellesley's last reply to Lord Liverpool is ably penned, though I think not quite irresistible on the Catholic subject; and one must know the detail of his Peninsula plan to judge of its practicability. He must have known all Perceval's objections, and yet they remain at issue. I rather incline to an enlargement of our scale. Perhaps you remember what I wrote you about it, three years ago.

27*th*.—Nothing is yet settled about the ministry, but I suppose we shall have one in time, and I don't know that it much signifies of whom it is composed. They will all do their best; but we live in an age of golden mediocrity.

31*st*.—It will be curious to see how long the country can go on without a government. I have seen several considerable persons of the old Opposition who were, two days ago, in high spirits at the idea of their coming in on their own terms, with the addition only of Wellesley and Canning; though with some of them, there are great objections to the latter. They have, however, since received a check;

and the Prince seems disposed to make one more struggle before he knocks under. Canning, they tell me, will be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and if so, I dare say Huskisson will be Secretary of the Treasury.

I think you will not have heard, that six thousand men of the Sicilian army are to land about this time, near Cadiz, and raise the siege, whilst Lord Wellington moves southward to occupy Soult, if not to attack Seville.

June 2nd.—The information you gave me yesterday, that it was at last positively settled that Lord Wellesley should receive *carte blanche* to form an Administration, and that both Lord Grey and Lord Grenville were to come in, has been confirmed to me by a very good authority this morning. We shall see what sort of an *amalgame* they will make. I suspect it will be such that Canning and his friends will, in the end, go to the wall; or, that there will remain a very strong Opposition, besides the people belonging to the Perceval ministry. I ought, perhaps, to have noticed first your other communication, as being the important one to you. I can only say, I am true to my text, and approve what you are about to do. Of course this settles the question of the resignation of your commission, which it will be proper to send in before commencing this new era.

We are preparing for our long-talked-of summer excursion, which will perhaps extend as far as the Highlands, now that we have arranged for our children being at Bath in our absence, under the eye

of our mother. We shall take them through London on account of the facility of conveyance to Bath by the two-day coach, and a similar one from hence. We had thoughts of taking a house for them at Worthing, but Worthing is fast vying with Brighton, in size at least, though it is still a quiet place. It is become also a populous one, and has already some few visitors. Many houses have been built since you were last there, with our father, fifteen years ago. "The three houses," one of which he used to hire when he spent a month at Worthing, were to me hardly recognizable; so little wood is there now about them, and, indeed, about the place generally, to what there used to be. The "three houses" were then among the best in the place, they now look dull and desolate: but they, with "the seven houses," "the large house," which was Mr. Cummerel's, and the two inns kept by Bacon and Hogsflesh, were the only objects I had any recollection of. Before we left, we paid a visit to the "Miller's Tomb." Expect us in town next week, and be sure to secure a box for the first representation of "Julius Cæsar" at Covent Garden.

F. J. J.

Mrs. Jackson to George Jackson.

Bath, June 3rd, 1812.

The surprise and agitation, dearest George, your letter has occasioned me would have prevented me from replying to it to-day, had you not so particularly desired an answer by return of post. There is not

room for a great deal to be said on a point that is already decided; had you asked my advice first, I might have given it with the candour natural to me, as well as with the interest my affection for you would have dictated, and with such hints and remarks as, from my age and experience, might not have been out of place or improper. Your brother, you say, fully approves of the step you are about to take. It is a comfort to me that he does so; for he has ever had your true interest at heart, and sought to supply, by his care and advice, the place of the father, too soon lost to us all. What, then, can I say, my dear George? You know my heart; how fondly it has ever dwelt on you, and with what tender anxiety I have looked forward to your forming an union with a woman that would make you happy—that woman I trust you have found in Miss Savile; for whom, and for you, my sincerest prayer will ever be that you may long dwell together in mutual happiness. I regret that I cannot accede to your proposal that I should join you in town. We were such ramblers last year, that your sisters and I were not sorry to find ourselves at home again, and to make our arrangements for being stationary throughout the year. "Running up" for the occasion, and "running down" again, might be an easy feat for you to accomplish; but you must remember, my dear, that I am a little older than you are, and not quite so active. Cake, cards, and compliments must satisfy us, but our best wishes will none the less attend you, and in due time I shall hope to see

the happy couple at Bath, and to offer them my warmest and heartfelt congratulations in person. Adieu, dearest George. Heaven's best blessings be yours.

C. J.

Diaries—Foreign Office, June 4th.—On my way here I met Kit Hutchinson, who had just left an Opposition council at Ponsonby's. Up to ten o'clock this day, he said, no fresh proposition had been made to any of them. Talking to him of Lord Wellesley and Canning, he told me that, although the Marquis's proposal was, in itself, inadmissible and therefore foolish, yet there was nothing in it offensive, and that neither Lord Grey nor Lord Grenville have consequently any objection to serve *with* him. Hughes, whom I saw shortly after, confirmed the first part of this account; but the Government seem to be really more at sea than ever, and I shall not be surprised if all this negotiation for an Administration should end in the Foxites coming in on their own terms. To-night's debate is expected to decide the question, and I trust it will, or both the Regent and the country must be laid prostrate at the feet of the two noble Lords.

Grosvenor Street, 10th.—Lord Liverpool is forming an Administration, which will be supported by many of the Prince's friends before in opposition, whether they come into office or not; and by many, I understand, even of those who voted with Mr. Wortley on his former motion. There is a strong impression

abroad that Lords Grey and Grenville have pushed their principles too far in insisting, as a preliminary, upon the dismissal of the present Household. I think they have acted impolitically; for it must have been their own fault if the Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain had been any very material obstacles to their plans, when once they were in office.

Town is now very full, but not very pleasant. The proceedings of public men are calculated to disunite society, and in the general state of things there is nothing which gives a satisfactory feeling to those who think, only a little, on what is passing.

Letters—Grosvenor Street, June 20th.—I daresay you have been expecting, dearest mother, to hear something more of my plans since I wrote to thank you for your letter of the 3rd. But my plans remain in *statu quo*, and since the arrival of Francis and his wife, of which he has no doubt informed you, the arduous pursuit of business or pleasure in which we have been constantly engaged—the latter never allowing us to get to bed before the sun has got up—has not left me a quarter of an hour's leisure to take up my pen in your service. And what can I tell you of balls, routs and parties, of which, as you know, the description of one is pretty nearly the description of all, that can be worth the telling, or if told, worth the reading. One goes to them, rather from the habit of "following the multitude," and perhaps because it is necessary, or suits one's purpose to be seen in what goes by the name of "the world," than for the sake of any pleasure or gratification to be

found in hurrying every night from one to another of such assemblages.

But, in fact, for the moment, pleasure to a great extent has given place to politics, and at these fashionable *réunions* politics now form the theme of most persons' conversation; whilst the political ladies, all smiles and *badinage*, secretly but skilfully are employed there in playing the cards of their party. Still there is nothing very satisfactory to report, even in the way of politics.

It is doubtful whether the present ministry will hold long, unless Canning joins them. I was with Francis at the House of Lords last night, and with a great number of others, we were disappointed of admission. He tells me that he has heard to-day from several peers that, generally, the discussion was deprecated. Lord Grey and Lord Moira were completely at issue; the former asserting that it was right and constitutional to *demand* the dismissal of the Household—the latter, that to do so at all was to insult the Prince and to deprive the crown and monarchy of its privileges and splendour. There is no doubt that the majority of the public, and many of his own party, are against Lord Grey on this subject.

We had an American friend dining with us a few days ago, who told us he had seen Mr. Henry at Paris. He had disposed of three-fourths of the money, that was the price of his treachery, in the purchase of shares in the Paris Bank; and all have turned out to be forgeries. He was cut by every

American, and by every decent person of whatever country, as soon as his story was known.

One of the oddities of the day, an antiquarian, gave at the Duke of Roxburgh's book sale the other day, 378*l.* for a few Old Bailey trials. They differ only from those that are published every session by their being a hundred and fifty years old, and, perhaps, the only copy of the same in existence!

G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Grosvenor Street, June 25th, 1812.

We have been waiting, my dear mother, to know George's movements in order to regulate our own, and I have just engaged the two-day Bath coach for Saturday, on which morning our whole nursery will embark in it at Hatchett's and be with you on Sunday evening at six. By arrangement, the coach will take them up the hill and set them down at the house you have engaged for them. Their trunks, &c., are just despatched to the city for Crutwell's waggon and will be delivered in Bath on Saturday.

We had intended to set out on our own journey on Wednesday, the 1st, but an invitation to dine at the Duke of York's on Tuesday compels us to postpone the commencement of our peregrinations until Thursday. Any further delay would derange our whole plan, and as ours is a journey one does not make twice in one's life, I must keep to the time most desirable for it. Our first station will be Cambridge; thence we go to Stamford, Harrogate, York, Durham,

Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh. We shall go through the Highlands, re-enter England viâ Glasgow, and reach Bath by skirting Wales. We shall be very glad to get away, for we have led such a life here, that it would be impossible to give you an account of it in less than folio pages. But I shrink from the task of placing before you a faithful record of our dissipations. Town has been, and still is, very full; fashionable hours later than ever; night literally turned into day.

30*th*.—After a social breakfast in Berkeley Street this morning, at which only those who assisted at the ceremony were present, we packed off the happy couple to Worthing, in a new landau and four horses. This evening, we finish our season with the dinner at the Duke's. There is no news afloat that I know of; if there is we have been too busy to look after it.

People were much disconcerted, and dissatisfied last night with Mrs. Siddons, for the want of feeling she showed on taking leave. A box was offered us, but we could not accept it; and indeed I felt little interested in Mrs. Siddons, except from the recollection of being deeply affected by her acting, on seeing her at the Bath theatre in my boyhood—it must be thirty-two years ago—in the part of the Grecian daughter. I think you, and particularly my sister, will like to have her farewell lines, to figure in your scrapiana.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Cambridge, July 5th, 1812.

As it is beginning to rain, I think I cannot better employ the time I had destined to a walk about the college gardens, than in telling you that we have got thus far on our journey; that your letter was awaiting our arrival, and that Elizabeth and I have been much amused at the annoyance you felt, on being welcomed to Worthing by a merry peal of bells and a shower of *bouquets*.

We did not leave town till the 3rd, and we got here before ten that night, having stopped only to change horses and to dine at Ware. I find that the barouche I bought of Atwell Lake answers our purpose extremely well, with a pair of horses, and we get on quite as fast as is pleasant to us. This place exceeds my expectations, in the beauty of some of the buildings and their situation. Lord Francis Osborne came in yesterday. We dine with him to-day, and stay the night at Gogmagog—four and a half miles from this.

6th.—We got to Gogmagog too late for the post. We dined there very pleasantly *en partie carrée*. Lord Francis, friendly and communicative as ever, and fond of talking of old times; Lady F. amiable and placid in manner. Their eldest boy is just gone to Westminster. The house, which was a mere sporting box, has been made into a good one by the addition of two or three well-sized rooms. It stands

in only thirteen or fourteen acres of land belonging to it; indeed, so small is Lord Francis's property here, that it barely served as a qualification when he was elected for the county. He is strong in Opposition and rests his interests upon that side.

The Duke of Leeds is at Scarborough; but I shall endeavour to see Hornby Castle; wanting if possible to get the portrait of my father which has been removed thither from Kiveton.

We have been assisting at some of the University ceremonies—public orations, taking of degrees, &c., &c., and are going this evening to what they call the Commencement Ball. There are many people here from different parts, who are more or less connected with the University, and some strangers; but there is not much life or bustle, and the ceremonial, I think, is little attended to. We had good fires of cannel coal at Gogmagog and came away well wrapped up in coats and cloaks, so little is it like summer weather.

Harrogate, 12th.—We stopped at Norman's Cross the day we left Cambridge and spent some time in the prisoners' market. It is a small space on the outside of the prison walls, where a few of these French prisoners are allowed to sell the product of the industry and ingenuity of the six thousand who are there immured. They make a great variety of curious things; some of their work is of extraordinary fineness and beauty; showing great skill, invention and ingenuity. I bought a very handsome straw box which I have despatched to our mother. They

do not, I am told, undertake many things on so large a scale, as they are not so easily disposed of; Elizabeth especially was much interested in this visit. We got to Stamford in time to see Burleigh after dinner, and were highly pleased with it. It does not stand so high in repute amongst the show places as I think it deserves. The house is magnificent, and the park beautifully watered, and laid out by Brown. The picture of the Saviour blessing the elements is, alone, worth the journey to see. Our mother—to whom I shall beg you to pass on my letters, as travellers cannot be expected to spend much time on their correspondence—will recollect Miss Linwood's copy. If that humble, though ingenious work excited so much her admiration, with what rapture would she look on the original. It is the gem of the collection and a work of the highest art. There are numerous others of great merit, but none I think by the very first masters.

From Stamford we made a long day's journey to Doncaster, and came through Wakefield to Leeds on Friday. I wanted to see the effect at those places of the revocation of the Orders in Council, and likewise what was the actual state of the disturbances there. To persons travelling as we are through the country, all appears perfectly quiet; and it is certain that in consequence of the shipments for the American market, there is now rather a difficulty in finding workmen than in finding employment for them. And this is so much the case, that the manufacturers were on Friday rejoicing at the certainty

of being able to establish some machinery that had been before opposed by the men.

Saturday's post, which brought an account of the proceedings of Congress, threw a little damp upon the market of that day, which I attended. And a curious sight the cloth hall at Leeds is. The town is a dirty disagreeable place, and Wakefield not much better, but situated in a beautiful country. I understand that Wakefield is the focus of a good deal of mischief. The local militia of that district were lately out, and quartered at Knaresborough. There were three hundred Luddites amongst them, but they were all known; and as so great a majority as the remainder—about six or seven hundred—were loyal, no mischief was apprehended. I see that the committee of the House of Commons was puzzled to find out what is the object of these people. From all I can learn, they are actuated solely by a pure spirit of disaffection and mischief, and nothing can be relied upon to counteract it but the strength of the secular arm.

We are agreeably surprised to find Harrogate, instead of a dismal, dreary moor, as it had been described to me, a fine common, well covered with vegetation, intersected in all directions by good roads and walks, and surrounded by very beautiful prospects. We have driven to Knaresborough, which is finely situated, and contains several curiosities. The chief of them are, a dripping well, and a habitation and garden formed by a poor man on a rock, and called Fort Montagu. Tourists have described

these at length. I like the Cheltenham waters much better than the Harrogate springs, which, besides being so much more nauseous, seem to be heavy. However, I have taken but little of them; but I have seen a couple of glasses tossed off as if it had been champagne. The stench of the hot water baths is quite horrible. Luckily, they have convenience for bathing in ordinary water, for Elizabeth declared that if I bathed in the Harrogate waters I must take up my quarters elsewhere; and after the black dust of Wakefield and Leeds a hot bath is as much a necessity as a luxury. Direct to me at Edinburgh. What is going on at the Office? Don't give up your note-book because you are married. You ought rather to make longer entries, as I suppose you will now think it, if not unlawful, at least expedient to have fewer flirtations on hand. We should be glad to hear from our mother, before we get further out of the way of intelligence.

F. J. J.

Letters—Worthing, July 9th.—I forward you for your perusal, dear M., my brother's letter from Cambridge. If I did not know that you had so large a little party at Bath to preside over, I should think you had quite given up your correspondence with me. You may suppose how anxious the news from Russia has made me. It must, of course, lead to the renewal of our mission, and I have, therefore, written to Lord Castlereagh to remind him of my claims and his promise; for I do not mean to let him off, or to be satisfied with his House of Commons phrases.

The King's death might bring about some change —it would make an inconvenient one in our wardrobes just now—but though some persons think it very near at hand, I rather expect the poor old man will linger through the autumn, perhaps even till the spring.

With what comfortable feelings must ministers feed upon their own words, in the publication of Foster's, or rather their own, Note of the 30th of May. I look upon it as a last spark of poor Perceval's spirit; for I think he never would, or could, have consented, after such a declaration, to the abandonment of the Orders in Council. If the Yankees have not already done so, which I doubt, they may now in our weakness be tempted to take courage and try something more than bullying—a pretext can easily be found after such an avowal of our imbecility.

To turn to the brighter side of things. How glorious it would be if Sir Rowland could give a fresh and still nobler stamp to the plains of Albuera. Oxala!

G. J.

Diaries—Foreign Office, July 20th.—On receiving a hint from a friend in office that Lord Cathcart was to go to Russia, I hastened up to town. As ill luck would have it, every horse was taken up on the road, owing to the assizes and races at Guildford or Brighton, and I did not get in till near midnight. This morning I saw Cooke, who was extremely civil, and said Lord Castlereagh had mentioned my name

and wished to give me the appointment; but, that Walpole had been so pressed upon him by a person whom he could not refuse to oblige, that he was already named to accompany Lord Cathcart to St. Petersburg. I own that I expected nothing else, but thought it right to neglect no opportunity of putting in my claim and reminding them of it.

21*st*.—Walpole, whom I came across as I was leaving Cooke's room, tells me he shall sail in a sloop of war in the course of ten days or a fortnight. Rolleston, who has been speaking strongly in my favour to Cooke, with a view to Sweden, sent me word that Cooke was anxious to see me again to-day; but this Russian news has caused such a revival of business and bustle at the office—upon the strength of which Rolleston has got another assistant—that our interview is postponed.

23*rd*.—Cooke tells me that he believes Douglas, who has been serving his apprenticeship with Sir H. Wellesley, will be the person appointed to Sweden. He, however, thinks my claims so much stronger than Douglas's, that he volunteered to speak to Lord Castlereagh on the subject. If his lordship should not see the matter in the same light, I have the consolation, such as it is, of knowing that his own secretary acknowledges I shall be ill-used.

August 3*rd*.—Our Russian secretary has not yet contrived to get off. I have read the Russian treaty. In some respects it is satisfactory to me, in others very much the reverse, to find that *anybody* might have made such an one. It consists of five articles.

The first—says "There shall be peace," etc.

The second— "Commerce shall be re-established."

The third— "That if, *en haine* of this treaty, either party shall be attacked by any power whatever, they shall mutually assist each other."

The fourth— "That any other stipulations shall be the subject of ulterior discussion or convention."

The fifth relates only to the ratification.

4*th*.—Accounts have been received here this morning of the complete defeat of Marmont by Lord Wellington. The engagement took place on the 22nd ult., and with considerable loss to the French. The report which was received at the Admiralty from the north of Spain, states it at ten thousand; however, this must be taken *cum grano*; but of the fact of the French being defeated and of Lord Wellington being in pursuit, there is no doubt.

5*th*.—Douglas, I hear, is to be the happy man. Paciencia! Paciencia! Nothing new from the armies has reached this office to-day, but I find a letter from Francis that has been a long time on the road.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Edinburgh, July 20th, 1812.

If you find some things in my letter, dear George, more likely to interest our mother than to edify you, you must remember that from want of time to write double, my travelling notes, as we may call them rather than letters, are to be considered *pro bono*.

I take up my parable then at Harrogate, which place

we left on the 13th, and have since been constantly in motion. For though we made two or three halts in our grand line of march, they were always pretty actively employed in reconnoitring the country.

The first place we saw, was Lord Grantham's house at Newby. Then, Miss Lawrence's beautiful possession, consisting of the ruin of an abbey, called Fountain Abbey, and very fine pleasure-grounds adjoining it. Both these places are near to Ripon, and one stage from Harrogate. At Lord Grantham's, the only object worth visiting is a collection of statuary, which, now that that of our late neighbour, Townley, is included in the collection of the British Museum, he considers to be the finest private collection in the kingdom.

Fountain Abbey is one of the most beautiful and picturesque ruins I have ever seen; and though there is nothing in it so beautiful as the one fine window in Tintern Abbey, yet there is as a whole a great deal more in it, which is still in very curious preservation. The situation is most charming; such as the good taste and the various interests of the monks led them almost universally to choose for their establishments, nor is modern taste, in the creation of the beautiful gardens, less conspicuous. Miss Lawrence, the present possessor of the property, is a spinster of enormous wealth, a good deal of which comes at her death to the Grantham family. She is a friend of the Duke of Leeds, to whom she lent one of her houses in that neighbourhood for the *accouchement* of the Duchess—Hornby being under repair.

The next day we called at Hornby Castle, having heard that the Duke had come over from Scarborough to inspect his workmen, but he had returned the evening before. The housekeeper had some recollection of our name, and having ascertained that I was, as she said she thought, "Mr. Jackson, the ambassador, whose portrait she had seen, and not Mr. Jackson, the lawyer, who lived some few miles off," she allowed us to see the castle, in disobedience to the Duke's orders; he not wishing anybody to see it in its present unfinished state.

It has, like many of the castles in that part of the country, a noble baronial appearance; and has the advantage over most of them of a fine commanding situation. The Duke is making some additions to the building, which, together with the fitting up of the whole, are carried on under his own direction, in a very tasteful and appropriate style, analogous to the form and date of the castle itself. Many of the pictures are not put up in the places destined for them. The portrait of my father is not yet returned to the frame from which it was taken when removed from Kiveton; but I got a sight of it, and a most excellent likeness it is. My own portrait, the engraving, was amongst the collection that represented what the late Duke used to call his *playfellows*—Hertzberg, Bernstorff, Malmesbury and others. We dined that day at Bishop's Auckland, where there is a very handsome palace and park of *the Prince* Bishop of Durham, and reached Durham itself in the evening. There is nothing in that city

to recommend it except the cathedral; but the bridge over the Wear, and the walk and roads by the river-side are beautiful, and have furnished subjects to many artists who now exhibit their water colour productions in London. The next evening we went on one stage to Newcastle, and stayed there the whole of the 17th. It is a dirty town of colliers and manufacturers. We went over to Sunderland to see the famous iron bridge, and visited a glass-house.

From Newcastle we came on the 18th to Alnwick, and were immediately invited to take up our residence at the castle. The sleeping part of it we declined, but went there to tea, and spent there the whole of the next day. Nothing could exceed the attention and civility of the whole family; the Duchess showing Elizabeth, and Lord Percy me—when we happened not to be together—everything that was to be seen there. The Duke is a martyr to the gout; not having left the house for two years, and the whole family are a good deal dejected by the recent loss of a daughter. They have an establishment worthy of their rank and fortune, and the castle has all the appearance of being the stronghold of an independent prince. Both the Duke and Duchess seemed very desirous of returning the attentions I showed them, twenty years ago, in Spain.

On leaving Alnwick, on the 20th, we went a few miles out of our way to see a breed of wild cattle, the only ones I ever heard of in Europe, running about in their untamed state in the park and woods

of Lord Tankerville. We drove pretty near to some of them, and they appeared to be very handsome beasts; but sufficiently wild and defiant, in the glare of the eye and the toss of the head, to show that they are capable of mischief. Whether any has yet occurred I do not know, but it seems to me that much risk is incurred by the indulgence of this dangerous fancy.

In the afternoon of the same day we crossed the Tweed and entered Scotland. The first appearance of it is very beautiful—the road from Cornhill to Kelso running along the banks of the Tweed. We had abundant reason to be pleased that we took this route, instead of that by Berwick. We did so at the persuasion of Lord Somerville, who to a description of the country added the further inducement of an invitation to his house, which lies on the road near Melrose, fifteen miles from Kelso. There, we accordingly went, and stayed till yesterday, when we drove into Edinburgh, a distance of thirty-five miles. Melrose Abbey is situated on the Tweed, and is celebrated in Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The poet, himself, has now chosen that neighbourhood for his residence. I had a letter to him; the use of which was anticipated by Lord Somerville inviting him to meet us, and as he lives close by, he was at the Pavilion every day, and we were as much pleased with *him* as we are with the country he inhabits and adorns. He is as agreeable as he is clever; but I think so highly of his poetry that it was difficult for the author to come up to the idea I had formed

of him. The Italians speak of Il divino Raffaelle, Il divino Metastasio, and others; if we have any expression, which without being profane will express the same thought, it must belong to Scott's poetry. But alas! for the poet—he is a mere mortal; a great raw-boned Scotchman with a lame leg; and altogether—except in a natural expression of good nature and intelligence—nothing could be less poetical than his appearance. But I much enjoyed the hours that I passed with him, which were all that our other engagements at Melrose would allow, and I am to see more of him at Edinburgh.

One day we went up Eildon Hills, whence there is all around an extensive view of Roxburghshire, Berwick, Selkirk, Edinburgh, and other shires, with the Tweed and its supplementary streams. Another day we drove down by the Tweed to Dryburgh Abbey; the property and residence of Lord Buchan, whom we saw, as well as his more interesting brother, Henry Erskine. Dryburgh is also an ancient monkish hold.

We have, of course, not yet had time to see anybody or anything here. The town is very thin, and the people we know are mostly at their villas; but I like the first appearance of the city better than that of its inhabitants. So far, we have met with no other *contretemps* than the fracture of a spring.

So Cathcart and Tyrconnel are going to Russia;—if you could go with them, *tant mieux*. But Bonaparte must no longer be himself, or that star of his must be more on the wane than I think it is, if he is

not at St. Petersburg, or has not made peace, before Lord Cathcart can get into communication with the Russians. It seems likely that Lord Wellington should be first at Madrid. As to Lord Castlereagh, I expect no good either public or private from anything he will do. Circumstances I trust will be in favour of the country, for I have long since known that he is utterly incapable of conducting its affairs either with honour or advantage.

What do you know of Canning's audience of the Prince? It is pretty clear that the present people will not be able to go on much longer without him, and I almost doubt whether even Canning's spirits could sufficiently animate such a *caput mortuum*.

A letter from General Moreau has been forwarded to me here. His wife is coming to Europe; the physicians having recommended the baths of Barèges for her complaint. He talks of going to Canada, if allowed to reside there; but from the tone of his letter I infer that he, as well as Rapatel, his aide-de-camp, is attracted by the present aspect of affairs in Russia, and may like to try what his generalship can effect in opposing that of Boney. It would be a great thing for Russia to secure his services, if it can be done in time. If Madame Moreau should be in London, pray call on her, and express our regret at being absent.

I do not believe that Madison will allow the resolution of the Senate and House of Representatives to go into effect. If he should, we shall have a fine opportunity of clearing off all scores with the

Yankees, and we shall have perhaps just strength enough to neglect that opportunity.

F. J. J.

Letters—Foreign Office, August 15th.—You will perhaps know at Bath as soon as we have known here, that Lord Clinton arrived at Falmouth this morning, with despatches from Lord Wellington confirming the indirect news of a brilliant victory at Salamanca, and with eagles and colours to lay at the Regent's feet. Your bells will be ringing while our guns are firing. There is much noisy demonstration of joy in the streets, and laurel branches are at a premium. The defeat of Marmont does indeed seem to have been very complete, and we have only to hope that due advantage will be taken of it in every quarter.

If the Gazettes should be out in time for the post I will send you one. To Francis I have already sent—by a friend who was starting for York and would post it there—a bulletin copied at the Office.

There is probably some little exaggeration in the report that fourteen thousand French have been killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. Marmont has lost an arm, and as that must put him for a time *hors de combat*, it is of itself as great a loss as the French army could have well sustained. But on our own side, blood has flowed freely, and our victory is purchased by a loss of life fully equalling, I am told, that of the enemy. Beresford and Cole, who were both dangerously wounded, are now reported dead. Generals Cotton, Leith and Alten are also disabled.

The French were retreating on the road to Madrid; which city Joseph Bonaparte had left, directing his march by the Escurial on Alba de Tormes, when he was informed of Marmont's defeat. He then returned, and, with the object doubtless of diverting the allied armies from their pursuit of the enemy, marched towards Segovia. Lord Wellington was at Olmedo on the 28th.

17*th.*—Don Carlos Doyle, whom you may recollect I often spoke of in my letters from Spain, called on me yesterday. He is just returned from that country, and from his report one must not expect much more to be done in the Peninsula; for he gives a lamentable account of his brother Dons. He says he is come home to recruit his health; but I suspect he begins to be a little tired of the cause he was once so energetic in. However, at present, success seems to attend our enterprize, and those of our allies; and very gratifying it would be if one could persuade oneself that Government had any settled plan by which they might finally profit by it. But from all I can learn at the Office, this is not the case; and there seems to be a sort of a presentiment that Maitland with his Sicilians and Minorquese will get into a scrape, and that we shall have a blazing account in the "Moniteur" of their defeat, by way of a set-off against that of Marmont.

G. J.

Diaries — Foreign Office, 18*th.* — Nothing really trustworthy has been received here from Russia.

It was reported that Novossiltzow was coming as ambassador, but that is now contradicted, and a great deal of agitation prevails. Some think that Bonaparte will succeed in his enterprize; that the Russian campaign and Alexander's defeat will be accomplished, as, with his usual arrogance, he is said to have predicted, in "two battles, and all over by the end of September."

Bruges, who is still here, and must be well informed, assures me that no one point is yet definitively settled between our Government and that of Russia and Sweden; and that the force collected and collecting under Bernadotte is waiting for that, and that only.

24*th.*—Things look better in Russia than we had any reason to expect, and better than Boney cares to allow, notwithstanding all his endeavours to put a good face on his own affairs there. Poor Löwenstern! He will, I fear, be none the richer for what is going on on the frontier.

Lord Cathcart was to leave Stockholm for St. Petersburg on the 25th ult. He seems to have made a quick passage to Gothenburg, which must have been very surprising to his lordship, who is unaccustomed to do anything quickly. The King of Sweden's speech is as tame as it could well be. I wish it may be only *pour mieux cacher son jeu.*

There is still more hesitation here in placing full reliance in the St. Petersburg Government: but, for my own part, I am not without hopes of what may happen in Russia. I like very much the tone and

some of the admissions of the bulletins and the ill-humour expressed at some of the Generals; and I think if the war be only kept up for three months from this time, much, and eventually, perhaps, everything, may be done. What a deplorable situation for the poor King of Prussia, and for Hardenberg!

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Edinburgh, August 6th, 1812.

I avail myself of a vacant half-hour in our busy life to tell you all how we are going on, and that you must not expect to hear a great deal of us from hence. My last brought us safe to Edinburgh, and what with the intervals of bad weather and a variety of engagements, it will take us the full time allotted for the purpose, to see all that is to be seen. We have very comfortable apartments in an hotel, which is very nearly as good as our best in London, and not more extravagant in its charges.

The first thing that struck me on taking possession of our rooms, was to find a Bible on the toilet-table of each bedchamber. They were the gift of some pious individual, and in them was written that, twenty copies had been presented to the master of the house, with the request that he would place one upon the table of each chamber. "At which," as the hotel-keeper told me, when I spoke to him about it to ascertain if it was a general custom in Scotland, "he hoped nobody would take offence." I assured him that I, for one, was not disposed to do so, and

asked the question merely from curiosity, and because I had not noticed so good a custom elsewhere. However, he could only say that he *hoped* it was general, and that, though he was far from taking upon himself to remind gentlefolks of their duties, yet, "as both high and low, we were maist o' us puir bodies, it was nae bad thing to ha'e the word o' God nigh to hand." I believe the good man thought me somewhat of a heathen, and meant by this answer to give me a gentle reproof. A day or two after our arrival, Walter Scott came into Edinburgh from his country house, and we spent the next day with him. He had invited Sir Humphry and Lady Davy to meet us, and Kemble, who was staying with his nephew Henry Siddons—the manager of the Edinburgh theatre. Kemble acted every evening during the fortnight he was here; but the theatre is not much frequented. Even Kemble hardly drew a full house, and he was ill supported by the rest of the company. He is now gone to Dundee.

We had met Lady Davy before, and were now much pleased with her husband. He was pleasant and sensible, and I thought particularly modest and unassuming, considering the pretensions of some men of science, and the airs I have seen them assume. He was an apothecary in Cornwall, and is now the first scientific chemist in Europe. A little for love, and a little for science, Mrs. Apreece bestowed upon him her hand and three thousand a year; and the Prince Regent, for the love of science alone I suppose, conferred on him the honour of knighthood.

Scott is a capital companion, and Kemble was neither stagey nor tragic; and this somewhat heterogeneous party amalgamated so well that we became mirthful almost to joviality, and I think separated with regret and a sincere hope to meet again.

The situation of Edinburgh with its environs is beautiful; more so than any other city I have ever seen. But this is counterbalanced by the badness of the climate, and for an Englishman there would be numberless other objections to it as a residence—amongst them its dirtiness would not be the least. In general, I perceive much similarity between the towns of Scotland and those of the Continent, particularly those of France.

We assisted the other day at a competition of Highland pipers, who exhibited their skill at the theatre. This is one of the curious things not to be met with elsewhere; and a most horrible and diabolical noise it is, to any but Highland ears; but it has evidently the same animating effect upon the Highlanders as the *Ranz des vaches* has upon the Swiss. On Monday we went to pay our visit to General Durham, at Largo; I was very glad of the opportunity of seeing a little of the county of Fife. Durham's house is finely situated on the north side of the Frith of Forth, about a mile from the water's edge; it is good and substantial, with much room and capability. Improvements are going on both in house and grounds, which Mrs. Durham showed and explained to the minutest circumstance. They wished us to stay some time with them. When he is pro-

moted off the staff, probably in about a year, they think of going southward.

Returning from Largo, we went ten miles south of Edinburgh to dine and sleep at Sir John Dalrymple's. By way of qualifying himself as a candidate for the county at the ensuing election, he keeps open house, and we found there a party of near thirty. On our way back, next day, we stopped to dine at the house of one of the ministers of the kirk. Our mother will perhaps remember a young man of the name of Brunton, who went out as private secretary to Ewart, more than twenty years ago. On Ewart's death, having no prospect in diplomacy, he studied for the church, and became a popular preacher at Edinburgh. His wife, with a little assistance from him, as is believed, is the author of "Self Control." They entertained us very hospitably, and gave us a very good dinner; after which we had a long talk about Old Berlin, which, I fancy, was a pleasanter place, with all its stiff old-fashioned notions, than it is now.

On Thursday we left Edinburgh for Lord Elgin's place, Broom Hall, which is on the opposite side of the Forth; about fifteen miles higher up. He had built and nearly furnished a magnificent house, but the expense carried him out of his depth; and he has discharged most of his servants and now lives economically in one wing of it. He has four very fine children by his first wife; his present one is their governess as well as stepmother, and keeps them pretty strictly in order. Occasionally they

go to see Mrs. Nesbit, their grandmother; and their mother—now Mrs. Fergusson, and who is living in the neighbourhood—takes that opportunity of seeing them also. The boy is twelve years old, and learns Latin and Greek from his stepmother. I observed her one morning after breakfast very intent on a folio volume—it was a Greek Lexicon, and a Sophocles within it. Lady Charlotte Durham was also there on a visit.

We drove on Friday to Downibristle, a beautiful seat, belonging to Lord Moray, on the north side of the Forth, and commanding an enchanting view of the city and castle of Edinburgh, Leith Roads, Lord Rosebery's, &c. Downibristle has moreover the advantage, somewhat rare in this country, of being well planted and kept in good order.

Stirling, August 9th.—From Broom Hall, yesterday, we had a very fatiguing day, and began it too late. In consequence, we did not get here till after dark, our curiosity also having taken us a little out of our way to see the "Cauldron line," a very curious fall of water, and a chasm with an arch over it called the "Rumbling brig." To-day we are resting, as well to recover from the fatigues of the last two days as to prepare for our expedition to the Trossachs. We shall then proceed on to Perth, where we shall halt for a short time; having engagements in that neighbourhood to Lords Kinnaird and Kinnoul; and I don't know that I can go by without calling upon Drummond. At the Duke of Athol's, I hope to get a little shooting; but that you will hear of hereafter.

Luckily summer is come at last, so that we hope to be favoured with fine weather for our progress northward. I am tired of seeing only green fields at this season when golden brown should be their hue. Tom Sheridan—whom with his wife we have met on our journey and expect to meet again—said that, "the oats would be fine in Scotland if they did not turn out to be evergreens." However, the crops want only sun to ripen them, and I think, though late, they yet will have it.

But what of foreign wars and home politics, my dear George? Here, indistinct rumours only reach me, and they are careless and irregular at the Office in forwarding letters. I want to know if Lord Wellington and Marmont have yet had an engagement. When they do fight I think the former will come off victorious, and I shall rejoice if it leads to anything; but I am always in fear lest it should prove only a brilliant expenditure of blood.

You seem to be more impatient for employment than ever, which one might almost wonder at. I hardly know whether to wish you success or not in your endeavours to go to Sweden; I think it would be but a short-lived advantage. However, appointments of all sorts are so uncertain that you may be right to get on, at all events if you can.

The fresh insults from the Americans appear to have no other effect than to make people more and more disposed to submit to them.

F. J. J.

Letters—Grosvenor Street, September 1st.—There are accounts from Riga, dear mother, which though of no great importance are favourable. In an encounter between Wittgenstein and Oudinot, success inclined to the former, and a corps of French that had crossed the Duna had been driven back by Bagration. I trust, that any check to the progress of the French army may inspire the Russians with courage to go on and prosper, and that we shall soon hear of greater achievements.

I have an anxious desire to be near the scene of action, and for this reason I am in town. I have thought the moment a favourable one for British interference. My brother thinks otherwise, and says, as say many others, that much remains to be done before that moment arrives; but it must certainly be acknowledged, that affairs in the North wear an aspect more favourable and hopeful than they have ever done before.

Our ministers are making a desperate effort to keep their places. But I know, on the authority of one of his most intimate friends, that Canning has been repeatedly urged by the Prince to return to office, and that he has expressed himself willing to make every sacrifice "consistent with his honour," for that purpose. Hitherto, however, Lord Castlereagh's "obstinacy," as it is termed, has rendered every attempt fruitless, though it might be easily managed if his lordship would change places with some other noble lord.

4th.—So we have again got possession of Madrid;

the garrison left by Joseph at the Retiro surrendered on the 14th ult., and the allies entered the city amidst the rejoicings of the inhabitants, and the strongest demonstrations of their hatred of the French and their joy at being once more freed from their yoke.

5th.—In my way down to the Office, I saw preparations making for firing the guns, and was sadly disappointed on finding there was no other match to apply to them than the news of yesterday. Good as that was, I think it hardly deserving of such an honour, as it is rather the fruit of the victory of Salamanca than a fresh achievement, and we are now in a position not to care to make a fuss about trifles. In a dearth of good news, it might have been an affair of policy to have puffed it out to the public from the cannon's mouth as another victory. At all events, I am glad to find that Doyle's gloomy prognostications are so completely falsified so far, and if the Dons cannot, or will not act now, we must take the game entirely into our own hands.

Some people still expect to hear of a crash amongst the Russians, notwithstanding all their caution. I begin to think differently, though I should care little for it, if our own arms continue victorious.

I believe our travellers will not get so far north as they had intended. Their visits have taken up too much of their time, and, besides, I hear that it is proposed to give my brother a public dinner at Glasgow.

G. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Scone, August 24th, 1812.

The great kindness and hospitality of our friends have kept us so long, and still detain us in these parts, that it is doubtful whether we shall get so far as Inverness. Our excursion from Stirling, round and upon Loch Katrine, not only fully came up to our expectations, but far surpassed them; and the drive from Callendar to Crieff is in the finest style of Highland scenery. Elizabeth was in ecstacy throughout the journey. After a day at Ochtertyre, Sir Peter Murray's place, we came on to Perth; the first *abord* of which is very engaging, and it is the pleasantest town I have seen in Scotland. We found the Durhams established there, to take care of six thousand French prisoners. The General came in to review a regiment of local militia, and invited me to the Review dinner. It was a roaring affair; turtle, venison, grouse, and toasts *à l'Ecossaise;* with speeches from us all, except, perhaps, those who alone ought to have made them. I left at half-past eight, having had enough of it, and it was, besides, becoming more uproarious than was pleasant; but it gave me an opportunity of seeing many people of the county, amongst the rest the Duke of Athol—an awkward-mannered, shy sort of man—to whom I had a letter; which was anticipated by an invitation from him to Blair Athol, after the General had introduced us. The Duke has many people staying

at his house; he is said to be very hospitable, and I presume really is so, though his manners are strangely *brusque* and repelling.

On Saturday we went over to Lord Kinnaird's, where we found a very pleasant party, and again met Tom Sheridan and his wife. His lordship has a fine house and property, fifteen miles on the road to Dundee; the country around, as it is on all sides of Perth, is beautiful and highly cultivated. It is not quite so gay at Kinnaird's as at some houses, but there is unbounded hospitality. He prides himself on the fineness of the fruit he produces, and justly so, from the specimens we saw and partook of.

When in Edinburgh, we had promised Lord Kinnoul to pay a visit to Dupplin Castle, and accordingly, on leaving Lord Kinnaird's we drove thither through Perth. A charming contrast is produced, by the aspect of this part of the country as you come to it from the Grampians that encircle Loch Earn; where in many districts you see absolutely nothing but the bare rocks, rising apparently to the clouds—grand and magnificent, but not always pleasing. Upon the whole, I shall be very glad to have seen Scotland, but I have met with nothing yet that makes me regret that it is not my habitual residence.

Kinnoul has a good property here. He is, as you probably know—for he says you were for some time together in the same form at Westminster—a nephew of Dr. Drummond of Hadleigh, who is also heir to the title. But I suppose he will some day

disappoint his uncle's hopes, by marrying. Stevens, as you will remember, was also his tutor after he left you. He found him, he says, a pleasant companion, but—just as he was with us—under an affectation of being rather straight-laced, really fonder of good cheer and merry company than of study.

Dupplin Castle is an old place. In the early part of the last century it was fitted up and furnished in what I suppose was then the first style of elegance; and it seems to have had little done to it since that time. But I must say that Lord Kinnoul's establishment does credit to the refinement of the present century, for I never saw one, both in doors and out, better organized. At the age of twenty-six, he seems to have all the ideas and experience on that subject that are not always acquired twenty years later. I was glad to observe, that he was so well spoken of by his neighbours for the goodness of his conduct and his general liberal-mindedness. He has a good library, collected by the late Lord Kinnoul, and a few good pictures. Amongst a number of old portraits I found one of Thomas, Duke of Leeds.

Our host is evidently not in a hurry to marry, and I think that three or four years hence he would make a very good match for Lady Catherine Osborne. A young woman might find plenty of interesting occupation here, in modernizing the quaint arrangements of this pleasant old mansion. Kinnoul pressed us so much that we stayed a day longer at the castle than we had intended, and then returned by way of Perth, to pay a two days' visit to Drummond

at his dreary mansion. Logie Almond, where our friend Drummond resides, is a kind of papered barn. Three old spinster sisters—fit occupants of such a tenement—live there with him. He passes day and night in his book-room, where his musty volumes are half destroyed by damp, and eaten away by some sort of vermin, assisted by a parrot that perches in the room. His visitors have a not much less gloomy abode assigned to them. However, Logie Almond is very delightfully situated on one of the burns, or brooks, with which this country abounds. It is beautifully wooded, and adjoins Lynedock, a cottage belonging to Sir Thomas Graham—reckoned one of the prettiest things in this part of the country.

On Saturday we came to Scone, and met with the most friendly reception from Lord and Lady Mansfield. They will not hear a hint of our leaving, so that we shall probably stay some days longer; and, considering the pleasantness of the place and its inhabitants, we should be inclined to take root here. Nothing can be more pleasant than the hospitalities of both host and hostess. Mr. Abercrombie, son of the late Sir Ralph, is coming to-morrow, and we found our friend Lady Catherine Harris here, which has made it very pleasant; though Lady Mansfield is herself so amiable, so lively and chatty, that one could never, when with her, feel the want of other society. Lord M. is a very sensible man; full of intelligence, and a very agreeable companion withal.

He has built a magnificent house on the site of

the ancient Palace of Scone, which was once the property and residence of the kings of Scotland, and came by successive grants and forfeitures into the hands of the Murray family. If our mother wants to know more of the old palace and abbey, she will find an account of them in some tour or description of Perthshire; but I cannot adopt her suggestion of keeping a journal. I hardly know of any journey now, except perhaps that of Italy, that would induce me to take the trouble of writing one. I suspect that my mother already, by her studies and reading, knows more of Scotland than I can tell her; but I know that it gratifies her to have from my pen some few particulars of our progress beyond the bare fact that we arrived and departed on such a date. But even this I have not time to write twice; therefore, as I said before, you must pass on the epistles; and if she does not get the first reading of them, it is because by their being forwarded through the Office to you it becomes unnecessary to ask franks there as a favour, which just now I particularly do not wish to do.

26*th.*—We have had the Duke of Athol here, and it is arranged that we go from hence to Blair Athol, to which he has just removed from his house at Dunkeld for the purpose of shooting. He is a very strange personage, and I am curious to see him in his own house.

Probably, when you were in Scotland with Löwenstern you saw the old Palace of Scone, or some remains of it, for the modern mansion was begun

about six years ago, and is only just completed. It is an enormous pile of buildings in the castellated Gothic style; and the comforts of the inhabitants have been studied and provided for, with as much skill and taste as the splendour and harmony of every part of the exterior. There are about two hundred rooms in it, all very handsomely, and many magnificently fitted up; containing every description of accommodation that can be desired, and in the very best order, for both masters and servants. There is a whole corridor of single men's rooms, called "Bachelor's Row;" and another, with large dressing rooms.

The Hall, which occupies the site of the Cloister of the old abbey and is built in the same style, is one hundred and fifty feet in length. The house is beautifully situated near the Tay, and commands a charming view of Perth, with the highly cultivated country around it and the Highland mountains in the background.

Should it continue to rain as it has done for the last day or two, travelling in the Highlands would be misery, or at best unproductive of pleasure. We shall, however, as to the shortening of our journey, be very much guided by events, and dispose of our time as *at* the time may appear pleasantest. This we have all along found much better than tying ourselves down to any preconcerted plan; we, however, bear in mind our Bath engagement for October. We are hourly reminded of our children by Lord Mansfield's very fine family. The eldest boy, Stormont, is just the

age of ours. The eldest girl is thirteen, and Lady Mansfield educates them herself with the assistance of a governess; so that between breakfast and luncheon we see nothing of her. I usually devote that interval to reading in the great library, which, besides being vast enough for almost any number of persons to read in undisturbedly, has two small light closets communicating with it, formed by the turrets of the house, and into which the more studious may retire at any season, for there is a fireplace in each.

The great and glorious news from Spain of course furnishes constant matter for conversation, and we have the newspapers every day at dinner-time. From the more detailed and later accounts, nothing seems to be wanting to render the Victory of Salamanca complete, and we may expect the happiest results from it. But the French are not people to give up Spain for the loss of one battle. Probably, we shall ere long hear of other battles being fought, and if they are as successful as may be expected, the strong places must then be taken; so that, without supposing any material reverse, there would be still work enough for the whole winter. If the Spaniards would behave as they ought it would be short and easy work; but we are even now almost as ignorant of their character as of that of most other people with whom we have to do.

I see Foster is returned from America; I suppose because something has been done there which has rendered reconciliation improbable, if not impossible,

and I should think his return must be unexpected. We have repeated opportunities of doing what is right by the Yankees, but seem still to hold back. I do hope that before the business is ended we may fall in with one of their frigates. Sawyer, with his force, ought to show their whole navy across the Atlantic.

29*th*.—We are about setting out for Blair Athol, having been detained here beyond the full accomplishment of our week, as much by our own inclination as by the difficulty of escaping from the *agrémens* with which Scone abounds. We had intended going on Thursday, and again yesterday, but something always came to prevent it. Every day we have had some party, in which Lord and Lady Mansfield and I went on horseback, the others in a garden chair drawn by ponies, or in the barouche, according to the number.

Two days we were exploring the Hill of Kinnoul, one of the principal features near Perth, and at the foot of which Lord Gray—a Scotch baron—has an exceedingly pretty place. From the top of the hill there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. No neighbourhood could be better chosen than that of Perth to make the longest stay in, and no house better calculated than this to make that stay pleasant. Fortunately, autumn has set in fine and dry, but not very warm; and we want warmth in the mountains where we are going. Adieu—I hear the gong, which, instead of the bell, in most houses in Scotland announces the meals.

I fear we shall not see Lady Mansfield before we

leave; for on returning from our riding party yesterday she received accounts of her brother—the eldest, who was in India—having had a paralytic stroke which was likely to prove fatal.

Sir W. Drummond and a Miss Murray, a sister of the late Sir James Pulteney and a very pleasant lively Scotch miss of about thirty-five, have been the only additions to our party. We hope to find letters to-night at Dunkeld, where we sleep, in order to see to-morrow the Duke of Athol's house at that place, and because the distance to Blair, though only thirty-eight miles, would make too long a day for us.

Once more—the gong—breakfast is served. We get away directly after.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to Mrs. Jackson.

Blair Athol, September 3rd, 1812.

This, my dear mother, is our fifth day at the *Prince's* mansion, where we have been faring sumptuously every day, and which, in general, I suppose, is mounted upon the best style of Highland grandeur. The Duke is a man of about fifty-seven, of a highly respectable character, but, as I have perhaps mentioned before, of not very polished manners, bordering sometimes upon rudeness, from the awkward shyness with which his Grace is afflicted. But this is mere manner, and as he means well, and is, in the main, friendly and hospitable, it passes off with only an occasional remark. The

Duchess, on the other hand, is always endeavouring to supply his deficiencies by her great attention and civility. I find, they receive almost indiscriminately every person who travels this way and has but an introduction to them, so that from the 12th of August, when shooting begins, to the middle of October, the house is never without a party of strangers; for whose accommodation there is indeed everything provided that affluence can purchase.

The average number of mouths to be fed is between seventy and eighty. There are butchers and bakers on the establishment; and at this moment the family Piper is announcing, in tones more shrill than sweet, that it is nine o'clock. In times of yore, there was a Bard as well as a Piper amongst the laird's retainers; and I believe that in one or two Highland homes there is still a Bard, though his office is now a sinecure; at Blair Athol it is altogether abolished.

The regular breakfast hour is ten; but we breakfast together for the first time, to-day. Each sporting party eats at the hour that best suits them. The dinner, except that we sit down to it together, is as irregular as the other meals, and is not served till the Duke comes in from shooting; which he rarely does before eight, sometimes not till nine. The sportsmen are divided into parties of two or three, with a keeper and the necessary attendants to find the game, carry the guns, lead the dogs, and look after the luncheon that is carefully packed in tin boxes, and which, as you may suppose, we do ample justice to in the middle of the day, whenever we can

find a good spring on the moors. I have had two days of grouse-shooting, and, for me, as I am not a very famous shot, tolerably good sport—the first day killing three brace, the second, a leash. But the birds are not nearly so numerous as they used to be, owing to the introduction of sheep farming—the flocks as they graze over the mountains destroying the eggs. Yesterday I was out deer-stalking; a sport the Duke is so fond of that it amounts to a passion; and it is one of which he seems to well understand the gratification. Nowhere is this sport to be had in better style. Eighty-four thousand acres of moor and mountain are reserved exclusively for the deer, which, in consequence, have increased to six or seven thousand head, and are so wild that it is extremely difficult to get within shot of them, and the doing so is attended with great fatigue. But the Duke sometimes brings down three or four stags in a day. A haunch of venison is served every-day through the season, and they prize it here highly above the fallow venison. The beauties of this Highland country are very great; but I have seen only its grand features from the tops of its immense mountains. I am now writing in sight of Ben-y-Gloe; and Schiehallion—the highest mountain in our island—is on the other side of the house.

Elizabeth has taken up George's habit of keeping a log, which makes her a bad correspondent; but you will read it on our return, and will find noted down all the minor curiosities of the house and the neighbourhood, which the Duchess has shown her while we

sportsmen were out, and which I probably shall have no time to see. There is nobody of note here just now. To-morrow we set out for Lord Breadalbane's, and afterwards get on *viâ* Inverary to Glasgow.

Livingstone brought me, while I was in Edinburgh, a letter from Dalhousie, begging us to spend a week with him on our return; but I have just heard that he is ordered to join the army in Spain, so that between this and Bellevue our only halt of consequence will be at Brynkinnalt, where we shall spend a day or two with the Dungannons. Nevertheless we have a long distance before us. We have posted already near eight hundred miles, and to-morrow will be the first of our retrograde motions.

George, I believe, is supposed to be at Tunbridge Wells, but has really spent half his honeymoon at the Foreign Office, coquetting with Lord Castlereagh and his Cooke. He seems to fancy, that he has brought one, or both of them, to see with him, that to employ him on the first opening that occurs will be as likely to prove as advantageous to them as to him, and that, if the opportunity be long in coming, it will be but just to give him in the *interim* the pension he has fairly earned. I trust that his sanguine view of the matter may be speedily realized.

The Princess of Wales has been at the Wells also, I hear, conducting herself, poor foolish ill-advised woman, with as little dignity and self-respect as her *caro sposo* does elsewhere.

We have rejoiced over the Victory of Salamanca,

and are looking forward for fresh causes for joy; though with a loss of thirty-two thousand, killed, wounded, and prisoners, I dare not anticipate the total defeat of Bonaparte's army.

The newspapers amuse us with stories of battles won in Russia, and I am disposed to believe that Bonaparte does not find his progress so easy in this war as in others; but it is not likely that the Russians should beat him in a general engagement. And it is still less so that the loss of one battle should—as our more sanguine politicians would wish to believe—decide his fate. John Bull goes always *de la cave au grenier, et du grenier à la cave.* The Piper's delightful strains announce that breakfast is ready.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Taymouth Castle, Sept. 7th.

We have made but little progress since I despatched my last budget, but that little has been very delightful. We find Taymouth and the scenery around very fine. Inverary, towards which we journey to-morrow, is finer still, they tell us. Loch Tay, I think, is by far the most beautiful of the lakes—the high mountains, with their rugged yet picturesque tops and cultivated bases, forming a noble frame in which is set a mirror of resplendent beauty.

Lord Breadalbane, within the last eight years, has

built a new castle, of which we are among the first to occupy the apartments. The family live in the old wings, which are soon to be pulled down, and others built in a style corresponding to that of the *corps de logis*. It is, like most of the new houses in this country, a mixture of the castle and abbey. The staircase is the handsomest thing of the sort I ever saw. It is of pure Gothic, and occupies the whole height of a tower that forms the centre of the building.

The river Tay issues from the lake of that name at one end of the grounds, and runs through them and a great part of Lord Breadalbane's property before it is joined by the Tummel, and other rivers. The grounds must have been more or less laid out and ornamented for a century past; for doubtless the trees are not of less growth, and the temples and other buildings—from which exquisite views of the surrounding country are obtained—bear about the same date. Lord Breadalbane is one of the greatest landowners in Scotland, and, like many of the modern lairds, lives in quite a patriarchal style. He has an establishment suitable to his 40,000*l.* per annum. Besides the pipers, a private band; a fine boat's crew, &c., &c.; a very good cellar, but not a *cordon bleu* for his cook. He is a most pleasant and gentlemanlike man; her ladyship, very Scottish, but very hospitable. She, as well as her lord, gave us a most friendly welcome, and we stay at their request an extra day, in order to see a little more of their charming domain. They have two

nice daughters, and a son—Lord Glenorchy—a youth of sixteen, who has been at Eton but is now studying at home with a tutor.

As we are obliged when we leave this to stop at Killin, which is at the other end of the lake, because the next stage is too long to get through in one day, Lord B. insists on lodging us at his cottage there, and will not hear of our going to the inn. He and I go off at six in the morning in his gig—not a two-wheeled but a six-oared one—to have a day's shooting on the moors, and Elizabeth will come on later to eat the dinner that he has ordered to be ready for her. Nothing can exceed the friendly hospitality of these great Scottish lairds.

To-day, after hearing the Highland band of wind instruments, we drove round these beautiful grounds. The lawn was being mowed by five men whose united ages amounted to upwards of four hundred years. They all seemed to be hale and hearty. One of them had served in the rebel army at the battle of Culloden. There are many of these superannuated old fellows in the yearly pay of their laird, and they work when they can, or are disposed. They are always anxious it seems to do rather too much than too little.

It is evident that the Russian campaign will cost Bonaparte dear, but I have little doubt of his getting to Moscow. What the result of that will be must depend on Alexander's nerves. If he chooses to stand out and let his army keep the field, the occupation of a great capital will be of no more use to

Bonaparte, in a military sense, than it is to Lord Wellington. The latter has now a fine opportunity of showing his talent for manœuvre by preventing Soult's retreat. But I doubt not that Soult will make a desperate push, and if necessary a desperate fight of it; and if we have nothing better than Portuguese to put forward against his cavalry, it will happen as it did lately at Majalahonda—they will turn tail and fly before the enemy can come up. I shall be glad when Maitland's and all other detachments are joined to Lord Wellington's army, for I cannot help fearing that they may perchance get up some fine morning shorter by the head.

Glasgow, September 16th.—Having reached a station where writing materials are to be had, I should have made use of them, even if I had not found here additional motive for so doing in the letters waiting for me. I left a budget at Taymouth, to go the next day under Lord Breadalbane's frank. We had the row along the Loch, but the rain prevented the sport I had looked for on the moors. The next day was tolerably propitious, and we got well through the dreary region of Tyndrum to the pretty inn of Dalmally, situated opposite the still prettier kirk of Glenorchy and the Manse belonging to it. Whilst prowling about before dinner, we scraped acquaintance with the worthy pastor, Dr. McIntyre, who is, I believe, well known to tourists, and, through them, to the public.

A sort of character himself, he says he appreciates the more his situation on the route of travellers, from

its bringing him acquainted with so many characters, whom, but for that circumstance, he should never know or meet with; and he soon told me the names of twenty or more celebrated people who had visited him. Being a man of much reading and information, and of course well acquainted with the country, I daresay the satisfaction of meeting was in most cases, as it was with us, mutual. He was not long in telling us "the news"—the capture of Madrid. This led me to the recollection of *my* doings there, and it led me also to the discovery that the worthy Doctor had known me there twenty years ago, and had afterwards travelled in the same track as myself —to Berlin, America, &c. Upon which, there came a shake of the hand. "Heartily glad to see you under my roof;" and with, "so you are the Mr. Jackson who was our minister," out came a bottle of Jamaica santie, of which I was obliged to hob and nob a bumper with my new friend; from whom, after half an hour's very pleasant conversation we parted with regret. The news, the santie, and the delightful walk, put us into famous spirits, and we had moreover far better quarters than we had often met with at an Highland inn.

On leaving Dalmally the scenery becomes lovely. We had alternate storm and sunshine, and sometimes both together during our journey; but this inconvenience was more than compensated by witnessing the fine effects produced by them on the mountains of Ben Cruachan, and the waters of Loch Awe.

We got to Inverary early enough to see the castle and gardens, and the next morning drove along the shore of the Loch. All around us was so grand, so sublime, that I was glad we had not entered Scotland that way, as the remainder of our tour would have been, as far as scenery went, comparatively flat and uninteresting. The Duke of Argyll is not in the country, and there is no society in the neighbourhood that one should stop for. One inconvenience of travelling amidst scenery so magnificent, yet so varied, is, that it obliges one to live like the tourists, in a state of ecstacy, in a kind of junquetting fever, which has absolutely so worn down my powers of admiration that it was a relief to me—a sort of agricultural saline draught, as Sir J. Sinclair would say—to see, on the road from Dumbarton to this, some very fine corn-fields with the rich sheaves standing in them. However, I did duly laud and admire everything in and about Inverary, except a stupid blacksmith who was a whole day mending a bolt of the carriage. Having done so, we came on a stage in the evening, to sleep at Cairndow inn.

Here our ecstatics were nearly brought to an end, by being compressed into the bar-room with all the gills and cups and saucers, for a sitting-room, and having only a very small garret in which to extend our weary persons—the excellent apartment of the said inn being already occupied. After having stifled through the night, the landlady consoled us with a very good breakfast, and many attentions, which we found were owing to her having lived at Ilfracombe

with Lady Campbell and remembering Mrs. Jackson and her daughters, as her ladyship's visitors; as well as having heard something of the hopeful sons and brothers—for one of whom, she said, she at once recognized me. If this did not procure us an inch more bedroom, I dare say it multiplied the good woman's expressions of regret at our meeting, unavoidably, with such slender accommodation at her house. This circumstance, at all events, was an additional reason for getting under weigh early in the morning; besides, we had to encounter the horrific region of Glen Croe—*vide Mrs. F. J.'s log*, also for an account of Loch Lomond and Ben Lomond. For me, I was glad to be well-housed at Dumbarton.

In general, as one approaches the western coast I find much affinity between the natives and their neighbours, the Irish. I like the appearance of Glasgow. Though it is entirely a manufacturing town, it is cleaner than most others I have seen of that description. We called on the governor of the castle, and saw there the French General, Lincon, very closely confined for a breach of his *parole d'honneur*. He is a member of the Legion of Honour; but the Parisian wits had not waited for his breach to make their joke—*voilà un dés-honoré*.

We passed a pleasant day on Wednesday with Lord Blantyre, who has a pretty place, called Erskine House, on the banks of the Clyde. He is lieut.-colonel of the 42nd Regiment, and was for some time aide-de-camp to our friend Sir John Stuart. Yesterday we dined with Mr. Finlay, a

great manufacturer, and a man of good stout anti-Jacobin politics, as are most of the people in this part of the world. This makes them sometimes a little too sanguine; but it is a fault on the right side.

F. J. J.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Glasgow, September 20th, 1812.

You, at least, my dear George, will not be surprised to find that we are still here, as it was from your letter I first learnt that it was proposed to invite me to a public dinner! You did not say where your information came from, and I had placed so little reliance upon it that I had given orders to be ready for moving on Friday, when I received an intimation that the Provost and a number of gentlemen of this city, desirous of showing their approbation of my public conduct and political principles, had proposed for that purpose to give me a dinner, if I could stay long enough to allow time for it—until the 21st.

Considering the political and commercial importance of Glasgow, which may be regarded as the second city, in point of wealth and population, in Great Britain, and that it was not indifferent—even setting aside all personal feelings—to have the weight and sanction which the good opinion of such a body of men would carry with it, I thought it was not advisable to decline, and therefore consented to

remain. In consequence, the Provost sent me a formal invitation, and he is to take the chair to-morrow at five o'clock, in the room, or hall where all their public meetings are held.

I shall have to drink an extra quantity of bad port—though as the Provost is a wine merchant I may have a better chance on that score—and to pay them off with a speech. We shall set off on our journey early on Thursday, when we breakfast with one of my new friends, a Mr. Denniston, who lives on the road between this and Lanark.

It so happens, that I had not a single acquaintance at Glasgow, and, not intending to make any stay, had neglected to provide myself with letters of introduction. But it seems they have canvassed my correspondence in America, and some other parts of my diplomatic career, and thus came to the resolution of expressing their coincidence in sentiment with me.

We have done with rejoicings for the present; but are prepared for any further successes in the Peninsula. I look for them with more confidence than from the north, though they will not be obtained without a hard struggle. Soult is one of the best, if not the best of Bonaparte's Generals, and he has a desperate game to play. I wish Joseph may have joined him; he would do more good there by his interference than as a prisoner in our hands.

Carlisle, 25th.—The dinner took place on Monday, and went off very well, with as many three times threes, &c., &c., as you may suppose, and we parted between ten and eleven o'clock highly pleased with

each other. Considering that these gentlemen have some *little* interest in our relations with America, the opinions they have expressed should have some weight. Some further account of what was said will appear in the "Courier," probably, as an extract of a letter from Glasgow—and perhaps in the "Morning Post," which though not quite so staunch as the former, is yet a friend of mine. These things have their use.

I am not so dismayed as you are at the Russian war. Never having regarded that war in any other light than as a favourable diversion, I shall not be much surprised at its coming to an end. The loss of Moscow does not, however, imply a total failure, if Alexander has but the nerve to go on.

On Tuesday we saw the falls of Clyde, and thought them exceedingly pretty, though we have both seen Niagara.

Liverpool, October 1st.—I received here your letter of the 28th, but have only time to say that we cross the water to-morrow and go on to Brynkynnalt, and probably in eight days or so from that time shall be at Bath, and glad to meet you there, if you can spare a few days from your present zigzag life between the Home and Foreign Department.

They have put up Canning for this town, whether judiciously or not remains to be seen. It may be that he and Brougham, who is sure of his election, will turn out the old members. All the bustle is beginning, and we shall be glad to be out of the way before the thickest of it comes on. The electors are

a blackguard set; but in the upper classes there are some staunch fellows. We are going to dine and sleep at Ewart's, four miles out of town.

Worcester, 8th of October.—My dear mother. We have performed our long journey very prosperously thus far. To-morrow we sleep at Cheltenham or perhaps a short stage onwards, and the next day—barring any very extraordinary accident—we shall have the pleasure of mounting your hill, and embracing you and our children once more. For that day we beg that you will postpone your dinner hour from five to half past.

F. J. J.

Diaries—Bath, Nov. 13th.—I had a pleasant dinner yesterday with Lord and Lady Malmesbury and Lady Frances, who are here for about a month. The chief subject of conversation was the news from Russia, which delights everybody, and the substance of which is, that General Kutusow, having information of the advance of Victor from Smolensko with reinforcements for the grand army, resolved to attack the advanced-guard — forty-five thousand strong, under Murat—before Victor could come up, or Bonaparte support it from the main body. In two brilliant actions, on the 17th and 18th ult., he completely defeated Victor, and on the 22nd General Winzingerode re-entered Moscow; obliging the garrison left by the enemy to evacuate that capital in such haste that their hospitals remained in his power.

This account, with a further one of Wittgenstein having driven the French over the Duna and occupied Polotzk — Marshal Gouvion St. Cyr who commanded the enemy being wounded—raises one's hopes very high; for if the tide of success thus begins to roll steadily from him in the double war he now has on his hands, we may sooner than we expected see the end of Mr. Boney. The *prestige* of his name — that spell which has so often struck terror into the heart of the soldier, and, one may say fearlessly, into the hearts of some Generals also, and paralyzed the best efforts of even the most able of Russian and Prussian commanders—once gone, and the invincible conqueror defeated in two or three great battles, everything may be looked for; Europe may again be free. Doubtless, there will be a desperate struggle and much blood yet be spilt before the desired end comes; but I venture to think that it is coming. Some anxiety however exists about news from Spain, though hopes are entertained that Lord Wellington will defeat Soult.

21*st*.—Things still look well in Russia, but ill in Spain. Lord Wellington will be obliged to retire behind Ciudad Rodrigo, and eventually to his lines, or he must fight a battle. I expect he will do the former, unless the French—which is very unlikely—should force him to fight.

Some of the quidnuncs of Bath, and I believe of many other places, are speculating on what is become of Bonaparte—supposing that he is dead or gone mad since his last bulletin. Lord Malmes-

bury even inclines to this opinion; but his lordship I perceive is growing very old indeed. It is certainly odd that there should be no accounts of Bonaparte; but I am afraid he will turn up somewhere, and live to do mischief enough yet.

24*th*.—We took a box last night to see Kemble, in King John. His scene with Hubert was really very fine; but from his performance, as a whole, I suspect that the true cause of his not being on the London boards this winter, is the failure of his powers. His conception of the character remains, of course, as excellent as ever; but his voice is gone, and I am told that when the play is ended, he is so exhausted as hardly to be able to speak or move.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, November 22nd, 1812.

I got down to Brighton yesterday evening, and this afternoon at four Elizabeth and her little party drove up, being their third day from Bath—yesterday, a long and weary one for them. But they met with no misadventure anywhere, and performed the journey very comfortably in the roomy chariot you provided for them, and with great success; like people who had travelled before. We are all glad to be at home again; the weather, though cold, is so fine and so enjoyable on either cliff that we wonder how people can live anywhere but at Brighton.

I am sorry to have missed Lord Malmesbury, and as it happened, merely to spend some few days

uselessly in London waiting the return of Lord Castlereagh from Dover, where he had been so ill as to be quite unfit for business. However, I dined with Lord Sidmouth, and had a very satisfactory conversation with him on the subject of the privy councillorship, or other mark of His Majesty's favour, so long promised me, and which, but for Canning's resignation of office, would not have been so long withheld. Lord S. approved entirely of the grounds on which I wished to place the matter, and entered fully into my views of it, with the same interest and friendly feeling he has ever shown in what concerned me. He desired that I would let him see Lord Castlereagh first, and prepare the way for me.

I had then an idea of going down to Park Place, but having met Lord Palmerston, I learnt from him that there was nobody there, and that Lord Malmesbury had set off for Bath just about the time that I left it. Tell him this, and how much pleased I am with Lord Palmerston; whose civility in the matter that took me to town was not only very gratifying in itself, but generally his sensible and pleasant conversation and agreeable manners gave me a most favourable opinion of him, and what may be looked for from him by-and-by.

The nature of the long conversation I subsequently had with Lord Castlereagh you will learn from the enclosed minute. I sent it to him, to note anything that might be incorrect, and he returned it with a letter which contains only the substance of it. You may show it to our mother, and to Lord M., and

return it to me under cover to Warren. After perusing it, you will not wonder that I venture to say, that a meaner or more pettifogging spirit does not reside in the breast of any man in the United Kingdom.

All is yet quiet at Brighton, out of doors. No parties, or balls going on at present, thank heaven. Mrs. Fitzherbert begins on Thursday, with an assembly on that day and another next week. There is a great deal of good company even yet, but they wisely confine themselves to small dinner parties. I have dined once at Lord Bristol's and Lord Conyngham's. Many members of both houses talk of going to town for the meeting of Parliament; but not much will be done there I imagine before the holidays, and the holidays will be long.

Some ladies are also going to see the Prince—who is to sit upon the throne and to have the crown placed before him—and to hear him make his speech. There is to be a great deal of discussion, and perhaps an amendment to the address, but no division. The Government are very anxious to have a strong attendance of their friends. Much, I dare say, will depend on the news that will probably arrive before Monday, both from Russia and the Peninsula. It is fully expected that Lord Wellington will retire to Portugal. Adieu. As Bonaparte says, "We have delightful weather,"—but with this difference, that here it is truer than in Russia.

F. J. J.

Letters—Foreign Office, Dec. 13th.—Notwithstand-

ing the quizzing tone of your letter, my dear mother, and your, and my brother's opinion that it is in vain that I have traversed two hundred miles in this freezing weather, and left the comforts of a warm house in Devonshire for the discomforts of a mail-coach, to coquette, as you call it, with Lord Castlereagh, I think I have done right; and in this instance, must venture to disagree with you both.

The hardship of travelling in a mail-coach even with the thermometer a few degrees below zero is not very great; and this journey I rather enjoyed. There was good company within, good weather without, and at night a good nap; interrupted only by an occasional jolt as we jumbled through the towns, and once by the head of a fellow-traveller, who also was napping, coming in rather hard contact with mine. For the moment, this undesigned result of laying our heads together was not much relished by either of us; but each growled something that was to serve for an apology, though it might have been anything else, and ensconced our heads in the further corners of the coach, to avoid a repetition of the unpleasant effects of centripetal force—so jogged on comfortably to the end.

I shall see Lord Castlereagh in a day or two, and though he has behaved in the shabbiest manner to Francis, and that I am inclined for his sake, as also for my own, to say—politically of course, dear mother—"Let his days be few, and let *Canning* take his Office," yet I have better hopes of him than you have. By pressing him on the subject of a pension,

which he will not care to grant, I hope with the aid of a friend to obtain what will suit me far better—one of the appointments which the opening of the North cannot fail soon to place at his disposal, and which many long-suffering hungry expectants are, like myself, eagerly looking out for. One of Lord Castlereagh's *friends* said to me to-day, "The Yankees will laugh us to scorn, as they ought; and if they could tar and feather his lordship they would give him what he richly deserves." As this goes through his Office it is *all* I shall say; but it is enough to show you that he gets what is due to him in the estimation of most people. Yet it is not improbable that the fortune of war may so favour this ministry, that, whilst shining only by borrowed light, which is all they can ever justly lay claim to, they may even gain credit for possessing real strength of their own, and for having acted in critical times with some wisdom and judgment.

The opening of Parliament has produced nothing of much interest. Lord Wellesley and Canning, but particularly the latter, are somewhat qualified in their opposition; but, if I guess right, they will become less so every day. Ministers will court Canning, if they find the ground at all likely to give way under them. I have noticed that the "Morning Post" has been talking of its reverence for his private and political character, and it may be that ministers will make him some proposal which he would before have accepted; but if he does come in, I suppose he will only take the Foreign Office. I have heard,

it was at one time so nearly a settled thing that he had even appointed his under-secretaries — Lord Binning, and Bagot. But he certainly ought not to join them unless assured of a majority in the Cabinet, or they would again play him some scurvy trick.

Some people are blaming Lord Wellington for besieging Burgos, and say that he committed an error by doing so, as its fall would have put an end to the campaign—being so near Pampluna. He should have pushed on, they tell us, to the eastward and have prevented Soult's and Suchet's junction; perhaps he would have beaten them, but, at all events, he would have taken under his orders the corps from Sicily, and thereby have become stronger than before the battle of Salamanca. However, Boney's bulletins are very delightful, and betray as much distress as we could anticipate, or even desire. The setting in of winter probably delays the arrival of the Russian accounts in greater detail. They will, no doubt, show that on the 24th of October, the Cossacks were very near his sacred person, and that he narrowly escaped having their pikes through it.

But though Bonaparte has got into a terrible scrape, he is an adept at getting out of one. As yet I am inclined to think he has gone off; but if he should have remained at Smolensko there may yet be a good deal of fighting.

13*th*.—*Pour me désennuyer*, I went last night to new Drury. The house is very handsome indeed, but neither the performance nor the company was equally good.

I shall get off as soon as I have seen Lord Castlereagh, for the town is dulness itself, and the fog and dirt are intolerable. Beyond the precincts of Downing Street I have not seen a soul.

16*th.*—*Stevens's Hotel.*—Congratulate me, my dear mother, on my accession to a little butter to my bread. The pension, as it stands, is but 300*l.* *net*, commencing from October; but I have hopes by a little management at the Office to get it antedated, for which precedents are by no means wanting. I would much rather have had an appointment. However, *en attendant mieux* it is, *autant de gagné*, and this glorious, but terribly bloody news from Russia will, I think, open the Continent again to us all, and if at all, it will probably be soon. I hope you got your Gazette this morning. I waited for it, and sent it off per coach, dripping wet; that you might get the news before the rest of the Bath world.

18*th.*—You will be glad to hear, that the pension is to date back to the time of my leaving Spain, and that the arrears will be paid without delay. As Charles Warren is absent on leave, I spoke to Tom Bidwell about it; though he for various reasons is not hearty in the cause, and is moreover somewhat of a blockhead. Warren, however, wrote him a few lines as a *fillip*, but Hamilton really did the business for me. There will be some deductions, in the shape of acknowledgments, fees, &c., but at all events I shall pocket a few hundreds. What, however, pleases me better than all is, that I have had an

interview with Lord Castlereagh, who, after saying many civil things respecting my conduct in the past—with which he said he had become more fully acquainted since I last saw him—promised to appoint me to the first eligible situation that may offer. I am therefore well satisfied with the result of my journey, and believe that I should not have advanced thus far, had I taken your advice, my dear mother, and remained stationary. I am going to the City to see if a place is to be had in the mail. If I succeed I shall be off to-night.

G. J.

Diaries—Stevens's Hotel, 19th.—No success. So near Christmas, it was only what I expected. I waited to the last, but waited in vain, hoping to pop into the place of some lagging traveller. By great good luck I secured a corner for to-night. People in the City, as elsewhere, seem to be going crazy, in their expectations of the consequences of the Russian successes. They will, at all events, be great and good; and things are going on so well, that I cannot bear to see the prospect spoiled by the foolish exaggerations of people who would be as unreasonably desponding, if the tide of fortune should seem again to set the other way. One would suppose they saw now, not only the Continent but—according to the French phrase—Heaven opening before them.

If the French loss has been really so great as it is represented—and the accounts are almost sickening to read—the campaign may be decisive. But when

I reason on the subject, I always call in an if to my assistance. There is just a feeble chance that Bonaparte may be laid hold of, and there is the more likely one, that he may yet remain powerful, and the Continent west of the Niemen and Vistula be as much shut against us as it has hitherto been. But we shall have further accounts, in a day or two, which will tell us, I hope, a fuller and better story.

I looked in this morning at the Office, and met with Pater Maurees. He is very sanguine, very full of his correspondence; has been given to understand that he will be sent off immediately, &c., &c. He talks much of the anti-Bonapartean spirit now existing in Germany, and quotes in proof of it several anecdotes sent him by the Baron de Reden. Amongst the rest, that the "Wurtzburg Gazette" lately contained a very long and disastrous account of the defeat of the French in one of the last battles, in which a French corps was stated to have been saved only from utter destruction by the good conduct of the Würtemburghers.

Mr. F. J. Jackson to George Jackson.

Brighton, Dec. 22nd, 1812.

You must be congratulated I suppose on the success, so far as it goes, of your flight to town. For the rest, be not too sanguine; you are not yet aware of his lordship's official unction, and the little dependence to be placed on his smooth oily tongue whose glib promises he will realize just

so far as it may suit his own purposes to do so. Nevertheless, I congratulate you; as also on the 29th bulletin. I, who never expected that Bonaparte was to be taken, am not, like many others, surprised at his escape. But I am impatient for the next Russian arrivals, to see whether Alexander will content himself with driving the French out of his territory. I do not think he would follow them far from his own frontier, and the probable result will be, that Bonaparte will retire to the midst of his vassal states with an army, greatly reduced indeed, both in numbers and in character; but still sufficient to maintain his ground there. The Russians have a powerful ally in the rigour of their climate; an ally to whom they probably owe as much as to any prowess of their own.

Of the great number of prisoners taken by the Russians, very few will return home. The Russian peasants buy them at so much per head of the Cossacks, and put them to death. Sir Robert Wilson's wife, who is here, tells numberless stories of this sort from her husband's letters. This is retaliation with a vengeance, and its least effect will be to render a French army very unwilling again to encounter such an alternative. But Wilson's stories are not to be received as pure gospel. He does not, I think, deliberately mis-state, but his imagination runs away with him, and his enthusiasm makes him see things in a different light to that in which more matter-of-fact minds perceive them. Nevertheless, there have been too many horrid deeds perpetrated on both sides, no doubt.

26*th*.—I have had notice of fresh news from Russia, but have not yet seen the despatches at full length. Nothing can well be better, as far as the news goes, and it would require only a moderate share of capacity to draw great advantages from this very pretty Russian episode; but I own that I have no such expectation from our present rulers, and if this morning's "Courier" is to be considered as the mouthpiece of ministry, I am afraid we shall get very little indeed out of Bonaparte's dilemma.

As to the conduct of the naval war against the Americans, it would disgrace the sixth form of Eton or Westminster. And I am of opinion that the contest in the Peninsula never can be brought to a successful issue, unless, as in other cases, the ministry adopt the plans of their opponents and send out more men; as I am persuaded they might and ought to have been sent. All that I wrote you on that subject from hence four years ago is quite as much to the purpose now.

F. J. J.

APPENDIX TO VOL. I.

THE differences between Great Britain and the United States originated in the circumstance of the attack of H.M.S. "Leopard" on the American frigate "Chesapeake"—off the Capes of Virginia, June 2nd, 1807—in consequence of the refusal of the commander of the frigate to allow a search to be made for deserters; of whom several had entered the American service, and were alleged to be on board the "Chesapeake."

In the encounter that followed, eighteen men were wounded and three killed by the fire of the "Leopard," and the "Chesapeake" sustained much damage in her hull, spars, and rigging. Unable to offer further resistance, a lieutenant was sent on board the "Leopard." to inform her commander that Captain Barron considered the "Chesapeake" his prize, and was ready to deliver her over to any officer duly authorized to receive her. No answer was returned to this message; but an officer from the "Leopard" shortly after went on board the American frigate and requested the purser to deliver up the muster-roll. The crew were then examined, and four men, believed to be deserters, taken away.

The capture of these men being the sole object of the attack, the commander of the "Leopard" refused to consider the "Chesapeake" a prize, or her officers and crew prisoners.

The disabled vessel, therefore, returned to Hampton Roads to await the orders of the American Government.

The result was, the issuing by President Jefferson of a proclamation, dated July 2nd, 1807, interdicting the entry of all the American Ports to the whole of the British Navy. This produced fresh Orders in Council, intended to support British maritime rights and commerce, and to counteract Bonaparte's continental system. American wrath was kindled against England for resorting to measures of self-defence, and in the month of December, 1807, Mr. Jefferson succeeded in carrying a resolution in Congress that all trade and intercourse with foreign nations should be suspended.

Bickerings and contentions at sea, mutual manifestoes, embargoes, stoppages to trade, and much angry diplomacy followed. In this state matters remained down to the declaration of war in June, 1812, when Mr. Madison—who passionately desired that his term of office should be distinguished by the annexation of Canada to the United States—was President.

END OF VOL. I.

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